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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

MARY MAPES DODGE,

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VOLUME XX.
PART II., MAY, 1893, TO OCTOBER, 1893.

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T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XX.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS -- MAY, 1893, TO OCTOBER, 1893.

Reg. No. 31,881

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WHEN MISTRESS PLGGA COMES TO TOWN



ST. NICHOLAS.

Vol. XX.

MAY, 1893.

No. 7.

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TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Author of "Lady Jana"

CHAPTER I.

PHILIP, DEA, AND "HOMO."

ONE sunny morning early in March, two children, a boy and a girl, followed by a large shaggy dog, slowly sauntered up Rue Royale in the French quarter of New Orleans. The boy was about nine years old, the girl not more than eight, the dog - no one could tell his age with any degree of certainty, but he was no longer young, for the gray hairs about his muzzle, and his long, hollow flanks, plainly showed that he had seen many and evil days. He was of the breed commonly called "wolf," his body was covered with coarse, bristling hair, and his long nose and pointed, alert ears gave him an intelligent and inquisitive look in spite of his drooping tail and spiritless walk. Without looking to the right or left he followed closely on the heels of the children, occasionally sniffing at a bag which hung over the boy's shoulder. When they slackened their pace to glance into a shop window, or to make room for a passer, the dog also stopped and eyed the bag wistfully, a few drops of water now and then falling from his mouth on the pavement.

the patient creature smilingly, while he reached out a thin brown hand to pat his head fondly.

"' Homo' smells my lunch. It's no use, I must stop and give him some," he said at last, placing on a door-step near him a tray of flowers which he had been carefully carrying.

He was a handsome boy, lithe and slim, and tall for his age, with large blue eyes of a merry cast, straight, clear-cut features, and curling brown hair. He was cleanly but poorly clad in a blue shirt and short trousers of the same color; a small white cap covered a portion of his thick hair which lay in heavy rings over his forehead, just above his straight, dark eyebrows. The little girl who accompanied him was an uncommon and picturesque figure. A dark-red frock fell straight to her heels; a white muslin scarf, crossed in front, was tied behind, the long ends almost touching the pavement when she walked; her very thick black hair was cut off square, like a mane over her shoulders, and was partially covered by a red silk kerchief knotted under her chin; her little, worn, prematurely old face was as white and delicate as a Roman cameo: her eyes, unnaturally large, were intensely dark, so dark that they showed through her drooping The boy, from time to time, glanced down at lids, and her small, firmly closed mouth seemed a basket in which, carefully packed in soft paper, were several little colored wax-figures, delicately and beautifully modeled. One was "Esmeralda and her Goat," another "Dea and the Wolf," another "Quasimodo"—in short, they all represented characters taken from the stories of Victor Hugo. That they were of almost sacred value to the child was apparent in the careful way she carried them, and the occasional glance of pride and solicitude she bestowed upon them.

When the boy stopped and put down his tray of flowers—orange-blossoms, roses, and violets, she, too, stopped and placed her basket on the steps, drawing, as she did so, a thick paper over the little figures to shield them from the sun and dust.

After the boy's hands were free he proceeded to unfasten the bag, smiling all the time at the old dog who pressed close to him, his sunken eyes full of expectation.

"Don't be in a hurry, Homo, don't be in a hurry," he said gently. "You shall have your breakfast. I made Mammy Toinette put in plenty of bread. I knew you'd be hungry; I knew you would."

The little girl, with her hands tightly clasped, stood looking on almost as anxiously as the dog. Suddenly the boy fixed his eyes on her inquiringly, and his face flushed to his forehead. "Did you have anything to eat before you came out, Dea?"—Now, tell me the truth, did you?" he asked earnestly.

The child turned paler if possible, and looked away evasively, but made no reply.

"Tell me now, Dea, quick. I sha'n't give Homo a mouthful till you tell me."

"I did n't want anything to eat, Philip," she said tremulously. "Puuv' papa* had one of his bad spells."

"And you did n't sleep any last night, can tell by your looks that you did n't."

"Not much," she replied, sighing; " pauv' papa walked all night. I think he was in pain. I could n't sleep when he was suffering."

"You could n't, of course," said the boy, soothingly. "But never mind now, Dea. Eat some breakfast and give Homo some. You

the trail to stated. On her arm she carried like mammy's fried chicken, and I 've enough a backet in which carefully packed in soft for all of us."

And as the boy spoke, he unfolded a clean white napkin and displayed some squares of corn-bread, and a quantity of chicken fried crisp and brown. "Take all you want," and he held it out invitingly.

"I 'll give some to Homo," said the girl, taking a piece of the chicken with the tips of her slender fingers and offering it to the old dog, who swallowed it without the least attempt to chew it, sighing contentedly as he did so.

While the girl and the dog were eating, the boy uncovered the basket, and taking out one by one the small figures, looked at them admiringly, turning them to blow off an occasional speck of dust.

"They 're as natural as life, Dea," he said encouragingly. "I hope you 'll sell one to-day. You have n't sold one since Mardi Gras, have you? It must be the rainy weather that has kept people out of the streets; but now it's cleared off, Rue Royale will be full of strangers, and you'll be sure to sell one to-day."

"Oh, I hope so, Philip, for <code>/nunv'</code> papa's sake," replied the girl, as she gave her last crumb of bread to the dog; "he has n't any money, and he 's so unhappy when he has n't any money." Then she covered her face with her hands and began to cry silently.

"Don't, Dea, don't cry!" said the boy gently, as he took up his tray of flowers and the child's basket as well. "Come on, let's hurry. Grande Seline will be back to-day, and she's sure to bring you something."

"But if she is n't there, Philip, what shall I do? Panv? papa had no supper last night, and there 's no breakfast for him this morning. I ought to have taken him the bread and chicken you gave me. Homo and I could have waited. I was n't so hungry, because I had your lunch yesterday. Now it 's gone; we have eaten it, and panv? papa has n't any."

"Take the rest of my lunch, Dea," said the boy stoutly. "I don't want it: I can wait till night. Mammy Toinette promised me gumbo for supper"

The little girl smiled faintly through her tears as she trotted on beside her friend, who still carried her basket. "Gumbo! how nice to have gumbo for supper," she said with a soft sigh.

"Yes, it's good, with plenty of rice," replied her companion; "and mammy would give you some if you'd go home with me."

"I can't, Philip; papa would be angry. He never allows me to go into any house, and he never has any one to visit 'him."

"That 's why he has no money and does n't sell more little images," returned the boy with some show of anger. "If he made friends, you would not have to go hungry."

"Pawv' papa," sighed the child, "he 's so ill and unhappy. He cried when he put Quasimodo in the basket; he said it was the best figure he had ever modeled—that it was a work of art and worth a great deal."

"A work of art!" repeated the boy scornfully. "It's not half as pretty as Esmeralda and her goat. It's an ugly, crooked little monster!"

"Well, Quasimodo was like that," returned Dea with some spirit. "Papa has often read to

me about him; he was Carillonneur* of the great cathedral Notre Dame de Paris."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Philip, "you 've told me all about him, don't you remember? But I like Esmeralda best. I 'm sure you 'll sell Esmeralda first."

"I hope so; pauv" papa said that I must sell something to-day. If I don't, Philip, I 'm sure he will walk again to-night."

"Well, let's hurry then," cried Philip, quickening his steps. "If Grande Seline is there, she 'll help us to find a customer; and she promised to be there to-day."

CHAPTER II.

"Он, there 's Grande Seline!" cried Philip, joyfully, as they drew near the old Union Bank not far from Canal street. "She 's setting up her stand now."

"Yes, there she is," exclaimed Dea, starting into a swift run toward a stout, laughing mulat-



THILLY, DEA, AND "HOMO."

tress who was standing near a table under the portico of the bank, tying a white apron around her thick waist.

"Oh, honey!" she gurgled as she clasped the child tight, "oh, honey, how glad I is ter see yer, an' Mars' Philip, too! How you's both done growed since I's been gone."

"And how thin you 've grown, Seline," replied Philip, his blue eyes sparking with mer riment. "You 've lost flesh going to the country to your cousin's wedding."

" My, my, jes' hear dat boy! Do yer think I's slimmer, Ma'mselle Dea?" and she looked

Bell-ringer, one who plays the chimes.

complacently at her fat sides as she smoothed the folds of her starched apron. "An' what's you chil'run been er-doin' all dis yere time dat 1's been away? An' how's yer faust was Malescalle?"

"He 's very bad, Seline; he does n't sleep,"

"My, my, honey, I 's sorry ter hear sech bad newses!" said Seline, with sympathy. "An' is yer done sole any yer little images while I 's

"No, Seline, not one. Pauv' papa's finished Quasimodo; I've got him in my basket. I'm to call him for five dollars"

"Well, honey, ef yer want ter sell him yer got ter stan' him out where people "Il see him; 'tain't no use ter keep him covered up in yer basket. I'm goin' ter give yer a corner of my table," and Grande Seline swept aside her pile of fruits and cakes, smiling benevolently as she did so.

"But the dust, Seline; papa does n't like them to get dusty."

"Never mind der dust, chile; it 'll blow off. It 's der money we want; but I don't see how yer goin'ter sell dat pore little crooked image!" and Seline looked doubtfully at the work of art as Dea disencumbered it of its wrappings, and stood it as far away as possible from a generous pile of pralines. "Now, dat little one with the goat is right peart-lookin', an' it 's strange yer don't sell it."

"You see, it 's rained ever since you went away, Seline, and there's been no strangers in the streets," said Philip, coming forward to move Quasimodo a little more into the shadow of one of the fluted columns that decorate the façade of the old bank. "If it had n't been for funerals and weddings, mammy would n't have sold any flowers. I 've been here every day since you went to the country, and I have n't sold a dozen boutonnières,"

"Dat's 'cause yer did n't have my table ter show yer flowers on, Mars' Philip. No one don't notice little cre'tur's like you is. It takes an ole woman like I is ter get customers," said Grande Seline, chuckling and shaking her fat sides, as she arranged Philip's flowers and sprinkled them lightly from a can of water. "An' dat ole dog, too, he knows I's back; he's

done tuck his same place under dis yere table.

Jes' look at de pore cretur; he 's ter home,

"Yes, Homo's glad you're back, Seline, and so are we," said Philip, leaning over the table and smiling up into the kind dusky face. "I don't know which of us has missed you most, but I think Dea has."

"Pore chile!" and the old woman glanced fondly at the little girl. "I's thought heaps about yer boaf, and I 's glad I 's back. Yer ain't had yer scarf washed since I 's gone, is yer, honey? Well, jes' slip it off when yer go home, an' I'll bring it ter yer clean in der mawnin'. An' see what I got in my basket fer yer supper ter-night," making a little pantomime to Philip as she took out a package folded in a clean napkin. "A half a chicken I done brought from de country, some flour bread, an' a slice of dat cheese yer pauv' papa likes; an' jes' look at dis yere, chil'run, some of der weddin'-cake fer ver! It 's fine cake! dat cousin knows how ter make cake; her ole Miss' learned her. Now, ain't dat dar pretty cake as

"Oh, oh, Seline, is n't it nice?" cried both children at once, "and the sugar on it is so thick and white."

"Now, you jes' eat some," she said, handing a generous slice to each; "an' dis what 's left is part fer yer paur' papa, mam'selle, an' part fer yer mammy, Mars' Philip."

"Why, Seline, you 're awful good," cried the boy, his mouth full of cake. "I told Dea you'd bring us something from the country."

"May I keep half of mine for to-morrow, Seline?" asked Dea when she had slowly eaten a part of hers.

"Why, yes, chile, if yer wants ter. An' jes' take dis yere bundle of chicken an' put it in der bottom of yer basket fer yer supper."

Dea took the package with trembling hands and glistening eyes. "Oh, Seline, how good you are' *Patar*" papa will be so glad," she whispered.

"Yes, I know, honey, I know; an' I 'm goin' to sell one of dem little images fer yer papa dis yere day, er my name ain't Seline. I ain't been right yere in dis place since endurin' der war fer nothin'. My ole mars' what was pres'dent of

dis bank,—yer see, chil'run, it use' ter be a bank full of money afore der war,— he done tole me I could set up my stan' yere. He say, 'Seline, you 'll make yer fortune yere.' Well, I ain't made no fortune, but I 's done made right smart, an' now I 's got plenty to do a little fer you, honey, what ain't got no ma, only a paux' sick papa; so I 's goin' ter help yer sell yer little images. Yer tired an' sleepy, chile; jes' drap down on my little stool, an' take a nap in der shade, an' I 'll look out fer customers.''

Dea did not wait for a second invitation to sleep; her poor little head ached, and her eyes were heavy from her night's vigils, so she sank down contentedly in Seline's broad shadow, and, resting her pale face against the good woman's clean apron, she slept as peacefully as did the old dog at her feet; and Philip, perched on the base of one of the massive columns, swung his bare brown legs and whistled softly, while he waited for the customer promised by Seline with so much confidence.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THEY BECAME ACQUAINTED.

Some ten or twelve years before the beginning of this story, when Grande Seline had established her lunch-stand under the portico of the Union Bank, the handsome structure was used for the purpose indicated by the name, cut in large letters on the stone façade; but the civil war and numerous unfortunate financial old building had degenerated from its dignified position into a second-class theater or "variety show." On the massive fluted columns hung huge colored posters, and against the gray old walls were fastened tall boards covered with ludicrous pictures of dancing dogs, Chinese jugglers, and absurd caricatures, set forth in glaring colors in order to attract the attention of the common people. Where formerly grave blackcoated financiers passed in and out, now lounged a motley crowd to read the playbills, or scan the grotesque pictures, jesting and laughing as they elbowed and jostled one another. Among them were some of the better class, who lingered near Seline's stand, in the corner of the portico, to drink a glass of her cold lemonade or to eat some of her fresh pralines, crisp and toothsome, with the nuts showing thickly through their glossy coats. And beside her sweets, in a clean basket carefully covered with a fresh napkin were dainty sandwiches of French rolls filled with chicken or ham, and the lightest and whitest of sponge-cake liberally coated with sugar. In the old days it was the custom of the busy officials of the bank to snatch a hasty lunch from Seline's basket, and to wash it down with a glass of her delicious lemonade; now it was another class that patronized her. Still, the quality of her wares remained the same; therefore she always had a large custom among the habitués of the theater, and in the course of all these years she had saved up a snug little sum, and could well afford to be generous at times.

Two or three years before, when Philip had first made his appearance on Rue Royale with his tray of flowers, while lingering near her stand to feast his eyes on her tempting display, Seline's attention was attracted by his innocent. charming face. He was not more than six years old at that time, and his merry laugh and pleasant chatter won her heart at once. From that day she took him under her especial care, and Philip's fresh, fragrant flowers always found a shady corner on Seline's table.

Not long after these friendly relations began, the boy appeared one day with a pale, sadeyed little girl, dressed in a shabby, black frock, and carrying a small basket in which were a few exquisitely modeled wax figures. He introduced his companion with great confidence to Grande Seline, taking it for granted that the kindly woman would extend to his forlorn little friend the affection she so freely lavished upon him. And he was not mistaken. Seline took the mournful little creature right to her great heart.

"I al'ays done loved little gals der best; boys is good ernuf, but mighty triflin' and tryin'," she said by way of excuse to Philip, who she feared might be a little jealous of her sudden interest in Dea.

Philip first met the little girl on Ursulines street. She was in great trouble. An overfed bulldog had attacked Homo when he was very hungry, and consequently very weak, and though the poor old animal fought bravely, he was about to be "the under dog in the fight," when Philip appeared, and so sturdily belabored the enemy with a stout stick that he let go and stood at bay, while Homo took refuge in instant flight, followed by the little girl, who, in her excitement, left her basket on the banquette. Philip, after he had driven the bulldog into a neighboring yard, and closed the gate upon him, picked up the neglected property and ran after the owner.

Poor little thing, she was frightened and breathless; but she stopped to thank her deliverer, between her sobs, while she grasped the dog's collar with both trembling hands.

"It was n't Homo's fault," she explained, in rapid French. "The other dog began it. Homo 's old and hungry, but he 's got lots of spirit, and he won't bear an insult. The dog was rude to Homo, and he could n't help fighting."

"I know," returned Philip; "I don't blame your dog; he could n't help standing up to a saucy beast like that."

His ready sympathy and sensible appreciation of Homo's self-respect won the little girl's confidence at once, and from that day they were fast friends. She was very reticent, and Philip, with inborn delicacy, did not question her much; but from her remarks he learned that she lived on Villeré street, that her mother was dead, and that her father was an artist en circi,* and that he modeled the pretty little figures which she tried to sell from house to house.

"Pauv" papa is always ill," she explained, in a grave, soft little voice; "his head hurts him, and he can't sleep at night, and since mama died he never sees any one, and never goes out in the day; he says the light hurts him. Sometimes he goes out in the evening, and stays a long time. I don't know where he goes, but I think it is to the cinetière, to mama's grave."

Philip's bright face clouded; he felt like crying with the child, but he said bravely, "I wish you'd come with me up on Rue Royale; you'd have a better chance. I 've a friend there who has a stand; her name is Grande Seline; I 'm sure she 'Il help you sell your little figures."

Dea accepted the kind invitation gratefully, and, having the good fortune to win Seline's affection at first sight, the child found a faithful friend, who cared for her in many ways with remarkable tenderness and devotion.

Every day, in rain or shine, the handsome boy and the sad-faced little girl could be found near Seline, while their wares occupied a part of her table, under which Homo slept soundly—a weary animal, who at last had found a secure and peaceful haven of rest.

The first break in this pleasant arrangement was when Seline went for a few weeks into the country, to be present at the wedding of a dusky kinswoman. Now she had returned, much to the delight of the children, who entered upon their former relations with the utmost confidence and security.

CHAPTER IV.

LILYBEL.

Poor little Dea slept peacefully, safe under Seline's friendly shadow, and Philip whistled merrily, now that his burden of care had fallen on broader and stronger shoulders; and while Dea slept and Philip whistled, Seline drowsed in the soft spring air, slowly waving her bunch of peacock-feathers to keep off the flies. This she did quite mechanically, whether her eyes were open or closed, and it served a good purpose in keeping pilfering fingers away from her sweets, as well as banishing the obtrusive winged creatures that hovered above her; for Seline was often in the land of dreams when her feathers were waving back and forth with rhythmic precision.

On this day she slept with one eye open, for she was on the lookout for a suitable owner for Esmeralda or Quasimodo. "It's 'bout time fer strangers ter come along," she said to herself, "an' I knows er stranger soon 's I set eyes on one; dey 's der ones what buys dem little images."

Suddenly both eyes opened wide, and Seline straightened up and looked toward Canal street.

"Sure's I born, dar's dat Lilybel er-comin'!
What dat boy er-comin' yere dis time er day
fur? Did n't I sont him on der levee, an' tole
him ter stay dar till he done sole all what he got
in his basket?"

Philip stopped whistling, and turned amused eyes toward Lilybel, who slowly approached,

His sunburned hair stood off from his head as corn-field.

looking very sheepish. He was a mite of a he looked more like a small scarecrow than a darky, as black and glossy as a rubber shoe, member of the human family; and had it not with large whites to his bead-like eyes, and been for his rolling eyes and broad grin. Lilybel teeth that glistened like grains of new corn. would have deceived the wisest old crow in a



"THEYBEL COLID NOT RESIST SCRAMBLING FOR SOME OF THE NUTS, AND SELINE CAUGHT HIM." (SEE 1946) 466.1

though he were in a state of chronic fright, and his broad mouth was stretched almost from ear to ear in a mirth-provoking grin; his body was round and fat, and from his short crooked legs his large feet stood out at right angles; one ragged suspender over a torn dirty shirt held up a muddy bundle of breeches, the ragged legs of which were rolled close to his thighs. Altogether

"Now jes' look at dat boy; ain't he a sight?" cried Seline in a shrill voice, a voice cultivated expressly for Lilybel. "I done sont him out clean an' peart dis mawnin', an' now yere he is all muddy an' frazzled! I suttenly knows he 's er been rollin' down der levee with jes' sich triffin' chil'run like he-self. Come yere!" and she thrust out a threatening hand, which Lilybel adroitly dodged. "Come yere, I say, afore I slap yer head off!"

Lilybel paid no attention to Seline's startling threat, but skilfully kept out of reach, until he wormed himself behind the column where Philip sat laughing in spite of Seline's trouble; and there, in an excellent position for dodging a stray shot, he looked out, grinning defiantly.

"Is yer gwine ter come yere?" cried Seline, quite beside herself, "Jes' let me get my han' on ver," and she jumped up so suddenly that she dropped her bunch of feathers in her jar of lemonade, while she nearly overturned Dea, who awoke startled and confused at the fracas. And even Homo arose alertly, and sniffed the air, then turned around and curled himself up for another nap. It was nothing; he was accustomed to these scenes between Lilybel and Seline. "Does ver hear me? Come vere an' tell me what ver done with ver basket!" and, leaning across the table in a frantic effort to grab the culprit, Seline came near sending Quasimodo to sudden and irreparable ruin, while she scattered a shower of pecans over the pavement.

Lilybel could not resist scrambling for some of the nuts, and while intent on this hunt, Seline caught him by the remnant of his shirt and dragged him up before a terrible and pitiless tribunal.

Finding himself a prisoner beyond hope of escape, Lilybel, assuming an injured expression, declared with a mournful rolling of his eyes "dat he had n't done nofin; on'y jes' tumbled in der ruver an' got fished out when he was mos' drownded."

"An' whar's yer basket? What yer done with yer basket?" cried Seline, shaking Lilybel so energetically that he looked like a bundle of tatters in a strong wind.

"It's done los' in der ruver," mumbled Lilybel, rolling his eyes and sniffling.

"Los' in der ruver?" repeated Seline slowly.
"Now, chile, yer is n't tellin der trufe, an' yer knows I won't have no boys a-tellin' me lies. I'll wear dat peach-tree switch out on yer dis night ef yer don't tell der trufe."

"It's der trufe, ma, es sure as I is a-stan'in' yere," returned Lilybel stoutly. "I done los' it in der ruyer."

"How come yer los' it in der ruver? Tell me how come yer los' it dar?" and Seline emphasized her question with another shake, which made Lilybel's teeth chatter, while a shower of muddy water flew from his rags all over his ma's white apron.

"It's dis yere way I los' it," gasped Lilybel, hastening to explain. "I done went on er plank, whar dem rousterbouts is a-wheelin' coal on a big steamer, an jes' es I was er-showin' my cakes, a big feller run inter me an' push me flop inter der ruver. An', ma, I was nearly drownded; I was nearly dade," cried Lilybel, growing pathetic as he approached the climax. "I done come up der las' time, when er rousterbout grab me an' pull me out."

"I won'er ef yer *is* er-tellin' me der trufe. Lilybel," questioned Seline doubtfully as she relaxed her grasp a little.

"I is, ma, I is." and Lilybel rolled his eyes and twisted his mouth into various affirmative contortions, while Seline for some little time held him at arm's-length and examined him critically.

"It's no use ter b'lieve yer, Lilybel; I jes' got ter find out ef ver did fall inter der ruver an los' ver basket," continued Seline solemnly; "but ef yer is er-tellin der trufe, yer suttenly did n't have much in ver basket when ver done los' it, cause yer is full alamos' ter burstin' with dem cakes an' pralines. Oh, ver is a triflin', worryin' chile, an' I 's got ter use der rod on ver plenty fore I's done with yer! Go down dar an' curl up with dat ole dog; it 's the bes' place fer yer!" and with a sounding slap. Seline thrust the culprit under the table, close to Homo, where with a satisfied chuckle he nestled down, his head on the dog, and in a few moments was sleeping as soundly and irresponsibly as the animal beside him.

"Now, Mars' Philip, yer see what a trial I 's got," said Seline, turning to Philip for sympathy. "It ain't no use puttin' conference in Lilybel. I s'pects he done eat dem cake an' pralines, an' frowed dat basket away. My, my! he 's goin' ter ruin me ef I lets him have a basket. How come dat boy 's so bad?" continued Seline reflectively. "An I done name him fer his two little sisters what 's dade, two peart chil'run as yer ever did see, an' jes' es sweet an' good es

natchly good, an' boys is natchly bad."

"Oh, Seline, I 'm a boy," interposed Philip, "and I'm not so bad."

white, an' white boys is different."

"Only think, Seline, Lilybel might have drowned," said Dea softly; "then how sorry you would have been."

"Dat boy drownded! No, no, chile; I 's more 'feared he 's born ter be hanged, 'cause Lilybel 's mighty mannish, an' trainin' don't do him no good. I's got heaps of trouble with

While this conversation was in progress, Seline tidied up her table, and restored Ouasi-

Ma'mselle Dea. It 's jes' es I say: gals is modo to his original position, still intent, in finding a customer.

"Dar 's dat stranger what use' ter pass yere "No, no, honey, yer is n't bad; but ye 're right often fer flowers an' pralines. He 's goin' ter buy yer little image if he comes ter-day. He paints pictures up in der top of dat tall house down vere on Rue Royale. An' he 's from der norf, an' rich - rich!"

Dea's little wan face took on a pleased, expectant look. Seating herself primly on a stool beside Seline, she watched the passers attentively, while Philip, standing on the edge of the banquette, whistled impatiently as he scanned the people on the opposite side of the



SPRINGTIME HOLIDAY.

By MAURICE THOMPSON.

OH, don't you think we'd better take our springtime holiday? There's something in the southern breeze that says it's time to play. The oriole's on the apple bough, the lark is in the grass; The jays and bluebirds film the air with azure as they pass; The cows low in the pasture-fields, and don't you hear the sheep With tender bells along the fells and in the dells so deep?

Come out! come out! The leaves are young, the bees begin to boom; The slopes are blue with violets, spring-beauties are in bloom; The bass is leaping in the brook, the heron watches him; The old kingfisher nods upon the flowery dogwood limb; Oh, where 's my rod? and where 's my line? and where 's my hackle gray? My reel? my creel? I think I feel like taking holiday!

White as fleeces on the hills the wild plum-thickets blow,
And over the winding meadow stream the willows droop and glow;
Across the field the plowman sings, plodding behind his team:
His words are like the lonesome sounds that wander through a dream;
For it is May, and everything half sleeping seems to say:
"Shirk, shirk,—slip off from work and have a holiday!"

There's something dancing in the air, it beckons down the lane: Oh, Lazy Lawrence, did you ever, ever call in vain? Loafing, aimless butterfly, wandering bumblebee, This one time, if never more, I'll shift and drift with thee; For all the earth is gaily dressed, has cast its cares away, And why not I a-fishing hie, and have my holiday?

A holiday! a holiday! The robin lolls and swings; Upon the pear-tree's broken bough with half-extended wings The flicker drums in lazing mood; the silent hawk on high Slides like a gray old burnt-out moon against the drowsy sky; And oh, you know, but once a year we have the dream o' May, The bloom of May the high of May, and exprisings

The bloom o' May, the birds o' May, and springtime holiday!



SPRINGTIME HOLIDAY.



By HERBERT H. SMITH.

Our village home in Brazil the killing of a jaguar

is glory allotted to but few, because

the creatures are not very common; I suppose the region has been settled too long, and jaguard than any other Brazilian animals, avoid the presence of man. Now and then we heard of cattle being killed by them; and once some hunters brought in a good-sized fellow which I bought for the sake of the skin and skull. Strangely enough, they had killed it with No. 8 shot. I have the skin yet, and it is a very pretty home-ornament.

But what is a purchased jaguar-hide compared to one fairly acquired with gun and bullet! Bert can show you a finer specimen than mine, and one infinitely more precious, for he shot the animal himself. I am going to tell you of that hunt. Some of my boy readers, I hope, will come to know the grand excitement of jaguar-hunting, though few of you are likely to experience it at Bert's age. At that time he was only seventeen years old, and Carlos was rather younger.

One morning Dolly and I were riding some miles from Chapada, Brazil; the road was on open campo land, but near the edge of a large forest tract. The woods, as usual, spread like a wall against the grass and scattered low trees of the clearer tract called the campo. This campo affords very good pasturage, and small herds of cattle are kept on it, roaming about in

a half wild state. I remember being a little surprised that there were none along the road, for it was a favorite grazing-place.

Dolly, who was riding ahead, called my attention to a singular track or trail, which crossed the road diagonally and appeared to enter the woods. You may have seen a country road where a log has been dragged over the ground by oxen. Well, this trail was much like that of the log, only broader and more irregular. Plainly, some heavy object had been pulled across the campo. But how, and why? Even supposing that one of the rare travelers here had dragged something, how could he have dragged an object so heavy as this had evidently been? And why should he drag it across instead of along the road? I noticed, too, that our horses smelled uneasily at the track, and seemed anxious to get away from it.

Now, in these regions one learns to ascribe every track to a wild animal, unless it can be plainly shown that it was made by man or by tame animals. Neither Dolly nor I doubted for a moment that this trail had been made by an animal dragging its prey; and the only beast of prey in Brazil that could have pulled a load so heavy was a jaguar. Probably it had killed one of the cattle which commonly grazed here; the rest of the herd had stampeded, and that would explain why there were none in sight.

We followed the trail to the woods,—our horses going unwillingly enough,—and saw that it passed under the trees. Then we crossed the road, and followed in the other direction. Presently we came to a place where the turf was all torn up, as if by a struggle.

There was no blood,—jaguars generally kill by striking the shoulder or back with their muscular paws; but among the cattle-tracks I soon found imprints that could have been made only by a jaguar's foot, and a very large one at that. This was quite proof enough, and of course it would have been useless and dangerous for me to follow the trail into the woods, armed, as I was, only with a small revolver, and without dogs. So we galloped back to Chapada to warn our hunters.

Luckily, both Bert and Carlos were at home, and mightily pleased they were at our news; neither had yet killed a jaguar, though they had tracked more than one. After consultation we agreed that it would be better to call in the aid of a young planter who lived some five miles from Chapada; this man was an experienced jaguar-hunter, and had two dogs well trained to the sport. The planter had several long and high-sounding names, but he was commonly known by the first two of them; for convenience I shall call him Augusto.

A messenger galloped off, and brought Augusto back in less than two hours; meanwhile, the boys had been loading cartridges with ball and buckshot, and sharpening their wood-knives. Augusto brought his two dogs, and after some hesitation we concluded to take our own dog, "Boca-negra," though he had no experience in jaguar-hunting. Leaving the village about noon, we presently met our old hunter, Vicente, with his gun and a couple of scraggly dogs. He needed no urging to turn back with us, dogs and all; so we were now five, with five dogs and four guns. As lookeron and historian I carried only a revolver.

In an hour we reached the trail, none of us tired, though the boys had come on foot. In these highlands even the mid-day air is gloriously fresh, and exercise in it a real luxury. Here Augusto and I dismounted, and sent our horses back by a man we had brought. The dogs, already barking on the trail, were secured, our belts tightened and Vicente's gun reloaded with ball, and together we plunged into the woods.

There was no difficulty in following the trail, and five minutes brought us to the little open spot where the jaguar had left its prey. This

was a cow, nearly full grown; and, considering that the carcass had been dragged half a mile, partly through tangled forest, we were not inclined to underrate the strength of our fierce adversary.

Close by, in a bit of soft ground, Vicente found tracks nearly five inches across, indicating a very large animal. Examining the cow's body, we found some scratches where the jaguar had struck it, and marks of teeth in the neck; but that was all. At various times I have seen several animals - deer and cattle that had been killed by jaguars, and, in every case, the skin was almost without a scratch. The creature literally knocks its victim lifeless,- if not with one blow, then with two or three, - and this with a paw like velvet. There is an unlawful and cowardly weapon called a "life-preserver": it consists of a flexible strip or bar, with a thickly padded leaden ball at the end. A blow from this dangerous club will break a bone without bruising the skin. It is the only parallel I can think of to the muscular softness of a jaguar's paw.

We knew that our jaguar must be somewhere in our vicinity; not being very hungry, probably, it had put off its dinner until night. We loosed the dogs, and in half a minute they were all yelping on the trail, we close behind. Almost immediately a chorus of barks and snarls told that the jaguar's retreat had been discovered, not fifty yards away. We hurried up, but before we could catch a glimpse of the animal there was a growl and a rush, and the chase streamed off down a hill and across a ravine in grand cry.

The woods here were more open, and we kept so close to the game that once or twice we saw the dogs, though not the jaguar. Beyond the ravine came a stiff thicket of bamboo and bushes; we got through it somehow, our torn clothes and scratched faces a spectacle, if we had stopped to think of them. Pell-mell down a second long hill, the dogs more distant now, and our hunters perspiring and panting; but another chorus of barks told us that the jaguar was brought to bay, and we scrambled up a rocky glen, quite forgetting that we had already raced two miles. Augusto, getting ahead, caught a glimpse of the jaguar's spotted coat,

just as it broke away again; he fired one barrel on the chance of hitting, but without effect.

Now came a long hill, not very steep, but the forest so matted that we had to cut our path,-the chase more and more distant, until the sounds quite died away. We stopped and listened, but could hear nothing. This was discouraging and unusual, for a jaguar-chase is generally short; either the animal escapes at the first rush, or, if brought to bay, will hold his place, though a dozen hunters come up. Augusto said it would be useless to go farther; probably one or two of the dogs would be killed, and the rest would return. But none of us liked to abandon the chase, and it seemed shabby to desert the dogs as long as there was a chance of helping them; so we pushed on, more slowly now, for we began to discover that we were tired. After five minutes we came to a stream, where we stopped to drink and to bathe

Bert and I were a little above; suddenly he caught my arm and stood listening, then raced off to the left, while I ran after him, with the revolver cocked in my hand. It was a rush of the whole party now, for the chase was coming back down the hill, and evidently would cross the stream above. Bert and I, from our position, had a little advantage of the others; he was a few yards ahead of me. It was quick work, the pack velping down one side of a right angle, and we running up the other. Half a minute - a grand burst of barks and snarls and all canine pandemonium let loose, and savage growls that sent our pulse up fifty beats; a spotted, tawny creature, lashing its tail and glancing fire from its eyes, and snarling, with teeth and claws displayed. The next instant I saw one of Vicente's dogs flying through the bushes, as if hurled from a catapult; another, and Bert's right barrel rang out and the spotted at the young hunter. My heart stood still! I have an indistinct remembrance of rushing forward with my revolver, but before I had taken a step, the peal of Bert's left barrel came, and the jaguar lay kicking convulsively - a dead jaguar five seconds after. The spring had fallen short, and our youngster had stepped aside and put a ball through the creature's

heart. We found that his first bullet had shattered the jaw.

All this passed much more quickly than you can read it; but the congratulations that followed were long enough. We shook hands with Bert for several minutes, and again at intervals until night; and I am sure he deserved all the praise we could give him. It was not nerve merely, but coolness that gave him the victory. To face a jaguar's spring requires courage enough, but to put a ball in the right place, half a second after, is something few men would be capable of. Do you wonder that Bert is proud of that skin?

Vicente was the only unhappy member of the party. His dog was deader, if possible, than the jaguar, with half a dozen bones crushed: this was not altogether the result of the blow from the jaguar's paw, for the dog had been flung against a tree. Vicente had an unlucky way of losing a dog or two at every successful hunt; but he had so many that the loss hardly counted. The other dogs were all right. It was about ten minutes before they could be convinced that their enemy was really defunct, but when their velps had quieted down they came in for a due share of praise. Bocanegra had behaved nobly, showing just the right combination of courage and caution. Thereafter he was known as an experienced jaguar-dog, and properly proud he was of the

We measured the jaguar - an old male before taking off the skin: five feet and seven inches from nose to root of tail; the tail added would bring the total length to nearly eight feet. This was a good deal above the average, though I have seen skins quite six feet long, not including the tail. The body weighed, I suppose, not less than three hundred pounds. This was the variety or species called cangussú by the hunters of Matto Grosso; on the Amazons it is the uriauára, or dog-jaguar. All over South America three kinds of jaguars are distinguished; naturalists at present regard them as varieties, but I confess I am inclined to side with the hunters who laugh at the idea that these three are the same. The cangussú - the kind Bert had shot - is confined to the higher lands, never straying over the great swamps of the Amazons and Paraguay. The ground color is swampy places where that plant grows. This pale tawny, almost white at times, and is irregularly covered with small black spots, which tend to run into stripes along the back. Besides have the spots are the place of the properties of the place o

swampy places where that plant grows. This is the common jaguar of the great river plains, though also seen occasionally on the highlands. It has a deep tawny coat, with large black spots so arranged that they form little circles or "roses" on the sides, but sometimes run into stripes on the back. The onça pintada often attacks alligators and turtles, and it lives largely on fish. There is a curious story about the jaguar's fishing, which many travelers have told, though most discredit it. I have heard it from reliable woodsmen, who say they have watched the whole performance; and, for myself, I can see nothing incredible in it. The jaguar, it is said, lies on a projecting log and strikes the water gently with its tail; certain

fruit-eating fish, as the pacú, come to the sound, imagining that a fruit has dropped into the water, and the jaguars rooms them out.

"THE SECTIED COAT WAS IN THE AIR, SERIN IN A RESRET AT THE YOUNG BUNTER."

ing longer legs and tail, and it is altogether a more slender animal than the onga pintada, called by the Amazonian Indians vounveté-paciva-sorovica, or "jaguar of the wild plantain," because it frequents to the sound, imagining that a fruit has dropped into the water, and the jaguar scoops them out with his paw. That these fish follow sound I know, for I have often caught pacis with a palm-nut bait, dropping it gently on the surface of the water two or three times; the fish, attracted by the

noise, soon appear, and even leap after the fruit as trout leap to a fly. This is the common method of pacu-ishing on the Paraguay, and very good sport it is.

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The onças pintadas swim well, as I can attest. I have seen one swimming across the river Cuyabá, where it is a quarter of a mile broad. It is said that they cross even the Paraguay and Amazons.

The third variety or species is the black "tiger," very rare on the Matto Grosso high-lands, but common in the Amazonian and Orinoco forests. This is the largest and fiercest of all. At first sight the skin appears quite black; but on closer inspection still darker spots, similar to those of the onça pintada, can be distinguished.

I may add here that the puma — our North American species — is also found all over South America, and in many places is very common. It is a pest to the cattle-men, from its propensity for carrying off young calves; but otherwise it is little feared, and for size and fierceness will bear no comparison with the jaguars. South America has also a number of smaller species, ranging from the spotted jaguartirica, nearly as large as a puma, down to the little gray and striped kinds hardly bigger than a domestic cat.

During our South American travels we heard of a good many encounters with jaguars, some of them ending in the death or maining of the hunter. I knew of a man who stood over the insensible body of his friend and beat off a jaguar with his clubbed gun; the friend died that day, and the man himself never fully recovered from the wounds he received in his brave attempt to save his companion.

Near our Matto Grosso home there was an old, half-crazy mulatto, whose left arm was covered with hideous scars. We were told that this man found a jaguar killing one of his cattle; his only weapon was a knife like a large carving-knife—a kind often carried by Brazilians in the wild interior. The man wrapped a coarse cotton handkerchief about his left hand and arm, and ran at the jaguar with the knife in his right hand. Somehow he got his left arm into the animal's mouth and half down its throat; then he showered stabs against the jaguar's breast, while all the time the creature was crunching his arm and fighting with its claws. By some miracle the man did a ctually kill the jaguar; but he paid deathy for an en-

counter that only such a half-mad fellow would have ventured upon.

Before leaving the subject, I want to tell you the story of another jaguar-skin that is in my possession. It was taken from an onça pintada in the great swamp region of the upper Paraguay. I did not see the jaguar killed; I wish I had, for if jaguar-chasing with guns is exciting, the spear-hunting of the Guató Indians must be something superb.

My informant, the one who killed the jaguar, was a young fellow named Jones; the name he had from his English father, but he himself was a Bolivian, and he told me the story in Spanish. Jones had spent nearly all his life among the Guatós, - a fine race of Indians, very friendly to the whites,- and he had adopted many of their customs; among others, that of hunting the jaguar with a spear. He said he considered it surer and safer than a gun; perhaps it is, but the coolness and courage required must be something phenomenal. The spear he showed me was a stout pole about nine feet long, with a sharp iron head, like a lance-head, but larger and stronger. The Guató spears are usually tipped with bone, in aboriginal fashion.

"We were camped," he said, "with a party of Guatós, by Lake Uberába; the river was low then, but beginning to rise, and most of the open land was still dry. We had passed a miserable night, because of the heat and mosquitos; but I was used to it, and slept after a fashion. Early in the morning one of the Indians came in and reported fresh jaguar-tracks on the lake-shore close by; I suppose the animal had come down to drink during the night. We - that is, half a dozen Indians with myself went after the jaguar at once, armed, as usual, with spears. I had dogs, but did not take them; they are sometimes useful in bringing the jaguar to bay, but beyond that they are of no use in this kind of hunting,-rather an impediment. We followed the track for a mile or more, through high grass, moving very cautiously and with the spears always advanced; at length we found the animal lying under some bushes, and luckily where the ground was a little more open. I directed the Indians to follow just behind me, and myself walked up to the jaguar slowly, keeping the spear-head always broke a stick from a bush by my side, and threw it at the jaguar's head. At once I saw that it was going to spring, but that was just what I wanted. Half kneeling, I rested the spear-shaft on the ground behind, so that the blade was before me and a little higher than my head; in that position I awaited the attack. The jaguar sprang, and, just as I had expected, came down with all its weight on the spear, which passed through its heart. The Indians ran up to assist me, but it was needless;

toward it. The creature just crouched down have coolly, you cannot fail to kill, or at least and lashed its tail, growling a little, until I was to disable, him. The only difficulty is to make no more than ten paces distant; then I stopped, him spring. If he fails to do so, there is no re-



" I SAW THAT IT WAS GOING TO SPRING."

the jaguar was quite dead. That is the whole source but to attack him with the spear as he secret of spear-hunting,-to provoke the jaguar lies, and that is awkward; but I have killed a to spring on you and to receive him on the number so, too. I used to hunt jaguars with a point of the spear, taking care that the shaft gun and dogs, but it is dangerous business; the rests firmly on the ground behind. If you be- only sure weapon is the spear."

JINGLE.

spots,

And so I'm going out to the Zoo, To find out whether or not it's true."

SAID a German professor, old Herr von Klotz. The Leopard reclined in a narrow space: "I 've heard that the leopard can change his But soon he was crouched in another place, And then in a third! - When Herr von Klotz Cried, "Bless my soul! He has changed his spots!"



By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

There is such staring all about.
And such a running up and down:
The Dominic himself goes out,
And we behind him, two and two,—
We mind our manners, that we do,
When Mistress Peggy comes to town!

11

The yellow coach goes rattling by, With its white horses galloping; The geese and chickens frightened fly, Even the Parson's pigeons proud Go scurrying through the dusty cloud; The Blacksmith's anvil stops its ring!



111.

They draw up just a moment's space,

For water, at the "Trusty Three."

Once she leaned out,—we saw her face,—

It was so pink and sweet and all,

Like Granny's roses by the wall!

She smiled at Cicely and me.

IV.

Then toots the horn, the whip goes "crack!"

The dogs all bark the noise to drown,

And off they dash; the dust flies back;

The coach is out of sight at last.

You'd think a wind-storm had blown past

When Mistress Peggy comes to town!



"THE BLACKSMITH'S ANVIL STOPS ITS RING"



"ONCE SHE IFANED OF L-AC SAN DER FACE.

POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Author of " The Birds' Christmas Carol," " A Summer in a Cañon," etc.

Becam in the November number 1

CHAPTER XVI.

POLLY LAUNCHES HER SHIPS.

THERE were great doings in the Bird's Nest. A hundred dainty circulars, printed in black and scarlet on Irish linen paper, had been sent to those ladies on Mrs. Bird's calling-list who had children between the ages of five and twelve, that being Polly's chosen limit of age. These notes of invitation read as follows:

"Come, tell us a story!"
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Mrs. Donald Bird requests the pleasure of your company from 4.30 to 5.30 o'clock on Mondays or Thursdays from November to March inclusive.

FIRST GROUP: Mondays. Children from 5 to 8 years. SLOND GROUP: Thursdays. " 8 " 12 "

Each group limited in number to twenty-four.

Miss Pauline Oliver will tell stories suitable to the

ages of the children, adapted to their prevailing interests, and appropriate to the special months of the year. These stories will be chosen with the greatest care, and

These stories win be enosen with the greatest care, and will embrace representative tales of all classes — narrative, realistic, scientific, imaginative, and historical. They will be illustrated by songs and blackboard sketches. Terms for the Series (Twenty Hours), Five Dollars.

R. S. V. P.

Polly felt an absolute sense of suffocation as she saw Mrs. Bird seal and address the last square envelop.

"If anybody does come," she said, a little sadly, "I am afraid it will be only that it is at your lovely house."

"Don't be so foolishly independent, my child. If I gather the groups, it is only you who will be able to hold them together. I am your manager, and it is my duty to make the accessories as perfect as possible. When the scenery and costumes and stage settings are complete, you enter and do the real work. I retire, and the sole responsibility for success or failure rests

upon your shoulders. I should think that would be enough to satisfy the most energetic young woman. I had decided on the library as the scene of action. An open fire is indispensable, and that room is so large when the center table is lifted out,-but I am afraid it is hardly secluded enough, and that people might trouble you by coming in; so what do you think of the music-room up-stairs? You will have your fire, your piano, plenty of space, and a private entrance for the chicks, who can lay their wraps in the hall as they pass up. I will take that large Turkish rug from the red guest-chamber,that will make the room look warmer, - and I have a dozen other charming devices which I will give you later as surprises."

"If I were half as sure of my part as I am of yours, dear Fairy Godmother, we should have nothing to fear. I have a general plan mapped out for the stories, but a great deal of the work will have to be done from week to week as I go on. I shall use the same program in the main for both groups, but I shall simplify everything and illustrate more freely for the little ones, telling the historical and scientific stories with much more detail to the older group. This is what Mr. Bird calls my 'basic idea,' which will be filled out from week to week according to inspiration. For November, I shall make autumn, the harvest, and Thanksgiving the starting-point. I am all ready with my historical story of 'The First Thanksgiving,' for I told it at the Children's Hospital last year, and it went beautifully.

"I have one doll dressed in Dutch costume, to show how the little Pilgrim children looked when they lived in Holland; and another dressed like a Puritan maiden, to show them the simple old New England gown. Then I have two fine pictures of Miles Standish and the Indian chief Massasoit.

"For December and January I shall have Christmas and winter, and frost and ice and snow, with the contrasts of Eastern and Californian climates"

"I can get the Immigration Bureau to give you a percentage on that story, Polly," said Uncle Jack Bird, who had strolled in and taken a seat. "Just make your facts strong enough, and you can make a handsome thing out of that idea."

"Don't interrupt us, Jack," said Mrs. Bird; "and go directly out, if you please. You were not asked to this party."

"Where was I?" continued Polly. "Oh, yes!—the contrast between Californian and Eastern winters; and January will have a moral story or two, you know,—New Year's resolutions, and all that. February will be full of sentiment and patriotism—St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday—I can hardly wait for that, there are so many lovely things to do in that month. March will bring in the first hint of spring. The Winds will serve for my science story; and as it chances to be a presidential year, we will celebrate Inauguration Day, and have some history, if a good many subscribers come in."

"Why do you say 'if,' Polly? Multitudes of names are coming in. I have told you so from the beginning."

"Very well, then; when a sufficient number of names are entered, I should like to spend ten dollars on a very large kindergarten sand-table, which I can use with the younger group for illustrations. It is perfectly clean work, and I have helped Miss Denison and her children to do the loveliest things with it. She makes geography lessons - plains, hills, mountains, vallevs, rivers, and lakes; or the children make a picture of the story they have just heard. I saw them do 'Over the River and through the Wood to Grandfather's House we go,' 'Washington's Winter Camp at Valley Forge,' and 'The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.' I have ever so many songs chosen, and those for November and December are almost learned without my notes. I shall have to work very hard to be ready twice a week!"

"Too hard, I fear," said Mrs. Bird, anxiously.
"Oh. no: not a bit too hard! If the children

are only interested, I shall not mind any amount of trouble. By the way, dear Mrs. Bird, you won't let the nurses or mothers stand in the doorways? You will please see that I am left quite alone with the children, won't you?"

"Certainly; no mothers shall be admitted, if they make you nervous; it is the children's hour. But after two or three months, when you have all become acquainted, and the children are accustomed to listening attentively, I almost hope you will allow a few nurses to come in and sit in the corners—the ones who bring the youngest children, for example; it would be such a means of education to them. There's another idea for you next year: a nurses' class in story-telling,"

"It would be rather nice, would n't it?—and I should be older then, and more experienced. I really think I could do it, if Miss Denison would help me by talks and instructions. She will be here next year. Oh, how the little plan broadens out."

"And, Polly, you have chosen to pay for your circulars, and propose to buy your sandtable. This I agree to, if you insist upon it; though why I should n't help my godchild, I cannot quite understand. But knowing you were so absorbed in other matters that you would forget the frivolities, I have ventured to get you some pretty little gowns for the 'story hours,' and I want you to accept them for your Christmas present. They will serve for all your 'afternoons' and for our little home dinners, as you will not be going out anywhere this winter."

"Oh, how kind you are, Mrs. Bird! You load me with benefits, and how can I ever repay you?"

"You do not have to repay them to me necessarily, my child; you can pass them over, as you will be constantly doing, to all these groups of children, day after day. I am a sort of stupid, rich old lady who serves as a source of supply. My chief brilliancy lies in devising original methods for getting rid of my surplus in all sorts of odd and delightful ways, left untried, for the most part, by other people. I 've been buying up splendid old trees in the outskirts of certain New England country towns,—trees that were in danger of being cut

down for wood. Twenty-five to forty dollars buys a glorious tree, and it is safe for ever and ever to give shade to the tired traveler and beauty to the landscape. Each of my boys has his pet odd scheme for helping the world to 'go right.' Donald, for instance, puts stamps on all the unstamped letters displayed in the Cambridge post-office, and sends them spinning on their way. He never receives the thanks of the careless writers, but he takes pleasure in making things straight. Paul writes me from Phillips Academy that this year he is sending the nine Ruggles children (a poor family of our acquaintance) to some sort of entertainment once every month. Hugh has just met a lovely girl who has induced him to help her maintain a boarding establishment for sick and deserted cats and dogs; and there we are!"

"But I'm a young, strong girl, and I fear I'm not so worthy an object of charity as a tree, an unstamped letter, an infant Ruggles, or a deserted cat! Still, I know the dresses will be lovely, and I had quite forgotten that I must be clothed in purple and fine linen for five months to come. It would have been one of my first thoughts last year, I am afraid; but lately this black dress has shut everything else from my sight."

"It was my thought that you should give up your black dress just for these occasions, dear, and wear something more cheerful for the children's sake. The dresses are very simple, but they will please you, I know. They will be brought home this evening, and you must slip them all on and show yourself to us in each."

They would have pleased anybody, even a princess, Polly thought, as she stood before her bed that evening patting the four pretty new waists, and smoothing with childlike delight the folds of the four pretty skirts. It was such an odd sensation to have four dresses at a time!

They were of simple and inexpensive materials, as was appropriate; but Mrs. Bird's exquisite taste and feeling for what would suit Polly's personality made them more attractive than if they had been rich and elegant.

There was a white China silk, with bodice and shoulder-knots of black velvet; a white Japanese crêpe, with little purple lilacs strewed over its surface, and frills of violet ribbon for ornament; a Christmas dress of soft, white camel's hair, with bands of white-fox fur round the slightly pointed neck and elbow-sleeves; and, last of all, a Quaker gown of silver-gray nun's cloth, with a surplice and full undersleeves of white crêpe-lisse.

"I'm going to be vain, Mrs. Bird!" cried Polly, with compunction in her voice. "I've never had a real beautiful, undyed, un-made-over dress in my whole life, and I shall never have strength of character to own four at once without being vain!"

This speech was uttered through the crack of the library door, outside of which Polly stood gathering courage to walk in and be criticized.

"Think of your aspiring nose, Sapphira!" came from a voice within.

"Oh! are you there too, Edgar?"

"Of course I am, and so is Tom Mills. The news that you are going to 'try on' is all over the neighborhood! If you have cruelly fixed the age limit so that we can't possibly get in to the performances, we are going to attend all the dress rehearsals. — Oh, ye little fishes! what a seraphic Sapphira! I wish Tony were here!"

She was pretty, there was no doubt about it, as she turned about like a revolving wax figure in a show-window, and assumed absurd fashionplate attitudes; and pretty chiefly because of the sparkle, intelligence, sunny temper, and vitality that made her so magnetic.

Nobody could decide which was the loveliest dises, even when she had appeared in each one twice. In the lilac and white crêpe with a bunch of dark Parma violets thrust in her corsage Uncle Jack called her a poem. Edgar asserted openly that in the Christmas toilet he should like to have her modeled in wax and put in a glass case on his table; but Mrs. Bird and Tom Mills voted for the Quaker gray in which she made herself inexpressibly demure by braiding her hair in two discreet braids down her back.

"The dress rehearsal is over. Good night all!" she said as she took her candle. "I will say 'handsome is as handsome does' fifty times before I go to sleep, and perhaps—I only say perhaps—I may be used to my beautiful clothes in a week or two so that I shall be my usual modest self again."

see you to-morrow."

ceased to be Polly this morning when the cir-Oliver, story-teller by profession."

"Good night, Polly," said the boys; "we will tiful streets and before a very large and elegant house. This did not surprise me, as I knew "' Pauline,' if you please, not 'Polly.' I her husband to be a very wealthy man. There seemed to be various entrances, for the house culars were posted. I am now Miss Pauline stood with its side to the main street; but when I had at last selected a bell to ring, I became



"MISS PAULINE OLIVER, STORY-TELLER BY PROFESSION.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, REPORTED IN A LETTER BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"IT was the last Monday in March, and I had come in from my country home to see if I could find my old school friend, Margaret Crosby, who is now Mrs. Donald Bird and who is spending a few years in California.

"The directory gave me her address, and I soon found myself on the corner of two beauconvinced that I had not, after all, gone to the front door. It was too late to retreat, however, and very soon the door was opened by a pretty maid-servant in a white cap and apron.

"' You need n't have rung, 'm; they goes right in without ringing to-day,' she said smilingly.

"'Can I see Mrs. Bird?' I asked.

"" Well, 'm,' she said hesitatingly, 'she 's in Paradise.1

"Lovely Margaret Crosby dead! How sud-

den it must have been, I thought, growing pale with the shock of the surprise; but the pretty maid, noticing that something had ruffled my equanimity, went on hastily:

"'Excuse me, 'm. I forgot you might be a stranger, but all the nurses and mothers always comes to this door, and we 're all a bit flustered on account of its bein' Miss Pauline's last "afternoon," and the mothers call the music room " Paradise," 'm, and Mr. John and the rest of us have took it up without thinkin' very much how it might sound to strangers.'

"'Oh! I see,' I said mechanically, though I did n't see in the least; but although the complicated explanation threw very little light on general topics, it did have the saving grace of assuring me that Margaret Bird was living.

"' Could you call her out for a few minutes?' I asked, 'I am an old friend, and shall be disappointed not to see her.'

"'I 'm sorry, 'm, but I could n't possibly call her out: it would be as much as my place is worth. Her strict orders is that nobody once inside of Paradise door shall be called out.'

"(That does seem reasonable, I thought to myself.)

" 'But,' she continued, 'Mrs. Bird told me to let young Mr. Noble up the stairs so 't he could peek in the door, and as you 're an old friend I hev n't no objections to your going up softly and peekin' in with him, till Miss Pauline's through,-it won't be long, 'm,'

"My curiosity was aroused by this time, and I came to the conclusion that 'peekin' in the door' of Paradise with 'young Mr. Noble' would be better than nothing; so up I went, like a thief in the night.

"The room was at the head of the stairs, and one of the doors was open, and had a heavy portière hanging across it. Behind this was 'young Mr. Noble' 'peekin'' most greedily, together with a middle-aged gentleman not described by the voluble parlor-maid. They did n't seem to notice me; they were otherwise occupied, or perhaps they thought me one of the nurses or mothers. I had heard the sound of a piano as I crossed the hall, but it was still now. I crept behind 'young Mr. Noble,' and took a good 'peek' into Paradise.

might have been built for a ball-room; at least there was a wide, cushioned bench running around three sides of it, close to the wall. On one side, behind some black-and-gold Japanese screens, where they could hear and not be seen, sat a row of silent, capped and aproned nursemaids, and bonneted mamas. Mrs. Bird was among them, lovely and serene as an angel still, though she has had her troubles. There was a great fireplace in the room, but it was banked up with purple and white lilacs. There was a bowl of the same flowers on the grand piano, and a clump of bushes sketched in chalk on a blackboard. Just then a lovely young girl walked from the piano and took a low chair in front of the fireplace.

"Before her there were grouped ever so many children, twenty-five or thirty perhaps. The tots in the front rows were cozy and comfortable on piles of cushions, and the seven- or eightyear-olds in the back row were in seats a little higher. Each child had a sprig of lilac in its hand. The young girl wore a soft white dress with lavender flowers scattered all over it, and a great bunch of the flowers in her belt.

"She was a lovely creature! At least, I believe she was! I have an indistinct remembrance that her enemies (if she has any) might call her hair red; but I could n't stop looking at her long enough at the time to decide precisely what color it was, And I believe (now that several days have passed) that her nose turned up: but at the moment, whenever I tried to see just how much it wandered from the Grecian outline, her eyes dazzled me and I never found out.

" As she seated herself in their midst, the children turned their faces expectantly toward her, like flowers toward the sun.

"' You know it's the last Monday, dears,' she said: 'and we 've had our good-by story.'

"'Tell it again! Sing it again!' came from two kilted adorers in the back row.

"'Not to-day;' and she shook her head with a smile. 'You know we always stop within the hour, and that is the reason we are always eager to come again; but this little sprig of lilac that you all hold in your hands has something to tell; not a long story, just a piece of one for "It was a very large room that looked as if it another good-by. I think when we go home, if we all press the flowers in heavy books and open the books sometimes while we are away from each other this summer, that the sweet fragrance will come to us again, and the little faded blossom will tell its own story to each one of us. And this is the story,' she said, as she turned her spray of lilac in her fingers.

"There was once a little lilac-bush that grew by a child's window. There was no garden there, only a tiny bit of ground with a few green things in it; and because there were no trees in the crowded streets, the birds perched on the lilac-bush to sing, and two of them even built a nest in it once, for want of something larger.

"It had been a very busy lilac-bush all its life: drinking up moisture from the earth and making it into sap; adding each year a tiny bit of wood to its slender trunk; filling out its leaf-buds; making its leaves larger and larger; and then—oh, happy, happy time!—hanging its purple flowers here and there among the branches.

"It always felt glad of its hard work when Hester came to gather some of its flowers just before Easter Sunday. For one spray went to the little table where Hester and her mother ate together; one to Hester's teacher; one to the gray-stone church around the corner, and one to a little lame girl who sat, and sat, quite still day after day by the window of the next house.

"But one year - this very last year, children the lilac-bush grew tired of being good and working hard; and the more it thought about it, the sadder and sorrier and more discouraged it grew. The winter had been dark and rainy; the ground was so wet that its roots felt slippery and uncomfortable; there was some disagreeable moss growing on its smooth branches; the sun almost never shone; the birds came but seldom; and at last the lilac-bush said, 'I will give up; I am not going to bud or bloom or do a single thing for Easter this year! I don't care if my trunk does n't grow, nor my buds swell, nor my leaves grow larger! If Hester wants her room shaded, she can pull the curtain down, and the lame girl can'-do without, it was going to say, but it did n't dare - oh,

it did n't dare to think of the poor little lame girl without any flowers; so it stopped short and hung its head.

"Six or eight weeks ago, Hester and her mother went out one morning to see the lilacbush

"'It does n't look at all as it ought,' said Hester, shaking her head sadly. 'The buds are very few, and they are all shrunken. See how limp and flabby the stems of the leaves look!'

"'Perhaps it is dead,' said Hester's mother, 'or perhaps it is too old to bloom.'

("'I like that!' thought the lilac-bush. 'I'm not dead and I'm not dying, though I'd just as lief die as to keep on working in this dark, damp, unpleasant winter, or spring, or whatever they call it; and as for being past blooming, I would just like to show her, if it was n't so much trouble! How old does she think I am, I wonder? There is n't a thing in this part of the city that is over ten years old, and I was n't planted first, by any means!')

"And then Hester said, 'My darling, darling lilac-bush! Easter won't be Easter without it; and lame Jenny leans out of her window every day as I come from school, and asks, "Is the lilac budding?"!

("'Oh, dear!' sighed the little bush. 'I wish she would n't talk that way; it makes me so nervous to have Jenny asking questions about me! It starts my sap circulating, and I shall grow in spite of me!')

"'Let us see what we can do to help it,' said Hester's mother. 'Take your trowel and dig round the roots first.'

("'Guess they 'll get into a moist and sticky place, by the way I feel!' thought the lilac.)

"'. Then put in some new earth, the richest you can get, and we'll snip off all the withered leaves and dry twigs, and see if it won't take a new start.'

("'I shall have to, I believe, whether I like it or not, if they make such a fuss about me!' thought the lilac-bush. 'It seems a pity if a thing can't stop growing and be let alone and die if it wants to!')

"But though it grumbled a little at first, it felt so much better after Hester and her mother had spent the afternoon caring for it, that it began to grow a little, just out of gratitude,—
and what do you think happened?

"George Washington came and chopped it down with his little hatchet,' said an eager person in front.

""The lame girl came to look at it,' sang out a small chap in the back row.

"No," she answered, with an irrepressible smile; "it was a cherry-tree that George Washington chopped, Lucy; and I told you, Arthur, that the poor little lame girl could n't walk a step. But the sun began to shine—that is the first thing that happened. Day after day the sun shone, because everything seems to help the people and the things that help themselves. The rich earth gave everything it had to give for sap, and the warm air dried up the ugly moss that spoiled the beauty of its trunk.

"Then the lilac-bush was glad again, and it could hardly grow fast enough because it knew it would be behind time, at any rate; for of course it could n't stand still grumbling and doing nothing for weeks and get its work done as soon as the other plants. But it made sap all day long, and the buds grew into little leaves, and the little leaves into larger ones, and then it began to group its flower-buds among the branches. By this time it was the week before Easter, and it fairly sat up nights to work.

"Hester knew that it was going to be more beautiful than it ever was in its life before (that was because it never tried so hard, though of course Hester could n't know that), but she was only afraid that it would n't bloom soon enough, it was so very late this spring.

"But the very morning before Easter Sunday, Hester turned in her sleep and dreamed that a sweet, sweet fragrance was stealing in at her open window. A few minutes later she ran across her room, and lo! every cluster of buds on the lilac-bush had opened into purple

flowers, and they were waving in the morning sunshine, as if to say, 'We are ready, Hester! We are ready, after all!'

"And one spray was pinned in the teacher's dress,—it was shabby and black,—and she was glad of the flower because it reminded her of home.

"And one spray stood in a vase on Hester's dining-table. There was never very much dinner in Hester's house, but they did not care that day, because the lilac was so beautiful.

"One bunch lay on the table in the church, and one, the loveliest of all, stood in a cup of water on the lame girl's window-sill; and when she went to bed that night she moved it to the table beside her head, and put her thin hand out to touch it in the dark, and went to sleep smiling.

"And each of the lilac flowers was glad that the bush had bloomed."

"The children drew a deep breath. They smoothed their flower-sprays gently, and one pale boy held his up to his cheek as if it had been a living thing.

"'Tell it again,' cried the tomboy.

"'Is it true?' asked the boy in kilts.

"'I think it is,' said the girl, gently. 'Of course, Tommy, the flowers never tell us their secrets in words; but I have watched that lilac-bush all through the winter and spring, and these are the very blossoms you are holding to-day. It seems true, does n't it?'

"'Yes,' they said thoughtfully.

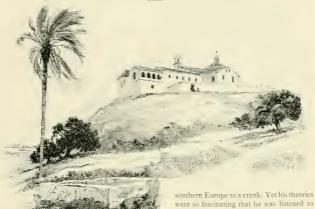
"'Shall you press yours, Miss Pauline, and will it tell you a story, too, when you look at it?' asked one little tot as they all crowded about her for a good-by kiss.

"Miss Pauline caught her up in her arms, and I saw her take the child's apron and wipe away a tear as she said, 'Yes, dear, it will tell me a story, too,—a long, sad, sweet, helpful story!"



COLUMBUS AT LA RÁBIDA.

BY ENSIGN JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.



NEAR a small town on the coast of Spain, at the junction of two little rivers, on a high bluff close to the sea, there stood four hundred years ago a low, irregular building with plastered walls, and red-tiled roof surmounted by an iron cross. It was the convent of La Råbida. and on the night of August 2, 1492, there slept in one of its little upper rooms a stranger, gaunt and solemn, a guest of the monks. He was a man who had become known all through

southern Europe as a crank. Yet his theories were so fascinating that he was listened to with interest even by kings, but always dismissed with a smile of pity for his foolishness, and a sigh of regret that his route to untold wealth and an undiscovered country should be impossible. At last, however, had gained audience in Spain with Isabella of Castile, wife of Ferdinand of Aragon, and her woman's imagination had been fired with enthusiasm, and her woman's heart

filled with a generous desire to aid the bold explorer in making his search into the terrible western ocean. Even with the necessary money, the determined man was driven almost to despair in his unsuccessful efforts to induce others to join in his enterprise; but destiny finally guided him to the little town of Palos, and there he found another mariner adventurous like himself, who was besides a man of wealth and action and an owner of ships. Thus it happened that

to set sail from Palos upon the dangerous

The guest of the monks had passed a restless, anxious night; and, several times before the first golden streaks of dawn lighted up the little square window cut through the thick wall, he had arisen and climbed to the roof of the convent to look for the favoring breeze which would waft him westward. At last such a visit brought him exultant joy, for across the plains of southern Spain, still wreathed in the mists of the morning, straight from the blue hills outlined against the golden sunrise there came the favoring easterly breeze, all fragrant with the odor of herbs and blossoms. Then he turned to look down upon his little fleet anchored in the river at the foot of the bluff: one of them fairly large, but the other two tiny craft in which even the boldest might hesitate to venture far from land.

The opportunity for which he had prepared himself since childhood had at last come! What solemn thoughts must have filled the mind of that deep-thinking man as he stood on the roof of La Rábida in the early daylight, and gazed from his little fleet out across that great ocean into which no human being had dared to lead the way,- which even intelligent men of his time believed to be filled with strange, fierce monsters, and to be frequently visited by most terrible storms.

There was no time then, however, to harbor such disturbing thoughts. The time for action had come, and Columbus descended from the roof to join the monks, already astir. With them he went down into the little chapel for a last solemn communion with God within its walls. Then the monks escorted him and his followers to the beach, and he was rowed to the ships with his head bowed to receive a final blessing. The sails, upon which were big red crosses, were spread to the wind, and a breathless, wondering crowd watched the ships as they glided down the river, and slowly away, Not one in the onlooking crowd expected to see those little caravels again, and mothers, sisters, and wives wept for the departed ones as if they had died. In fact, the largest of the three ships never returned, for she was wrecked one

by August 1, 1492, three little ships were ready calm night by drifting upon a coral reef on the

Many months afterward a little caravel, tattered and broken and stained by terrible storms, sailed into Lisbon, bringing back the intrepid explorer; and Christopher Columbus marched in triumph across Spain to stand before Ferdinand and Isabella at Barcelona, no longer a poor crank from Genoa, but a great discoverer from a new world!

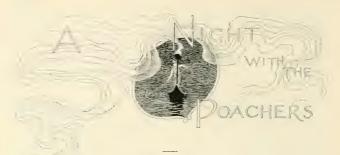
We all know how another turn of the wheel of fortune was in store for this strange man, and how, instead of honors, he was loaded with chains and brought back from a final trip to his newly discovered lands to die broken-hearted. The continents which his genius discovered were named after an Italian map-maker; and, when the great discoverer died, people juggled with his bones until it became uncertain where they lay. His discovery proved to be of such magnitude, that he himself was utterly forgotten while nations vied with one another to explore the new lands to their utmost limits, and strove keenly for the possession of the fairer parts.

Columbus had torn away the veil of superstition and ignorance which had hidden the western ocean, and had shown to the astonished nations new lands of dazzling beauty and fabulous wealth. There had been a moment of breathless amazement during which the greatness of the discoverer was not less than the magnitude of his discovery. Then he was pushed aside and trampled out of sight in the greedy rush to secure the riches. In his New World, the first century after his discovery was a century of plunder, the second a century of settlement, and the third a century of growth. Nobody thought of Columbus during three centuries of selfishness. Then came a great reaction. At the end of those three centuries, people in the New World were no longer adventurers. They had been born and brought up in it; they had cultivated and developed it; and at last they came together and said, This land is now ours and we should rule it. To the centuries of plunder and settlement and growth was then added a fourth - the century of inthe absence of plunder and contention gave time for reflection, and a grateful people looked back to see to whom they owed the possession of their fair land. Back through the three centuries of selfish strife they looked, until history brought before them one man whose brain alone had believed in the existence of their land, and whose conviction had carried him ever onward through years of derision and disfavor, and in frail craft across terrible unknown seas until he had proven his conception to be a glorious truth. Honor at last was bestowed where honor was due, and during the century of independence in the New World, Columbus and Columbia became the names of countries and cities and rivers; and as the century is now closing, the Old World vies with the New in honors to the great explorer.

Could Columbus, therefore, have stood again on the roof of La Rábida on the morning of October 12, 1892, at first glance he might almost have thought that his sleep of ages had been the sleep of a single night. He would have found about him the same familiar gables of the little convent, the same undulating plains of southern Spain, the same sluggish, muddy rivers, Tinto and Odiel; and, riding at anchor in the former, his own three caravels, the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Niña"! But as he glanced up the Odiel toward Huelva, he would have seen a strange, perplexing sight. Immense ships, almost grotesque in shape, were rushing down the river, moving swiftly without sails and without wind, while from big chimneys poured volumes of black smoke as if they were on fire within. On their decks were guns of enormous size, and from masthead to masthead flew flags and banners the discoverer had never seen. Rounding the point, these ships dropped anchor near the convent, dwarfing his little caravels to pygmies. Just where he had embarked, bodies of troops in strange uniforms were landed on a new pier, and marched toward the convent. From the ships, countless officers in brilliant uni-

forms landed and formed in two lines the whole length of the pier. Behind them crowded the gaping populace (like that other throng of 1492, on the memorable morning of his departure).

Then from the leading ship came a boat bearing a purple standard; and, when it reached the steps of the new pier, there stepped ashore, amid the thundering roar of the heavy cannon, a sad-faced woman and a fair-haired boy - the Queen Regent and the little King of Spain. The officers in line bared their heads and bowed low as these two passed, while from the pressing crowd came cries of "The Queen! The King!" In a carriage drawn by four fine horses, these two, with their attendants, were driven between the lines of soldiers up a broad avenue toward the convent; and, following them with his eyes, the great Columbus would have turned until he beheld rising in rear of the convent a tall white shaft of marble, capped by a bronze globe and surmounted by a cross. Then he would have seen the queen and the little king enthroned in a purple-curtained pavilion before this monument, the officers of strange nations forming an avenue between, the troops drawn up in radiating lines about it, and the populace massed in thousands upon the hillsides. And as the silver-robed bishops knelt in solemn ceremony upon the steps of the monument, he would have seen inscribed thereon in flaming letters of gold his own name, "Christobal Colon," and beneath it two dates - 1492-1892. Then would he have known that those monster ships which he had seen moving without wind or sails represented four centuries of maritime progress, and those strange flags, four centuries of political changes; while that concourse of people was the gathering of all Spain, from royalty to populace, and of all the nations of the earth, to honor his memory; and that in spite of chains and disfavor in his lifetime, his greatness had survived him four hundred years.



By Tappan Adney.



VERY year, as the summer season approaches, the salmon of the Atlantic ocean leave their feedinggrounds in the northern

seas and enter the clear, cool rivers of the extreme eastern United States and the Canadian Provinces. Impelled by a singular instinct, this noble fish, day after day, week after week, works its way toward the heads of the streams, up the swiftest rapids and through the quiet pools, leaping every obstruction. During the whole summer this great army pushes onward, dividing at the forks of a river and breaking up into still smaller bands where tributaries enter. Of the great multitude that left the ocean, every fish has reached the very spot, the very pool where it was born and lived the first eight months of its life -except the many that never passed the cruel nets, and those that jumped at the beautiful flies which are tied to long silken lines, or else, dazzled by the gleam of torches, were pulled into canoes by men with spears.

At length the object of their weary march is attained, and so the army disbands. The long journey has been conducted in a leisurely way, only a few miles each day, but with wonderful persistence. Enemies in the water, fishermen with rods and reels, and poachers with spears thin their ranks; but those that reach their homes at the heads of the rivers are protected

by a wise law, which prohibits their capture from the time when they begin to lay their eggs until the anchor ice, choking the streams, drives back to the sea the fish, now lean and hungry with long fasting; for the salmon is a dainty feeder in its summer home, touching the most tempting and alluring flies only occasionally. Yet, a tiny young salmon, called a "parr," having attained the first six or eight inches of its length in fresh water, returns the following year a year-old salmon, or "grilse," of four pounds weight.

Along the banks of nearly every salmon river, live people who regard the fish in the waters before their doors not as objects of sport alone, but as a supply of food. Those who value the animal or fish itself, without being particular about the means of getting it, are contemptuously spoken of by the true sportsman as "pot-hunters." All these people, of whom the most are white men, but some are Indians, are poor; and they believe that fish in the streams should be free to all. Some, indeed, resent any legal interference with the right they claim to take a salmon at any season, even on the spawning-beds,- which is quite wrong; but the more intelligent of them, while granting the need of some protection, do, however, feel to be a hardship the law which allows one set of men to kill a fish in our way and prevents, or aims to prevent, another set of men from doing the same thing in a different Is the spear too destructive? One club way.

for perhaps several hours, and often is able to thousand pounds in one year, and paid four

of American gentlemen that fishes in a Cana-The sportsman uses a fly and worries the fish dian river caught, with the fly, over fourteen buy from the Government the exclusive right to thousand dollars to wardens to prevent poach-



rich club. The other man is not allowed to as a result of a few weeks' work with the use his spear, and often is prevented from fish- fly, sent home eighty salmon, fished on Sunday ing at all. He cannot understand why this in defiance of a club rule, and was the one should be so, and so he becomes a poacher. man of his club hardest upon the poor poach-

fish, for he is generally wealthy or belongs to a ling. A gentleman belonging to another club,

ers who ran the gantlet of his wardens and caught a fish or two.

Now, every man there, and every boy, too, who is big enough to hold a ten-foot spruce pole with a pair of wooden jaws tied to one end, is a poacher, - all but the fish-wardens, who would be poachers if they were not wardens, and who are suspected of slyly doing a little fishing, "unbeknownst"; for, as Charles Kingsley quaintly puts it, "a gamekeeper is only a poacher turned inside out."

Now, think of standing in a canoe twenty-four inches wide, and striking a fish in nine feet of water as it darts swiftly past! I have stood in the stern of such a canoe and seen it done by a poacher who could n't tell one fly from another - a Jock Scott from a Silver Doctor. Are the men who fish with flies more skilful?

Two men have built a camp on the bank of the best and most beautiful pool to be found on a celebrated salmon river in Canada. Gentlemen from the city are whipping the deep black pools with slender rods, out of canoes propelled by Indians, while wardens keep watch at night, many, many miles below where these men are. But the water runs swiftly and is rough, cut; so the lazy Indians never take their passengers to that distant spot, near the river's source, nor care to risk their frail birch canoes. Only bears and moose and greedy trout and great, glistening salmon live there, and it is too far away to be guarded by men. With high hills on both sides, and

a wilderness of black spruce and fir growing to the water's edge, except It is as clear as a crystal, and on quiet days as smooth as a looking-glass the only breathing-spot in a little mountain river, two rods wide, that for the next twenty miles of its course does not cease to rush, roar, and tumble. The water above it, noisily splash-

ing over a shallow bar where the pebbles are like cobblestones, suddenly stops. The bottom drops away to a depth of a dozen feet, and a little procession of bubbles and patches of white foam lingering on the surface close to the left-hand bank barely shows where the current is. Then the pool widens, and assumes a broad triangular shape. The bottom, now covered with soft, sparkling sand, gradually rises nearer and nearer to the surface, until, without a murmur or an effort, the water drips in a broad expanse over the edge of a sandy bar as if poured from a large pan. Then moving faster, it passes around the small grassy islands, joins into one stream behind them, and hurries on again, noisy after its short rest. Moose and caribou (which are like reindeer) come down here at night to drink, and splash the water with their hoofs, and leave traces in the sand that men can find by daylight.

It is the month of August. Among the rough trunks of the spruces, upon a high bank overlooking the water, the two men have built their hasty camp. Two forked poles, higher than one's head, have been driven six feet apart into the soft, moss-carpeted earth. A long pole has been laid across the top of these, and other poles leaned against it. These in turn are covered with wide, flat, evergreen boughs for a roof, but the sides of this camp are open. Small evergreens are also strewn thickly upon the ground beneath for a bed, and dry logs of spruce piled high in front, with tall stakes driven behind them, are blazing merrily, and making the hut comfortable for the approaching night. A large supply of dry logs for the fire during the night lies within easy reach, for the men have only their coats to put over them, and the night will be cold, although it is summer-time. The tea-kettle is boiling over the blaze, and the fat bacon is sizzling in the frying-

One of the two in this party is a stranger, a young man from the city. But as he is there to learn, and to see for the first time that which is about to take place, the reader is not concerned with him further than to remember that he has lately been taught somewhat of the wonderful things to be seen in the woods, that he is fairly expert with the paddle, and

stands in the stern of the canoe behind the man with the spear. The other, accustomed to the ways of the woods, was by turns a lumberman, a hunter, and a trapper. He had lived his life on the banks of that same river, was the father of two as irrepressible young scamps as ever were chased by fish-wardens, and had in his own time taken many a fish. Not a man in that country had there been who was more at home in a canoe, and quicker or surer of his aim. But now he is an old man whose head is turning gray, and whose ruddy, good-natured face, wherever it is not covered with the bountiful beard, is showing a few wrinkles. He has turned over to his boys whatever right he may have had to levy toll upon the finny travelers on the river highway, and has not speared a fish for several years.

The early supper eaten, they at once make preparations for the evening's work. After a few minutes' search, half a dozen paper-birches are found, from which large sheets of thick bark are peeled. These, folded into bundles about a foot and a half long, five inches wide, and of half a dozen thicknesses of bark, are tied in several places with bands of tough bark stripped from a small cedar. Fifteen or twenty such bundles are made ready; then the spear it has been made only a few days before and put into the bottom of the canoe. It is a stout pole of peeled spruce, two inches in diameter and ten feet long. A slender bar of iron, sharpened like a chisel or screw-driver, is set into one end, and projects forward six inches; and a pair of "jaws," each fifteen inches long and three inches across the blade, whittled out of tough rock-maple, are lashed with stout twine upon each side of the iron point. They spread seven inches apart. These jaws are shaped upon the inner side in such a way that when a salmon is struck they open and slip around the body of the fish, preventing its escape. Next a stick, five feet long, is cut, and the larger end split down several inches. This is set upright in the bow of the canoe, in a hole made for that purpose. Into the split end, which is uppermost, a bundle of birch-bark is thrust, firmly held by the middle. Half a dozen more bundles are laid in the canoe amidships, Frequently a canoe built of birch-bark is used,

but this one is the kind known as a pirogue. It is twenty-four feet long, two feet wide, very shallow, with upturned bow and stern, and is carved from a light pine log. It is painted black, which suits its nightly work.

All being ready, the old man steps aboard with the spear, and takes his place in the bow. The torch in front is lighted, and with a crackle like the frying of grease the flame leaps upward, and with its yellow glare lights up the bushes, the nearer tree-trunks, and the surface of the water. Quickly stepping in also, the stern-man, with a long pole in lieu of paddle, gives a push or two, and the canoe glides out on the surface of the pool. But it is too quickly done, for the pool, shallow there, is lighted to the very bottom as with the light of day, and several huge black objects move away into the deep and somber places. With a splash the spear is quickly thrust down into the water after a departing shadow, but it is too late. Then the canoe is cautiously driven toward the deeper place at the head of the pool. and as it nears the other end, one, two, six, ten, twenty great shadowy forms dart, one after the other, toward the foot of the pool, past them.

The torch has now burned down. Detached portions of the bark drop into the water and float off, still burning, while those that fall into the canoe are trampled out. A new bundle is put in and set aflame. The canoe is turned about, and slowly moves back. Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the fish is already several feet away, and it is drawn back empty. Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright streak moving toward them, frightens them.

A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along (perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubt-

less, from their first scare. So, with a fresh supmore deliberation, for the long black pirogue pool, before down goes the spear. Hand over hand it is pushed and, it seems, will never stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if something is tugging at the end of it. Then, as he would lift a load of hay on a pitchfork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaws. It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoe - only a fourpounder. Only a four-pounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture-the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom all the enthusiasm of his vounger days seems to have returned.

The potatoes can almost be smelled at this distance. So the salmon is opened down the back, and in a little while it, or the greater portion thereof, is in the kettle with the savory potatoes, which are nearly done, but need more cooking than a fish.

It is approaching midnight, a slight fog lies upon the water, and the night air is unpleasantly cool, chilling the bare hands of the two fishermen. So they linger there in the bright light of the fire, and notwithstanding the excitement of the first catch, are loath to leave it. But the younger man must try his luck, and besides there must be at least one salmon to

take away with them. So, next time, the two exchange places. The younger one imitates the older. He stands in front, and gazes intently downward, with uplifted pole. One after the other-the great fish dart ahead, shoot past, or rush directly into the friendly shadow of the canoe underneath. Now here, now there, goes the pole. It fails to reach bottom, and, deceived by the great clearness of the water which brings the bottom so near, the novice nearly falls overboard. Now the spear-points strike the sand, but not within three feet of even a salmon's shadow. It is like wing-shooting, and requires as much skill.

Then the old man takes the spear. By this time half the fish have left, for the splashing of their tails in the rapids above is frequently heard. Several times he misses, but presently the pole goes down its whole length. It bends and sways for a moment, but by a turn of the wrist the fish is pointed upward, and works its own way to the top. Then the water is lashed into foam again by the powerful fish, and it threatens to break away; but it is not until it lies in the canoe that its size can be determined. It is another of the smaller ones, and although a ten-pound fish, is not the big one we hoped it to be.

Next turn, however (for they wish to make another trial before leaving), as the canoe is moving with a scarcely perceptible motion toward the foot of the pool, the old man partly bends over, the better to see and to escape the glare of the torch, peers into the depths below, now to his left, now to his right, not noticing the sluggish suckers that also were moving about on the bottom. Suddenly a great shadow leaps from out of the darkness ahead and shoots straight for the shade of the canoe. Quick as a flash the spear goes out to meet it. The canoe reels with the violence of the movement. The torch, now burned in two, falls with a blaze into the water, blinding the eyes. The spear falls short a foot, and the big fish is safe!

A MAY MORNING IN VENICE.

By HELEN GRAY CONE.



Он, for Venice, and opal days Made of the May-time's rosy haze And the sheen of the pale-green waterways!

Swerving gondola, swiftly glide! Bear us back to the garden-side, Where the dappled canal is cool and wide.

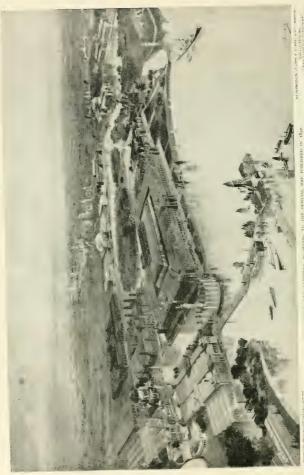
Rich reflections that flow and fleet, Spread with colors the liquid street For the tread of the spring wind's viewless feet. Taking his share of the sun and sea!

Lo, the garden is flushed anew; Faintly smiling, the sky looks through Light young leaves, that laugh to the blue.

Chasing shadows and sunbeams gay Touch the Cupids of marble gray; They are old, and cold, and will not play.

Better a wingless boy to be, Brown and ruddy and full of glee,

Oh, for Venice, when comes the spring Gem-like days on the deep to fling, That gleam and are gone, like the Doge's ring!



THE WORLD'S FAIR PALACES.

By Tudor Jenks.

If there is one date fixed in the minds of young America, it is that of a voyage accomplished by an Italian navigator some four hundred years ago. It may therefore be taken for granted that any child who can add four hundred to 1492 understands why, as 1892 approached, America decided to give a great party and to invite all the world with his wife and children.

She gave a party seventeen years ago; but most of the present readers of Sr. NICHOLAS were unavoidably absent. This one they can understand; and as chief custodians of the date it celebrates, they have a keen interest in seeing what preparations their fathers and mothers are making to entertain their millions of guests.

They will be glad to know that there is no intention of falling behind the rest of the world. There have been other affairs of the sort. The first to which all nations were truly welcome was, at the suggestion of Albert the Prince Consort, carried out by England. As one of that nation's clever sons had lately been constructing an enormous hothouse for the flowers of a noble duke, he built for this occasion a great Crystal Palace, one third of a mile long and four hundred feet wide. Queen Victoria and twenty-five thousand other people met here on the first day, and some five million natives and foreigners called in during the next five months to see the Koh-i-noor diamond and whatever else British soldiers had acquired or British workmen had made. A million dollars over expenses, and the more valuable lessons learned by English manufacturers, made this first exhibition a most profitable one. It taught that things might be made beautiful as well as strong and serviceable.

Several imitations soon followed, one a New York Crystal Palace in what is now Bryant Park. But the imitations had little success, and the New York glass house was burned down. Paris in 1798 had begun national exhibitions under Napoleon's direction, but their object was to injure English trade; a gold medal was offered for that purpose, and foreign products were shut out. In 1855, Paris followed London's more hospitable example, and added besides a collection of the works of living artists—the English exhibition being one of inventions and manufactures. London opened another show in 1862, also with an art exhibition; but the death of Prince Albert and the war in our own country were serious drawbacks to its success.

There have been four other notable exhibitions. Paris in 1867 added to former features models of mankind's dwellings, from tents to palaces; Vienna in 1873 made a great national museum out of her Exposition buildings; America, for her centennial, put up two hundred great halls, and especially excelled in showing agricultural products; and Paris held her centennial in 1889, climbing a thousand feet into the air in celebration of her republics.

The greatest of these former shows filled about seventy acres of ground and cost ten millions. The Chicago Fair will require more than a hundred and fifty acres for its buildings alone, and will certainly cost twenty-two millions—figures quite large enough to fill young Americans with satisfaction, when they take out their slates and compute that Paris in 1889, Philadelphia in 1876, and Vienna in 1873 would not, combined, equal the Columbian fair in area.

Four cities competed for the place of host to the world, and Chicago was chosen by Congress. And that young city will be its own proudest exhibit. So long as America was colonized territory, it could have little to show in glory of its discoverer. But when, in 1876 our young nation cut her leading-strings, crying to the world, "See! I can walk alone!" the glory of Columbus was begun. The history of Chicago covers hardly more than the period of our existence as a nation.

Some humorist said, "the first white man to settle on the site of Chicago was a black man." His most ingenious paradox refers to an escaped slave from San Domingo who traded there with the Indians in 1779; and Cornwallis did not surrender until 1781— and he would n't have yielded then if Washington had not insisted upon it. In 1803, on the Fourth of July, a United States sloop came to establish Fort Dearborn on the Chicago River. The Indians did not like this, as we learn from the "American Gazetteer" for 1804, under the entry: "[see Chiago river, Appendix]." The appendix tells how the government of the United States, "having lately determined to erect a fort at Chiago," the officer in spite of Indian threats declared that he was sent to build a fort, and would "proceed on with the design."

In 1812, the Indians killed most of the garrison while they were trying to escape to Fort Wayne, but a survivor, John Kinzie, afterward returned and became the first real settler. The fort being rebuilt in 1816, a village was begun near its walls, but the city was not incorporated until 1837—the very year Queen Victoria came to the throne.

Now, fifty-six years later, Chicago has 1,400,000 inhabitants, and invites the nations to ride to the top of buildings twenty stories high that they may get an idea of the second great city of the Western world.

What can the great Fair show that is a better proof of American pluck, capacity, and achievement? Nor need we mention the great fire at all, so entirely have its ravages been healed.

There is a well known story of a Westerner who claimed that his lot was "in the center of the town, which was in the center of the county, that was the central county of the State in the center of the country in the center of the world!" and, when asked to prove it, replied, with an eloquent sweep of the arm, "See how nicely the sky fits down all round!" A claim more modest and better founded may be made that Chicago is the center of North

American population — certainly it is the focus of routes of travel; and this situation is a strong reason why it should direct the great Fair.

On the anniversary of the discovery, the exhibition was formally dedicated in the largest building; and more than a hundred thousand people felt lonely in the forty-four acres of floor space. But, in accordance with the act of Congress, the actual opening will take place on the first of May, 1893—an excellent day to be called early if you are to be present. The President of the United States, perhaps with the electric assistance by cable of King Alfonso, Spain's boy-king, will set the great engines in motion by the touching of a knob.

And what will be seen by the lucky—or deserving—boys and girls among the millions upon the grounds? One might reply that Aladdin's lamp could be left at the door as a useless bit of baggage. So much will press upon the attention that the lamp would be unrubbed and forgotten. But at least it will be well to have a general idea of where things are grouped. Look at the general plan. (See p. 518.)

It shows a great city upon the shores of Lake Michigan, and surrounding an artificial waterway called the Lagoon, in which are two islands. About the Lagoon are the larger buildings, and (as Mrs. Richards forcibly said in a recent Sr. NichoLas poem) "Some of them are whackers, oh!" A canal leads southward past a great basin. These bodies of water convert the Fair grounds into a Venice of palaces—a resemblance that is increased by the marble-like material of the buildings. This material, called "staff," is lighter than wood, may be colored and molded at pleasure, and is fire-proof. It is a composition of plaster, cement, and a fiber, and will last for years if painted.

North of the main buildings is a park where the buildings of the States and of foreign nations are grouped about the superb art-galleries. Southward are the warehouses and live-stock sheds. Along the shore of Lake Michigan are docks, harbors, the naval exhibit, the model of the convent of La Rábida, a life-saving exhibition, and other amphibious creatures that should be near the water.

Keeping this general plan in mind, the whereabouts of the great buildings will be clearly understood, especially if one refers to the map when puzzled. How the grounds will look to visitors who come from the southwest in a flying-machine may be seen from the same picture. Little boys in such an aërial vessel will first ask, "What is that big building in the middle?" Then their guide will draw a long breath and answer that it is the building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the in all the world. If they say, "How big is it?" he will tell them that it is four times as large as the Coliseum. where the Dving Gladiator lay. It is longer than the span of the Brooklyn Bridge from tower to tower, covers five times the space of City Hall Park in New York, and five eighths that of the Boston Common. It would furnish room for twenty regulation foot-ball fields, and would be accommodated in the Roman Coliseum, St. Peter's. Milan Cathedral, St. Paul's of Rome, St. Paul's of London. admit thirty or forty thou-and stragglers. Twenty-eight such Park. On the other hand. buildings could be placed end the sun, and would fall a long way short; so there is no danger of crowding the

But it is not an ugly giant,





THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

as can be seen when viewed critically. What a roof to fly kites from! It is an unsupported arch two hundred feet from the floor. The Bunker Hill monument, placed inside, would project only a few feet above the roof—hardly enough to look like a respectable chimney. At the four corners and middle of each wall graceful pavilions or doorways give variety and impressiveness to the great expanse, which is further relieved by banners along the roofs.

This building offers a standard by which to measure its neighbors; yet it does not dwarf the rest, some of which claim distinction for qualities other than mere size. The Parthenon is smaller than the Great Pyramid, but there is no doubt which is the finer structure.

The Agricultural and the Machinery buildings, the next in size, stand side by side southward across the Basin from their big brother. The first is richly adorned with sculptures relating to agriculture; the second is ranked by many architects next in magnificence of appearance to the Administration Building—the latter being considered the best piece of architectural design in the whole Fair. The twin brethren of Agriculture and Machinery are connected like the Siamese brothers, by an immense roofed gallery facing an extension of the canal, and connected with each is an annex to hold whatever may be crowded out.

The railroads will bring their millions to a station westward of the Administration Building, and most visitors will first pass through this superb gateway to the grounds. Because it opens upon four great avenues, it is in the form of a cross—a domed center supported upon four square halls. As the headquarters of the officials of the Fair, it is as rich in de-

fect harmony with the nearer buildings, and sculptured groups set upon prominent points give elegance and distinction to this isolated structure.

Passing beneath these domes, we come upon the Court and Basin; and in the latter are seen two features of the Fair. At its outer end, standing one hundred feet from the water surface, is a colossal and majestic statue of "The Republic"; and, facing it, an antique galley of bronze, sixty feet in length, is propelled by figures representing the arts and sciences, while far aloft Columbia is proudly enthroned. Father Time is at the tiller, and makes gallant efforts to steer with his scythe, after which one would not be surprised to see him take observations through his hour-glass.

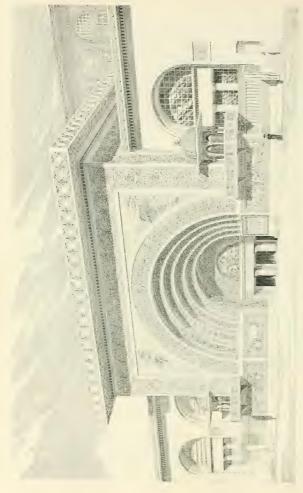
To Transportation, Mining, and Electricity



REAL CENTRAL I IN HOL AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

sign and in sculptured ornament as good taste permits. Its gilded dome, high above all surroundings, will be the conspicuous center of the whole. This dome is double, and the *interior*, lower, dome is higher than that of the Capitol at Washington. The corner halls are in per-

are dedicated three great buildings between the Administration Hall and the Lagoon. Of the first, the most striking feature is the "Golden Doorway," facing the Lagoon —a set of Moorish arches displaying \$60,000 worth of goldleaf, marked with arabesques, and decorated



TILL GOLDEN DOORWAY, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

by panels of carvings and paintings. These show the progress from the ancient ox-cart and war-chariot to the modern ocean steamer and express train. A Moorish cupola, and arched windows, give unity to the whole building. From the cupola, reached by eight elevators, is main Transportation Building will be whole battalions of locomotives, and

everything that goes, from go-cart to electric motors.

The home of Mines and Mining is a simply designed, impressive hall for the reception of ores and mining-tools, machinery and appliances. Part of the building material shows polished marbles that are themselves an exhibit.

This heavy, solid, and massive building is in fitting contrast to the neighboring dwelling of Electricity. The latter, of more elegant design, is light, graceful, and varied in outline. The doorways are more imposing, and statues lend their poetic power to do honor to the favorite child of our own time - a youngster from whose healthy precocity we may expect wonders. While the blaze of arc and incandescent lights will banish night from all the Park, here especially will the new light spring from pole to pole, and be

magnificence and profusion - glittering from roofs, towers, and windows, and from fifty-four lofty masts that will bear banners by day. The Electricity Building will be rich in colored ornament grouped within its porticos and especially in the great recessed doorway.

A statue of Franklin, of heroic size, occupies the place of honor beneath the dome of the the autumn closing.

porch. He is shown grasping the key that unlocked the thunder-clouds, and the kite-line, along which came the first electric message. Morse and Vail have statues set in places only less conspicuous.

Directly facing the length of the Lagoon is an impressive view of the court. Within the that unequaled conservatory known as Horticultural Hall, and between its front and the shore



I ROBERT OF THE TRICITY TUTLDING.

will be the floral display. From these flowerbeds we will pause and cull a few blossoms. A million or so of tulips and pansies, and fifty for the most fastidious, and these will be replaced by other delicacies in their season until a grand explosion of chrysanthemums foretells The hall itself is, for the most part, a low conservatory-like building, but it gains dignity from higher structures at each end, and especially from an enormous glass or "crystal" dome, high enough to roof the tailest palms and bamboos. In this department will be shown everything relating to growing plants and their culture; and upon the island in front the Japanese will construct one of their beautiful temples and artificial gardens, designed not only as an exhibit, but as a permanent gift to the city of Chicago.

Here, too, will there be rooms set apart for

Whatever is distinctly feminine—reform work, charity organization, a model kitchen, a kindergarten and hospital—here finds fitting place. Reading-rooms, a library of the works of women writers, and specimens of woman's handiwork will be found here, while shady galleries offer to women visitors grateful protection from the sunshine of an inland summer. Mrs. Shaw, the celebrated whistler, is not promised as an attraction; though many little girls who are tired of hearing a certain poor rhyme about "crowing hems" might favor her appearing.

The Fisheries Building is of a peculiar shape.



JENERAL VIEW OF LISHERIES LAVIDION.

cafés and restaurants; and the visitor, wearied by attempting impossible feats of sight-seeing, may welcome the opportunity to rest and be refreshed in this domain of orchids, trees, and flowers. The island, with its border of aquatic plants and its shady woodland, will bring to the tired eyes the restful beauties of natural scenery. The quick gliding of gondolas and electric launches will be a relief after the bustling crowds. It is hard to overpraise the wisdom that remembered Nature is still dominant upon our great continent, and preserved within the endless variety of the Fair a space where trees and sky and lake reming of the outside world.

The Women's Pavilion, designed by a woman architect, is decorated by a woman sculptor.

Oblong in the middle, at each end it throws out a gallery leading to a polygonal structure. In one of these are the aquaria, and visitors may here gaze from a darker room into well-lighted tanks, wherein are all the forms of salt-water animals exhibited as if to a deep-sea diver. The other wing shows whatever will illustrate the art of the angler or work of the fisher folk. In the larger building are the more capacious tanks, and a central basin and rockwork fountain will contain fresh-water fish. Should the sea-serpent visit the Fair, room will be found for him in this middle section.

In decorating these exhibition halls the architects have artistically adopted the forms of marine life, and one's attention will no doubt be



WOMEN'S BUILDING

divided between the curious moldings and the living models that are eating one another in the tanks, quite as if they were at home.

Small boys who mean to run away to sea would do well to pass some time here in preliminary studies. Possibly a view of the sharks may induce them to delay their departure.

Those who prefer to be backwoodsmen will do better to go at once (by the circular railway that will run around the grounds) to the great Forestry Building. Here they may see all the kinds of trees there are, in pillars made of natural tree-trunks that surround the entire outside verandah. Four enormous sawmills will sing their soothing melodies under a roof thatched with natural barks and fibers.

A less interesting exterior—the United States Government Building—will shelter much that boys will find as interesting as anything in the whole garden of enchantment. Here are coins, a life-saving station, the origi-

nal draft of the Declaration of Independence that caused the whole trouble, the Constitution, the Liberty Bell, and — well, everything. The Coast Survey will offer to the geography entusiasts a little map of the United States, built in plaster, and four hundred feet square,— about as large as a city block,— all molded to scale, and showing even the hill back of the old red schoolhouse, and the place where you caught the big sunfish. The War Department, or some other, will fire off cannon of all sizes, and a hospital near by will show what it means to be wounded on the field of glory.

Out in the lake in front of the building the Navy Department has built something that would be a perfect modern battle-ship except that it must remain at home to receive callers. Real, live boys who once cross to this man-of-war will have to be removed at nightfall by the marines. By the way, if there is anything omitted in the outfit of the



FINE ARIS BUILDING

craft, you may tell these same gentlemen all

We cannot even barely mention a ten-thousandth of the features each of which some boy or girl will pick out as "the best thing of all." We must at least say a few words of the Palace of Fine Arts, give a hasty list of some of the Yankee notions, and then leave you to buy large savings-banks, pick huckleberries, run errands, chop kindlings, and so on, in order to fill it with gold and silver pennies by May 1.

The Art Galleries fill a superb building that is unmistakably classic in architecture. Surmounted by a grand dome supporting a winged statue, the front sends out a beautiful pillared portico, which is repeated by smaller doorways of similar design. Around the whole run great galleries, forty feet wide, presenting surfaces for molding, sculpture, and mural paintings. Leading up from the Lagoon are steps and terraces, upon which a number of square pedestals support groups of sculpture.

Standing apart from the other large buildings, the Palace of Fine Arts need not harmonize with them. It is of impressive simplicity in its lines, and attains grandeur by a few commanding features. Two wings of not dissimilar effect emphasize the beauty of the main portion.

In the opinion of many, this building should be made a permanent memorial of the Fair. It is the least dependent upon others of all that have been grouped within the park. Within are galleries admirably adapted for the safe preservation and convenient exhibition of memorials of the great Fair. Architects agree that but little labor and expense would be necessary to convert the whole into a fire-proof, durable, and beautiful monument to the great Columbian Exposition.

A Century editorial says of this exhibition: "Those who have time to see only its general aspect will have seen the very best of it." A government report is quoted as saying: "This exposition stands alone. There is nothing like it in all history." And to the boys and girls of America we can say that to see the Fair intelligently, and with time properly apportioned, will be an education more liberal than can be acquired in any college in the land.

Now, as a light dessert, let us run over just a few of the "side shows," outside of the classified exhibits.

Here will be found ancient and modern villages imitated; a captive balloon; settlements of foreign nations; a wheel 250 feet in diameter for whirling people up into the air on revolving chairs; a great tower ascended by an electric spiral railway; a panorama of the Alps; an immense swimming-building, with tank; a great company of trained animals; an artificial-ice toboggan slide; Japanese bazars; Bohemian glass-blowers; an African savage settlement; a great glass-factory in operation; a Moorish palace; a volcano panorama; a 100-miles-anhour railway, where the cars are driven by jets of water and slide on films of water; gondolas and electric launches plying upon all the waterways; an Eskimo village; a steam-engine, in the power-house, twice as large as the celebrated Corliss engine, but using oil for fuel; all the State buildings; a hunter's camp; a complete Indian village; a dairy; the largest cannon that the Krupp Works have ever built; a moving sidewalk, part moving slowly enough to step upon, and part carrying the passengers quickly along. Most of these amusing sights are in a strip of eighty acres called the "Midway Plaisance," And the Children's Building? Certainly, you shall hear about that - but at another time.

One great difficulty will be the impossibility of seeing more than one drop out of the ocean offered. Remember, if you go, that you will have to select the few things that you wish most to see. Then go resolutely and see them. Never mind the gilt gingerbread: find out the very jewels that you wish to make your own. If you love art, see the pictures and satuary. If you love machinery, go see the wheels go round.

It will be a good lesson to draw from the Fair that all its magnificence is the result of an idea—the idea that the world was round; and that the man in whose honor the people are there gathered was for years believed to be a visionary and a crank.

Which brings us back to the homely wisdom of Davy Crockett: "Be sure you're right; then go ahead."



MAY-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

THE WHITE CAVE.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[Begun in the Nevember number.]

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT WRESTLING-MATCH.

The six land-pirates had not failed to bring hooks and lines with them into the woods. Rods were easily cut among the bushes, and grubs served for bait. There is sometimes good fun in fishing, but these fishermen found no fun in their fishing. They had changed their camp from the old place by the stump, and no blackfellows had tried to hinder them. Now, however, the fish did not bite well; for it was the wrong time of day, and prospect of food was poor. Besides, every fisherman felt like now and then turning his head, as if to see whether anybody were coming. It was not long before one of them laid down his rod and line, and arose, picking up his rifle.

"Boys," he said, "I don't lay claim to being a fisherman. There 'd better be one man on guard. I'll patrol."

"Boys," added another, "he 's right. These are only small fish. You four go on a-fishin'. There ought to be two men on guard. It's a dangerous neighborhood."

He would have thought so, indeed, if he could have seen a small, black, very bushy head which was just then pushing through some underbrush to look at him and his comrades. Once more the black boy had discovered something new.

His elders had been after Ka-kak-kia and his party, while he had been discovering the baronet, the ladies, and a whole excursion party, and now he had found a fishing-party. He even wasted much time in staring at it, so that his lame father ere long had almost caught up with him. He saw a few small fish caught. He saw the two patrols walk up and down, each carrying a rifle over his shoulder in a half-military way. He was watching one of them when

a sort of shadow flitted by him. It went past, and it went up, in a whizzing whirl, and then it came pouncing down. He heard a peculiar low cry behind him, and he instantly began to creep away.

As for the patrol, a boomerang had struck him, and he fell to the earth, while his rifle went off with a loud report.

The other patrol turned and fired wildly into the bushes, shouting:

- " Blackfellows!"
- "Bill's killed!" exclaimed Jim.
- "No, I 'm not," growled the fallen man, as he sat up and rubbed his shoulder: "but the lock of my rifle 's broken. That thing hits hard."

The boomerang itself lay upon the ground, broken in two. But that the rifle served as a shield, the man Bill would have been severely injured; and the whole party had received a dreadful warning.

"Boys," said Jim, "there's bad luck for us in these 'ere woods. Who 'd have looked for blackfellows round here? We must get the nuggets, and then we must clear out of this, or we'll all be speared."

No more boomerangs were thrown. The men were well acquainted with the wild men of those woods. They knew that a single boomerang, hurled in silence, with nothing following it, stood for the presence of one lurking blackfellow, who might have gone off after others, or who might not be heard of again. They had been through somewhat similar experiences before, and they had risked such things when they set out in chase of the man Beard. It was plain that they had lived lives of recklessness.

As for the black boy and his lame father, they were now creeping through the woods together, as if it took two to carry so much news and tidings so important.

Helen Gordon stood upon the bank of the river, and wondered whether to go up or down.

"Seems to me I must be below Uncle Fred's camp," she said to herself; "and it's dreadfully rocky the other way. I'd have to go out into the woods and go around, and I might miss finding the river again. How tired and hungry I am! Nap is tired, too. What shall I do?"

The words were hardly out of her lips before there came a kind of answer. She had never before heard such music!

Yip! Yip! Yip! came the clear, glad, joyous melody of one voice.

Yelp! Yelp! Yelp! was the reply of two other deeper voices. All three of them in chorus had but one interpretation:

"There she is! There 's Helen!"

In another moment the dogs were fawning about her, and she was trying to pet them all at once, calling them all the good names she could think of.

Then they went to the water's edge, lapped freely, and came back to lie down and pant; for they had been running long and hard, and were tired.

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Helen. "Now I know I can find my way back to the camp. I'm afraid Aunt Maude and Uncle Fred will be worried about me." She never suspected that they, too, were lost.

It was just as well that the bushy cover where Aunt Maude was at that moment crouching had but one horse and one woman to hide. Two horses might have neighed to each other, or two women might have uttered exclamations. As it was, Lady Parry watched in silence a very lame blackfellow and a very active, urgent black boy who was hurrying him forward. The man carried a shield, boomerangs, and sticks, but the boy had only one poor, crooked stick, of no account.

She trembled, but even her horse nipped the grass in silence, and the black news-carriers were too much absorbed in their errand to notice her.

"They 're gone!" she murmured at last "But what am I to do? And where is my son?"

She rose and stood erect in a slight opening between two luxuriant bushes. She had deemed herself safe, for the lame blackfellow and his son had been gone for several minutes. Her intense feeling had obtained the mastery and she had spoken aloud, and as she rose she saw before her, not fifty yards away, one of the most awful figures that could be imagined. Tall, black, ferocious, terrific without any addition to his natural features, but now hideous with all the white skeleton-marks of his corroboree paint, a black warrior stood in an open space, balancing a long spear with his throw-stick, preparing for a deadly cast.

How that slender, serpent-like spear quivered as the savage poised it and shouted his exultant war-cry! How the harsh, discordant sound did grate and thrill upon her ears. But it was instantly followed by the most welcome sound in all the world.

"Mother!" was the call she heard from the thicket near by, and then came the double report of a gun, one barrel following the other quickly.

The spear dropped, and a long, dark form lay prone upon the grass; but neither Lady Maude nor Hugh saw it fall, or, for one long moment, thought of it.

- " Mother!"
- "Hugh!"

"Hide, Mother! Hide! Quick! There are more of them!"

"I know there are, Hugh! I 've seen some of them. Get down!"

Down they crept behind the bushes, and rapid whispers, back and forth, told all the story that each had to tell.

Lady Maude had found Hugh, and it seemed to her that her troubles were nearly over. Hugh had found his mother, and it did not at once occur to him to doubt his ability to conduct her directly to his father's camp. The meeting was so unexpected that for some minutes neither thought of the black corroboree dancer.

"He 's gone, Hugh," said his mother; "but I 'm afraid there are others."

"I don't know, Mother," said Hugh. "I had to shoot quickly, or that savage would have killed you. I must put in fresh cartridges."

Lady Maude had little idea of the situation except that she felt safer. As for the cave and the other strange things Hugh had described. he might almost as well have repeated a page out of "Robinson Crusoe," It all sounded like so much fiction.

The report of a gun can be heard only a short distance through dense foliage. If those woods had been bare and desolate, as in wintry July weather, the report of Hugh's gun might have been heard by other ears; but as it was, it gave no warning.

The six land-pirates had fried and eaten some small fish. They believed themselves in dan-

"They 'll have a good time doing it now," he said, as he crept away. "Take it all in all, this is getting to be about the most tangled-up situation I ever saw. I wish the black and white savages would eat each other up, like the Kilkenny cats. My life is n't worth much, but I must see that those boys don't get hurt. No matter what becomes of me, I must save the

He was on his feet now, and was walking rapidly homeward.

"Who 's that?"

He stood still as he uttered this exclamation.



" THEN CAME THE REPORT OF A GUN."

ger only from blackfellows, but they were not but he did not raise his rifle. He was looking entirely correct. When the wounded blackfellow's boomerang fell upon Bill's rifle-lock and knocked him down, there was a low exclamation from a man concealed in a tuft of weeds on the crest of a ledge below the camp.

"Ugh!" he said. "That was well thrown. I hope it spoiled his rifle. They 'll have trouble enough now. I can go back to the cave and look after those boys."

He must have been listening and getting information, for he seemed to know that his enemies had lost their provisions, but were still determined to follow and plunder him.

forward, and he seemed under sudden and great excitement.

Right before him, at a little distance, under a tree stood a very fine horse, cropping the grass. Against the shoulder and saddle of that horse leaned a large, well-dressed man with his head bowed upon his folded arms.

"Look out!" shouted Beard, and he sprang

There had been another man very near. He had a club in one hand, and he was stepping lightly, stealthily forward. He was bony, muscular, and as black as ink. His face gleamed

with savage triumph until he heard the fierce, angry shout with which Beard bounded upon him.

"Ka-kak-kia!" yelled the savage in defiance, and Beard himself just then shouted the same name. But it was too much for savage temper to be interrupted in that way, and Kakak-kia struck at Beard with the waddy he had been about to throw at the man by the horse.

The blow was parried skilfully, but it was not returned; and Beard let fall the rifle he had parried with, and gripped Ka-kak-kia by the arms. The man by the horse had raised his head, as if he were waking from a dream. Now he had turned and was staring at them as if stunned.

Ka.kak.kia hardly ceased for an instant to pour forth angry words, and he was answered as angrily by the cave-man. Meanwhile there was a wrestling-match of a very desperate sort, and an ordinary white man might have had the worst of it.

"What am I about?" suddenly exclaimed the man by the horse. "Don't give in! I'll knock down that blackfellow!"

"No, Sir Frederick," gasped Beard. "Don't strike him. He's a friend—of mine. I must throw him—without help—or he 'd lose his respect for me!"

"Humph!" exclaimed Sir Frederick. "But what if he throws you?"

"He can't," said Beard. "But—if he does—you must disable him at once! There,—he 's yielding,—there!"

It was a terrible grapple, but Ka-kak-kia had met his master.

Strain, tug, struggle as he would, the steady, resistless strength of Beard bent him over, threw him upon the grass, and then held him quiet and harmless, while he glared furiously at the victor.

"I must hold him until he gives up, Sir Frederick. Hand me that waddy."

The baronet obeyed as if he had been commanded by a superior officer; but he could only guess at the meaning of the native words which followed between Beard and the savage.

"He has promised to be quiet," said Beard at last, releasing him.

Ka-kak-kia arose somewhat sullenly.

"I told him," continued Beard, "that the woods were full of his tribe's enemies, that he and his people might all be speared, and that they were foolish to try to fight white fellows at the same time."

"Will he keep his promise?" asked Sir Frederick, "Is there any good in him?"

"Not a particle," said Beard. "He has a queer idea that he can't kill me, that 's all. You know very well that they never keep a promise. Just now he is cowed, and he will be quiet for fear of your rifle and mine."

"Will you let him go?" asked Sir Frederick, doubtfully. "Is it safe?"

"Of course it is n't safe," replied Beard; "but, then, what is a fellow to do? They are men, after all, and I don't like the idea of needlessly killing them."

The baronet expressed his agreement with this sentiment, and then asked, "But who are you?"

"You may call me Beard. How did you happen to be away off here, alone?" said the cave-man, adding, as he turned to the savage: "Ka-kak-kia, go!" He added some words in the native tongue, and the wild man took his waddy and sprang away.

The answer made by Sir Frederick was given steadily, but in a voice full of suppressed pain. He told about his camp, and his missing party, and the lost boys, the cause of his losing himself that day. Beard listened, now and then nodding his head, and at last remarked:

"You are not lost, Sir Frederick. I could guide you to your camp by a bee-line if it were safe. But we must get there as cautiously as we can manage it. Ned and Hugh are all right. They are at my house."

"Good!" said the excited baronet. "My son and his friend at your house? Now, if I knew where to find my wife and niece!"

"We shall find them," said Beard. "The worst of it is that there are two parties of black-fellows prowling around, and one lot of out-and-out bushrangers. We must move at once, or we may be speared where we stand."

"I'll lead my horse. He is about used up," said Sir Frederick. "I owe you my life, Beard—and the boys' lives—"

"Never mind that," interrupted Beard, somewhat grimly. "We will hide your saddle and bridle in a safe place, and we will leave your horse where we can find him. I think it won't be safe, just now, to go into my house by the front door. We can get in by the side door, though, I 'm pretty sure, and I can give you something to eat and drink."

"Is Hugh there?" asked the baronet.

"I left him there with Ned," replied Beard.
"If they have gone out, they will soon get back again. We were intending to go to your camp to-night, if the way should be clear."

"But my wife and my niece. Do you know anything of them?"

"They may be at the camp, for all you know," said Beard; "or we may meet them on the way. You were lost not far from one another. Come, we must hurry!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTHER DOOR OF THE CAVE.

When Ned Wentworth parted from Hugh Parry under the great tree at the front door of Beard's house, he set out with a purpose of his own.

"If I understood that man," he remarked aloud, "after the river leaves the waterfall it goes around the mountain, or through a cleft in it. If that 's so, I can find it again. If I do find it, Hugh and I could make our own way home along the bank, whether Beard comes with us or not. He does n't wish to come, or to meet anybody. I can see that."

On he went, therefore, choosing ground that was not too rough and broken to travel over, but keeping as near as he could to the mountain

"I'll find the river," he said again, "unless the blackfellows find me."

He forgot that time was passing, and that the day could not last much longer. The sun was sinking steadily, and he was getting tired. The forest was giving place to a short, stubby growth upon sandy soil.

"I can find my way back around the mountain," he said at last; "but I wish I could get to the river for a good drink of water. How long that shadow is!" He noticed the length of it because it was the shadow of a great rock that stood some distance away.

"As late as that?" he exclaimed. "Then I can't get back to the cave to-night. I must push along and find the river. It can't hurt me to spend a night in the woods. I can light a fire to keep off dingos. It will worry Hugh if I don't come, though."

Hugh was not thinking of Ned just then, but he and his mother were also thinking of the nearness of sunset, for it was getting shadowy in the dense forest.

"Mother," said Hugh, "I wish I could get some water for you. We must go toward Beard's cave. I can find the way. We 're as safe in one spot as in another."

"I 'd like to get away from this, Hugh," she said; "though I feel much safer, now you are with me."

They went forward slowly and cautiously, Hugh leading the horse. The woods grew more and more dim and shadowy.

The six men by the waterfall had gone out, three at a time, and had looked in several directions for traces of the nugget-owner whom they had come there to find; but they had gathered again, to tell one another they were sure of being nearer to him, and that they believed they would have better luck on the morrow.

If Ka-kak-kia's band of blackfellows were not tired, they must have been made of iron, for they had scouted all day long. They had managed with such cleverness that they had not seen, or been seen by, any of their black enemies. The same thing was true of these, for the lame man and his brilliant son made their report concerning white fellows only, and no others were more than suspected of being close at hand.

Ka-kak-kia's followers had a surprise all their own, when they gathered to hear their chief's report of his meeting with his mysterious "friend," whom they all knew, and who had thrown him down and kept him from killing a perfect prize of a big white fellow standing beside a horse. They all agreed with Ka-kak-kia that both of those white fellows were to be

again attacked as soon as there was a chance. They also all agreed that it was not a good night for going to sleep. The time could much better be expended in watching for any camp-fire that might be kindled by reckless white fellows.

Their black enemies were of the same opinion, and it was strengthened a little before sunset. One of their number was missing, and they had sent up all manner of sounds to tell him where they were. The black boy, also, had been sent back along his own trail, to hoot like an owl and call the wanderer. He went and he hooted. He even made blunders, uttering animal cries that never sounded in the "bush" at night, and that roused the suspicions of Ka-kak-kia's party. His hooting was all in vain, and he hunted on until he almost stumbled over something which made him drop flat and listen. He lay still for a minute, but nobody seemed to be near him. He lifted his head and put out his hand. There was no doubt but that the warrior he had stumbled over had been killed by the bullets of some white fellow. The black boy knew his duty. He took every stick belonging to the slain man. Luckily, he had been an uncommonly well-supplied person. His shield was very good: his waddy-club and stone tomahawk were works of art; his three boomerangs had been made in the best manner. So had both of the two long spears, and the throw-stick, and a climber. He had been a rich man; and when the black boy set out to carry back his latest piece of news, he was armed like a chief. It made him walk proudly, and he kept his eyes busy, in a half hope of seeing something or somebody to throw at,-he had so very much all ready to throw. He knew about the fight the day before with Ka-kak-kia and his followers, and he was not at all sure that he might not fall in with some of them on his way to rejoin his own people. He felt that he was having a set of remarkable adventures, and that he was in an unsafe piece of country.

Others also felt unsafe, and the men at Sir Frederick Parry's camp decided to sleep only two at a time. They mourned the absence of watchful Yip more than they did that of the other dogs, and they mentioned him more frequently than even the baronet.

As for Sir Frederick and his new acquaintance, they were getting better and better acquainted as they went along. It was easier for Beard to avoid telling much about himself because Sir Frederick had so many other things upon his mind.

They scouted carefully through the woods, with their rifles held ready for sudden use, but they did not meet anybody, black or white, before they came to the edge of a broken, rocky slope, where Beard remarked:

"We must leave your horse here. We can find him when we come out."

"We will picket him," said the baronet.

That was done with a long piece of bark rope, and then Beard said:

"Now for some dinner!"

"Dinner," replied Sir Frederick. "I'd give more for some water, just now, than for anything else. How far are we from the river?"

"It runs around this mountain on the other side," said Beard. "I can bring that horse enough water to keep him alive; but first I must care for you."

They were walking rapidly up the slope, and now right before them was a mass of broken crags that looked like a good hiding-place.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the baronet, "is this your house?"

"It used to be," said Beard; "but it is n't safe enough now. The blackfellows found it out, and I 'm afraid they told other people where it was. I had to give it up."

It looked as if the entrance of a gap among the crags had been rudely roofed over with branches and bark, making a shelter from the weather; but there were no signs of any door.

Beard led the way in, and right through, for the gap continued beyond the roofed place. Sir Frederick followed him silently, even after the gap grew dim and began to look anything but safe.

"Sir Frederick," said Beard, "have you any matches? I must light a torch."

A box of wax-lights was held out to him, and a long pine-knot which Beard had picked up was set on fire before he again led the way.

They were in a crooked crack between two vast masses of limestone that met overhead. There was, however, no difficulty at all in following it, until they came to a point where Beard paused and exclaimed:

"Now, I 'm glad you are a man of firm baronet, nerves and good muscles!" "I d

"What 's that sound?" asked the baronet.

"Nothing but water," said Beard. "I'll give you some of it quickly. Hold the torch while I go down."

Sir Frederick took the flaring torch, and held it far out, to see what Beard was doing.

"Here is a rope-ladder," said Beard; "it's strong enough, but it's a little clumsy, and you must hold tight. I'm all right. There,—hand me the torch."

Down he went like a man who knew the way, and Sir Frederick's good nerves did not prevent him from shuddering when he saw how long that swinging ladder was. The torch stopped going down, and Beard shouted:

"Get a good hold to start with! Come on! It won't break."

Sir Frederick Parry was a brave man, and he was very thirsty. Thus far he had suffered no harm, although his clothes were somewhat dusty, and he had every reason for trusting the man who had saved his life. Still he felt uneasy when he gripped that ladder of bark rope and began to scramble down into the unknown gloom and darkness all around that side door of Beard's house.

"There!" he exclaimed as soon as his feet reached solid rock. "It's a very remarkable place. Is it much further?"

"Why, no," said Beard, lifting the torch. "Here we are only a hundred feet or so from the passage that leads to my 'front door.' I did n't have a chance to let the boys know about this entrance, but I told them it was here. We might have come in the other way, ourselves; but it seemed to me that this was safer, after we met Ka-kak-kia."

Sir Frederick followed Beard out through a broken group of stalactites and stalagmites, and then Beard said:

"There 's the fireplace, and the fire is still smoldering. The boys have gone out to scout around. I half expected that they would, but I cautioned them not to go too far. See, Sir Frederick, here 's the place where they must have cooked their dinner."

"Why, they may not get back to-night. They may lose their way again," exclaimed the baronet

"I don't think so," replied Beard, as he heaped more wood on the fire. "I gave them careful instructions. I'll go for water. What do you think of my house?"

"It is indeed a wonderful place," replied Sir Frederick, warmly.

Beard went away with his torch in one hand and his tin kettle in the other, and the baronet continued: "I have heard there were a great many caves in this geological formation. It is really not at all remarkable. The wonder of it is that I am here, and that Hugh and Ned have been here. Oh, how thirsty I am!"

That difficulty was removed as soon as the tin kettle came back from its dip into the chasm, and then Beard said:

"There 's all the meat you need to broil. Go ahead. Cook and eat as comfortably as you please, but I must not waste any time here. I must know what 's going on in the woods. Besides, I think I can get you some coffee for breakfast."

"All right," said the baronet. "I can broil my own dinner. I hope the boys will return while you 're gone."

"Likely as not they may," said Beard. "I shall not be gone long"; and before anything else could be said, he had vanished.

"I declare," remarked Sir Frederick to himself, "he has gone, and he forgot to tell me how I 'm to get out of this place. I 'm corked up like a fly in a bottle. What if he should not come back? I 'm in a very remarkable situation. Still, I must eat something, and I 'll wait for Hugh or for my red-bearded friend, whoever he may be. He 's a great puzzle to me. That was a grand wrestling-match between him and the blackfellow! He must be made of steel and whip-cord!"

So the baronet sat by the fire, broiled kangaroo meat, and made an excellent meal.

Poor Helen Gordon, tired and hungry, there by the river-bank, could not make up her mind to lie down as the darkness came on.

"I dare not sleep," she said; "but I can sit down and lean my back against a tree."

She did so, and the deerhounds came and stretched themselves upon the ground beside her, and Yip put his head into her lap and whined, and then whirled and sat alertly in front, looking keenly out into the darkness, as if to say: "I shall sit up and keep watch."

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were Hugh and his mother, now picking their slow way, with greater and greater difficulty, along through the deepening darkness. That is, it was very dark except in open glades where the moonlight poured in; and yet they were almost afraid of such helps, because in those She was, at all events, better guarded than places other eyes might see them.



SHORT AND SWEET.

By Arrie Farwell Brown.

"LEU-CAN-THE-MUM VUL-GA-RE"-oh, you have a long name, too,

You poor, dear little daisy; I can sympathize with you.

Does not your head feel heavy with that dreadful name to hold,

And don't you feel, Leucanthemum Vulgare, very old?

I do, dear, when I 'member, though they think my name is "sweet,"

And love to say it over,-" Gladys Constance Marguerite."

And then, when you 've been naughty, does your daisy-mama say

"Leucanthemum Vulgare!" in such a stern, sad way?

My mama does; - oh, daisy dear, how many times she 's said,

" Now, Gladys Constance Marguerite, go right up-stairs to bed!"

And then I know I 'm very bad, for that 's my punish name;

Oh, daisy dear, do you suppose all mamas do the same?

But I love best to call you, dear, just "Daisy"; for you see That 's my pet name, the very same that every one calls me; And we are twins now,-are we not?-for both of us have woes, About our long, long "punish names," that no one ever knows. They may be "grand," and "dignified," and "sweet," and all the rest, But we both love, dear,-don't we? - our short Daisy names the best.

THE SECRETS OF SNAKE-CHARMING.

By G. R. O'REILLY.



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS. TROM THE PAINTING BY FORTUNA, OWNED BY

I HAVE always found people interested in reminder that tells us the owner of it lives. snake-charming and snake fascination. It is very amusing and very ridiculous to one who has been "behind the scenes," to listen to the explanations given of the charmer's art. Nowadays we do not hear witchcraft given as the explanation, for the day of magic is passed; but even to-day people are led into absurdities quite as nonsensical as those credited in the ages of witches and fairies.

While some people think that snake-charming is performed by drugging the animals, the general opinion is that the charmer's power is due to the influence of "animal magnetism," to the power of the human eye, to will-power, to hypnotism or to something equally mysterious and beyond the reach of common men.

However silly these theories may be when applied to human beings, they are more abto snakes. It is true that sometimes the eve mal that has some knowledge of man's power. But so will the eye of a tiger affect a man. Any other eye that has power of evil behind it will have the same effect. The eye is but the

the life or energy behind it be terrible in its power, the eye, its index, is to be feared. But if the life indicated is weak or gentle, then the power of the eve avails nothing toward control.

Now, the snakes used by the charmer are not drugged, as some think, nor are they in the least affected by "magnetism," or hypnotic power. They feel not at all the influence of the eye. Generally they do not even see it. The owner of it they see as a whole when he moves; but if he remains quiet they will probably never notice him. For the eye of a snake is very quick to detect motion, but very dull as to form and color. It will not distinguish between a man sitting motionless and a tree-stump. or know the difference between a frog and a stone until the animal jumps. All the mistakes that people make in regard to these animals arise from a false idea of their ways. And all the power of the snake-charmer, be it great or little, comes from his intimate acquaintance with their likes and dislikes, together with a knowledge of other people's ideas about snakes.

so does the snake-charmer delude the people who come to see him. He knows that they believe in hypnotism and the power of his eye, consequently he makes mysterious passes with his hands, and gazes with all his might on the reptiles he uses. Then the people go away and say it was all in the "power of his eye." They inquire, "Did you see how he kept his eye on them?" If he did, it was only his playing to popular prejudice; for he knows what the spectators think and he humors them, but his earnest gaze has no effect whatever on the snakes.

The account of snake-charming which I here give is not founded on any supposition, but on actual knowledge of hard facts. It is not an attempt to account for things which I have seen without understanding; it is a simple telling of what I myself can do, and have done many a time, explaining all afterward according to simple laws of nature and human reason combined. In short, I shall try to give a plain scientific explanation of snake-charming.

For years I have lived among snakes. I have hunted them and caught them in twenty different countries, and I have made their ways and habits the study of my life. Through a field-glass, from safe retreats behind rocks or bushes, I have watched all their doings in the wild and secret places where they live. Not satisfied with that, I have brought them home to live with me in my study. Very interesting it is, too, to observe their ways of life; their behavior when hungry and thirsty; to see them asleep and awake; quiet or on the move; in rest or in anger; walking, running, swimming, or climbing.

Few men knew more of India than the late Sir Bartle Frere, and he once assured me that I did all that the Indian charmers do, and many things they do not attempt.

In this country, we never see snake-charming in its perfection; nor, indeed, outside of India and North Africa, are perfect snake-charmers to be found. Here, they simply handle the snakes; and the only wonder about the performance is why snakes that will bite any one else do not bite the snake-charmer. The answer is, because he knows how to handle them. He does n't hurt them and he does n't frighten

them, and, as a rule, a snake bites only when he is either hurt or frightened. The snake-charmer knows the treatment that will neither hurt nor frighten, and accordingly he acts with safety.

This is the first secret of snake-charming, and usually the last also, as we see it practised in the cheap shows. This should not be called snake-charming—it is only snake-handling.

Let us consider some performances of a higher class, as exhibited at the court of Morocco, or before the princes of India.

First: The charmer discovers by "magic" means the presence of a snake in a specified distant place where he himself has never been; and then, with witnesses, and in their presence, he goes to the place and finds the snake.

Second: He causes a snake, never before seen by him, to follow him, turning when he turns, and nestling at his feet when he stops.

Third: The charmer by simply holding up his hand makes a moving snake stop instantly, and remain perfectly motionless.

Fourth: By motions of the hand, with or without music, he makes a cobra stand up perpendicularly from the ground, and dance about, coiled on the tail.

Fifth: By striking him with an ordinary leadpencil he makes the same dancing cobra suddenly sham death, turning over on his back and becoming as rigid as a stick. Then, by a simple movement, he instantly restores him to activity, and again sets him to dancing.

Sixth: He calms an enraged boa-constrictor, hissing fiercely and biting at everything in his reach, and makes him quietly enter a sack.

Seventh: The charmer covers himself with snakes which will not molest him, but will bite viciously at any one who approaches him.

Eighth: He places an enraged snake on a table, and shows that while the snake will bite at any one who goes near him, even at the charmer himself, yet when the latter takes him up with his right hand the snake will not attack that hand, but will strike viciously at the other.

Ninth: He suspends a branch in the center of a room, and places some snakes on it. The charmer stands close by, while another person approaches from the opposite side. The snakes run from the latter, leave the branch, and coil round the neck and outstretched arms of the

IMAY.

charmer, which they do not molest, but they will bite at any one who tries to remove them.

All of these feats I myself have accomplished.

Now let us sift each performance.

First: The finding of the snake—a feat for which the Hindu charmers get well paid, pretending thus to rid houses of snakes.

One day as I stood talking with some friends, on a South African ostrich-farm, the owner, whom I knew, came up and asked if I had been "successful in the snake-hunt to-day." I answered that I had not. Then he smiled, and said: "My servants have an idea that you know by some magic means where the snakes are, and then go and find them there, because you always come home with one whenever you go out. I have seen the snake-charmers do it in India; but I don't suppose that you accomplish such things."

"Why," said I, laughing, "I was just going up to your house to catch one there."

"But we have never seen a snake about the house; you must be mistaken this time," he answered.

"Never mind," said I; "let us see if I am not right. Allow me to look at your wrists."

I looked at his wrists, glanced at his eyes, and then looked at the wrists again. Then I asked what room he had last been in.

" In the drawing-room."

"Well, then, let us go up to the house. I'll catch a snake in the drawing-room."

The hearers all thought this a joke; but we went to the room, and moved every article of furniture it contained,—chairs, lounges, piano, and all. No snake was to be seen. "I may be mistaken," I said; "but I know it was here."

As I spoke the words the proprietor himself lifted a cushion from the sofa, and a cobra three feet long darted at his hand. I jumped forward, and soon had the reptile by the neck.

They begged me to tell them how I knew the snake was there, but I merely laughed and said nothing, preferring to hear their opinions. They asked to see its fangs. I opened its mouth; the fangs were in place.

The proprietor was quite sure that the snake could not have touched him without his knowledge, so as to leave any mark on his wrists or clothes; and they all concluded that the presence of the snake in the room that morning had in some magnetic way "influenced the gentleman's circulation," or had so "affected his nervous system" that I got evidence of its presence by noting the state of his pulse.

"Why," said one, "did you never notice the queer nervous sensation that comes over you when you unexpectedly see a snake close to your feet in the grass? Just as the compass points to the north, so do your nerves work round to the magnetism of that snake."

Now this was really an utterly mistaken and ridiculous explanation.

Next day, however, they began to waver in the magnetic theory. They said that, after all, I might have had the snake with me somewhere when they met me. I answered this jestingly with a "may be so."

During the following week, I expected the ostrich-farmer to call on me. On the very day I expected him he came. "Well," said I, as I looked at his wrists again, "how is it possible that you have so many snakes in your drawing-room?" "Come, come!" said he, smiling, "no more of that. You had that snake in your pocket." "Well, search me, this time," said I, "and be sure there 's no trick in it. I have no snake in my pocket, or anywhere else about me; but I believe there is really one in your drawing-room again."

He took me at my word, and searched me all over before we set out to catch it. "You know," said I, "that I have n't been near your house since the day I caught the other fellow."

"If you are right this time, I'll believe you have the same power as the Hindus," he answered.

On the way, we called for the friends who had been with us on the previous occasion; and they also searched me so as to assure themselves that I had no snake with me. Quite satisfied, as indeed they might be, we went on; and behold! as we entered the drawing-room door, there was a big snake scurrying in under the piano.

We drove him from his shelter, and in a few minutes he was captured. I had him by the neck. But this time it was not a cobra, but a harmless snake.

They were satisfied of my power, and to this

unless they have since found out that I had a helper that time-one of the ostrich-farm servants who, at my request, had carried in a harmless snake, and let him loose in the drawingroom as soon as he saw us approaching the house! On the first occasion, I did have the cobra in my pocket, and his fangs were not removed. I showed these to them so as to disarm their suspicions of my having had him about me. But then, he had n't a drop of venom in his glands, for I had pressed it out previously.

But trickery of this kind cannot make a snake follow a man about, and actually go wherever he goes, turn when he turns, and, when he stops, nestle at his feet. Surely here is magnetism. Let us see:

It happened that a few of us were standing in a field near my own house, when we saw a large black-and-white snake gliding along. It took refuge in a bunch of grass and weeds, about fifty yards away.

"Don't kill him," said I; "and I will show you something you never saw before. I'll make

day they incline to the "magnetic" theory - is necessary to mention that it was a very calm day. The sun was shining overhead, and not a cloud was in the sky. The field was covered with very short grass, and I trusted to the fact that there was not a mole-hole or a rat-hole in the entire acre, nor any other place for the snake to hide in, except



that very bunch of weeds where he still lay close. I approached him, and took up my station about

twenty yards from where he was hiding. I stood still as a statue, with my arms hanging motionless by my sides, and my face toward him, I then asked them to go to the bunch of grass by the farther side, and to chase him out so that he would make his exit on the side next to me. But before they came near, he had already glided off, and made directly toward me. I was gazing straight at him as he approached me, and, without turning my head or moving my arms, I began to move gently down to within an inch of the ground. Now it backward, Still he followed. I turned to the

A SNAKE-CHARMER LEADING A SNAKE that snake follow me into the house without ever touching him. In fact, of his own accord, he 'll go wherever I go."

They waited while I ran in and hurriedly changed my dress, reappearing in a moment clad in a navy-blue dressing-gown, reaching

left; he still followed. He was not angry — he did not want to attack me, for he glided on very gently. If I moved to his right, he did so too; if I went to his left, he did the same.

I allowed him to come within a yard of me, and then asked the others, but still with my eyes carefully on the snake, to direct me in my backward route, since I could not turn my head to direct myself, as I had to keep facing him. They sent me by a very winding route, but he followed every turn till I got to the door. When finally I sat down gently on the step, he glided in beneath my dressing-gown, and coiled himself on the toes of my shoes. They lifted the skirt of the dressing-gown to look at him, and he was frightened, and shot past me into the door, taking refuge among the furniture. I picked him up, and added him to my already large collection of live snakes. Poor fellow! he died long ago, and his remains are in a bottle in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Now, they didn't *drive* him toward me, for they had remained afar off, nearly as far from him as they had been at first.

"How did you do it?" they inquired; and I, in answer (as was my right), asked them to explain it.

One believed I had some food about me to attract him. Another thought I had rubbed on my dressing-gown some drug of which he liked the odor. On being assured that these guesses were wrong, they remembered that I had kept my eye on him all the time and never once turned from him. They asked if that was a necessary part of it. I said, "Yes; otherwise I could not keep control of him."

Then they said, "It is magnetism, or hypnotism. It is by the power of your eye that you did it."

"No," I answered; "it was not my eyes that drew him. The attraction was more general; but yet it was neither food, nor drink, nor odor of any kind. He was attracted toward me very powerfully indeed, but the cause was neither chemical nor electrical."

Six words contain the answer: six more the explanation. Perhaps the reader can guess them. He wanted to hide beneath me; as the shadow was tempting, and he did n't know that

I was a living thing. The dressing-gown hid my moving feet.

Like the alphabet or the telephone, it is very simple when you know it, but very mysterious when you don't.

Now for the third trick: A charmer can, by a simple motion of his hand, make a moving snake stop instantly.

The reason is this: A snake is a most timid animal. His eyes, as has been said before, while dull to color and form, are quick to motion, especially if it is rapid. If any large thing moves very quickly, too near him, he gets frightened and scurries off; while at certain distances, the motion stops him if he be moving. He stops from astonishment, fear, or the wish to see what it is that moves. Hence he glides on, unconscious of the charmer's presence near him so long as the latter remains perfectly quiet; the snake does n't know him from a tree or a rock. But when he gives a sudden evidence of life, the snake is astonished, and immediately remains stock still.

In the fourth trick, the charmer makes the cobra dance, with or without music. In India and Africa the charmers pretend the snakes dance to the music; but they do not, for they never hear it. A snake has no external ears, and perhaps gets evidence of sound only through his skin, when sound causes bodies in contact with him to vibrate. They hear also through the nerves of the tongue, but do not at all comprehend sound as we do. But the snake's eyes are very much alive to the motions of the charmer, or to the moving drumsticks of his confederate; and, being alarmed, he prepares to strike. A dancing cobra (and no other snakes dance) is simply a cobra alarmed and in a posture of attack. He is not dancing to the music, but is making ready to strike the charmer.

The fifth trick is thus explained: The cobra is perhaps the most nervous of all snakes. After being teased a little, a blow from a light instrument, such as a lead-pencil, will throw him into a state of collapse, when every muscle becomes rigid as in tetanus or "lockjaw." If allowed, he will remain still as if dead and stiff as a stick for half an hour. To restore him the charmer catches him by the tip of the tail, and

gives him a sudden jerk up from the ground. This stretches the spine, relaxes the tension of the muscles, and the snake is again immediately "dancing" to attack. Again and again this can be repeated.

As to the sixth: An enraged boa-constrictor will hiss as loudly as a small steam-engine, and

The wide mouth of the sack he gathers up with his left hand, drawing it somewhat tightly round the neck. If with his right hand, now, he feels the snake trying to push forward into the bag, he quietly lets go, and the boa crawls into the darkness of the interior, thinking he is hiding. If, on the contrary, the snake pulls his



SNAKE-CHARMER OF MOROCCO

bite viciously and repeatedly at any one who head back, the charmer scratches the tail, a approaches him. The charmer takes an empty sack, and holds it before him like a screen. He moves very slowly (rapid motion would make the snake bite), and covers the snake with it, taking notice where the head is. Then he runs his hand quickly underneath, grasps the snake gently but firmly round the neck, spreads out. The charmer takes the snakes, and places them the sack and draws the opening over the head, over his shoulders and arms. They are not

thing which all boa-constrictors dislike. This annoyance will cause the snake to shoot forward and coil in the bottom of the sack, thinking that he has at last reached safety from annovance.

The seventh trick may be thus explained:

alarmed at his gentle action. Then he remains perfectly still, the snakes seeming to regard him as a convenient tree for crawling on, and his outstretched arms as branches to cling to. Then a confederate approaches and teases them. They forget the motionless charmer, but will naturally fly at any moving person who approaches him.

In the eighth trick, the charmer places a vicious snake on a table, and excites him to the highest anger, so that he becomes almost unapproachable. Then, with his left hand raised and moving in jerks, he slowly draws near to the snake, who, disregarding the gently moving body and motionless right hand, does his best to bite the threatening left. Now while the left hand is still moving and the snake's attention is well fixed on that, the hitherto quiet right hand swoops suddenly on the snake, and lifts him from the table in a twinkling. The distraction thus caused by the right hand is but a slight momentary surprise, while the left remains all the time a constant menace, and to it the enraged snake confines his whole attention.

In the next feat a bough is suspended in the center of the room, and some snakes are placed on it. This is done very gently, so that the animals are not frightened. Then the man stands close by, motionless as a statue. The snakes are alarmed by a confederate coming up rapidly on the other side, and fly from him, leaving the branches and climbing over the charmer as over a convenient tree. They do not know that his motionless form is anything to fear, and having no other place to escape, they crawl out to the extremities of his outstretched arms. Then the confederate irritates them, and they will bite at him or any one else, but there is nothing to cause them to attack the motionless charmer.

Thus it will be seen that the secret of the snake-charmer is a perfect knowledge of the ways and powers of snakes, and of their likes and dislikes. Of course he must know more than this. He must be able to tell what kind of snake will suit each purpose best, because

a snake that will do for one performance may not suit another.

The snakes used by the charmers in this country are generally boa-constrictors, pythons, or other harmless kinds, so that if they do bite no evil effects will follow. The deadly snakes are generally rather small. Three feet would be about their average size. The family of the boas and pythons, to which belong all the very large snakes of the world, contains no venomous species. Large snakes allow themselves to be pulled about in a way that their smaller brethren would quickly resent. The boa-constrictor is especially mild and gentle; but, when once angered (which the charmers here take care shall not happen) he is exceedingly fierce, and will not become calm again for a considerable time.

In addition to this mildness of temper, our comparatively cold climate renders them sluggish of movement, and oftener still they are weakened by bad treatment. Few of them are fed properly or sufficiently. As a starved race-horse loses his spirit, so does the noble boa, when weakened by hunger, lack his native fire of resentment.

Like men, they seem to have their peculiarties of temper, and each species has likes and dislikes proper to itself. A knowledge of these is the secret of handling snakes. For the charmer to puff his breath in the face of a boa-constrictor is an indignity which would call forth a loud and prolonged hiss from even the meekest of his tribe. Should this insult be several times repeated, the gentle character disappears entirely, giving place to anger and a display of hissing and biting, such as no other serpent is capable of exhibiting.

Many persons have imagined that snakes become tame, in the sense in which we apply that word to birds and quadrupeds; but this is entirely a mistake. The master comes to know the animal's ways, and he treats it accordingly. A snake that is often handled submits to it more readily, after a time; but even if born in a house (and I have had such) snakes will never cease to be wild snakes, for they cannot be tamed, nor can they learn to distinguish persons.



POET'S NARCISSUS.

POET'S NARCISSUS.

(Narcissus Poeticus.)

By Mrs. R. Swain Gifford.



cissus."

very ancient ago as when

goddesses were supposed to live on the earth. The old Grecian legends say it was the

flower the maiden Proserpine was gathering when Pluto took her away to his dark home

HEN English under ground. Another legend tells about a children go beautiful youth named Narcissus. His father a-maying, was a river god named Cephissus, and his they find, in mother a nymph called Liriope. The wondersheltered ful beauty of the youth caused many to love places by lit- him, but he was cold and indifferent to all.

tle brooks, A poor little nymph called Echo loved him the beautiful so dearly that she pined away and died because "poet's nar- he would not care for her.

At last Nemesis, the goddess of retribution, This is a decided to punish him for his hard heart.

She caused him to fall in love with his own flower, for it image as he looked into a stream, and as he bloomed could never reach this beautiful reflection, he even as long gradually perished with hopeless love.

His body was changed into the beautiful the gods and flowers, which have, ever after, borne his name.

> For, as his own bright visage he surveyed, He fell in love with the fantastic shade; And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd, Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he loved. ADDISON'S "OVID."

FAR IN THE WOODS IN MAY.

By Edith M. Thomas.

FAR in the woods-the fresh green woods-in May There sang a bird; but all it found to say Was "Keep it! keep it!" all the merry day.

The bird? I never saw it, no,-not I! I followed, but it flitted far on high; And "Keep it! keep it!"- Echo caught the cry.

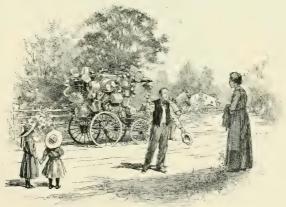
I was so glad, as through the woods I went! And now I think that "Keep it! keep it!" meant, "Child, keep each happy thought that Heaven has sent."



By Marian Douglas.

APPLE-bloom and lilac, Oh, how sweet they smell! Bob o' Lincoln, hear him Like a silver bell! Round the barn the swallows, Loudly twittering, dart;

All things speak of springtime; See the tinman's cart! Pans and pails a-glitter, Great brooms mounted high, Big and little dippers, Like those in the sky;



Stopping at each farm-house,—
"Is the lady in?
Have you any rags, ma'am?
Do you want some tin?
Tin or wooden ware, ma'am,—
Will you trade with me?"
Oh, a traveling tinman
I should like to be!
Everybody knows him,
Every one he knows;
Through the pleasant summer
Jogging round he goes.

All the world about him
From his cart he sees,—
Fields of purple clover,
Murmuring with bees;
Gardens full of roses,
Brook-sides blue with flags,—
Asking at each farm-house,
"Have you any rags?
Tin or wooden ware, ma'am,—
Will you trade with me?"
Oh, a traveling tinman's
1s the life for me!



THE STORY OF MONKEY-MOKE.

By Poultney Bigelow.

ONCE upon a time many years ago when animals could talk, there lived a very naughty monkey whose name was Monkey-Moke. Now Monkey-Moke used to tease the cat by pulling her tail when she lay fast asleep on the carpet; Monkey-Moke was known also to run after little chickens and frighten them very much; and when his mother was reading, as monkeys did in those days, Monkey-Moke often made so much noise that his mama grew very angry and said she would punish him if he did not behave better.

But Monkey-Moke kept on being naughty; kept on teasing the little pussy-cat; kept on running after the chickens; kept on making a noise when his mother wished him to be quiet, and at last got so bad that nobody invited him any more to tea-parties, and people said he was too naughty for nice little monkeys to play with.

One morning Monkey-Moke seemed to the family to have so bad a headache that he could not go to school, so his mama said he might lie in bed and play with his new box of wooden sol-

diers. But Monkey-Moke was perfectly well, and only made-believe have a headache so that his mama would let him stay away from school.

So, when his mama left the room to go downstairs and prepare the dinner, Monkey-Moke quickly jumped out of his bed and began to dress himself, taking great care to make no noise, for he was afraid somebody might hear him and make him go back to bed.

But he did not put on his old clothes which he wore to school. This naughty Monkey-Moke went to the cupboard where his mother kept the cleanest Sunday clothing, and pulled out the very nicest, freshest clothes he could find. He put on a pair of yellow trousers, a red coat, a very high collar, a cravat covered with large blue spots, a high hat, and took a walking-

his mother. But he saw no one, so he cautiously climbed out upon the window-sill and jumped from there on to the branch of a large chestnuttree that grew very near the house, and then he climbed carefully from branch to branch until he came to the bottom.

By this time he was very red in the face and out of breath from his hard work, and, besides, his new coat and trousers were a little mussed; so he pulled out his handkerchief and brushed himself off, then wiped his face and hands and started off for a walk over the fields to play with some other naughty little monkeys that lived in the next village,

But the day was rather warm; his new shoes were a little tight; his high hat felt heavy; his Sunday coat seemed too hot, and his



MONKEY-MOKE SCARES THE LITTLE CHICKENS

When he had finished dressing he strutted up fortable. He began to think he was getting and down before the looking-glass, and said to himself, "I think I am a very pretty monkey indeed."

Then he opened the window and peeped out to see if any one was looking, for he was very much afraid that some one would come and tell

tired and would like to have something to eat; but he had nothing in his pocket except his pocket-handkerchief, so he had to go on.

At last, however, he saw a big cow eating grass by the side of a beautiful little pond, and he said to himself, "I will go up and speak to

Mrs. Cow and ask her to give me a ride." So he walked up to Mrs. Cow and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Cow. How do you feel, this fine morning?"

"Very well, thank you," said Mrs. Cow, going on with her breakfast. "I hope you feel well too, Mr. Monkey-Moke."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Cow," said Monkey-Moke; "I feel very badly; for I have been walking a long distance, and my feet hurt me. I am very hungry, and I am anxious to get to the next village before noon."

When Mrs. Cow heard this she felt very sorry for Monkey-Moke, and so she said to him, "Well, Mr. Monkey-Moke, as I am a very big cow, and you are a very small monkey, and as you are very tired, perhaps you would like me to give you a ride on my back."

on to my tail and climb on until you reach my back, and you can sit there while I give you a ride."

So Monkey-Moke put his walking-stick between his teeth, planted his high hat firmly on his head, and buttoned his coat up tight; then he climbed up the cow's leg and took hold of her tail, and in a very short time was nicely seated on the back of the big cow. Then the cow began to move slowly, and Mr. Monkey-Moke enjoyed himself very much; in fact, he forgot that he was tired and hungry, and began to tease Mrs. Cow.

First he took his long tail and tickled Mrs. Cow's ears; then he took his walking-stick and poked Mrs. Cow in the side; then he began to scratch Mrs. Cow with his long nails, and at last he began to pull out Mrs. Cow's soft hair.



MRS COW CARRIES MONKEY-MORE INTO THE POND.

"Indeed," said Monkey, Moke, "I should like that very much, and if you let me have a ride on your back, I will be very good and thank you very much."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Cow; "climb up my hind leg until you reach my tail, then catch

This was very naughty, so Mrs. Cow began to scold Mr. Monkey-Moke. She said:

"Now, Mr. Monkey-Moke, if you don't stop teasing me right away, I sha'n't carry you any longer, but shall drop you here and let you walk all the rest of the way in your tight shoes." But Monkey-Moke held on to Mrs. Cow and said: "Oh, I am not airaid of you, Mrs. Cow; and I sha'nt' get down, and I sha'll do as I please; and I shall tease you just as much as I please; and I am holding on so tight to your hair that you can't throw me off, and therefore you have got to carry me to the next village."

Then Mrs. Cow became very angry and said:

"Mr. Monkey-Moke, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You promised to be very good and behave well, but instead of that you have been beating me and scratching me, and now I shall not carry you any more, so get right down this very moment."

But Mr. Monkey-Moke laughed very loud, and went on beating Mrs. Cow with his stick, and pulling her hair out with his fingers.

Then Mrs. Cow said to herself:

"I shall ask Mr. Monkey-Moke once more to get down off of my back, and if then he is still naughty and will not go away, I will jump into the pond full of water and wet his new clothes."

So she once more called out to Mr. Monkey-Moke: "Please, Mr. Monkey-Moke, do get down from my back, because you hurt me very much."

But Monkey-Moke would not; on the contrary, he went on teasing Mrs. Cow.

Then what do you think happened?

Mrs. Cow stuck her tail right out straight to show that she was very angry, and then ran very hard toward the water. Mr. Monkey-Moke became very much frightened, because he did not like the water at all, and usually cried when his mother gave him his bath in the morning. He tried to make Mrs. Cow stop by promising to be good, but it was too late - on and on rushed Mrs. Cow, Mr. Monkey-Moke holding on very tight. At last there came a great splash, and Mr. Monkey-Moke felt the cold water trickling up his nose, down his ears, and into his eyes. When he tried to speak the water rushed into his mouth, and he was afraid that he would be drowned. He thought of his dear mama at home, of his warm little bed and of his bowl of bread and milk, and said to himself that if he

once got away from this water he would never again be a naughty monkey. While he was struggling in the water, Mrs. Cow gave him a push with her nose and once more put him on land, much to Mr. Monkey-Moke's delight. Mrs. Cow then told him to run home straight to his mama and tell how naughty he had been and promise to be a good boy afterward.

So Mr. Monkey-Moke picked up his stick and his wet hat and ran home as hard as he could. His collar and his trousers and his coat and his new cravat were all spoiled by the water, and his mother was very angry at him. Then,



MR. MONKEY-MOKE GETS A DUCKING.

again, he caught a bad cold and the doctor had to be called, who gave him some very nasty medicine to take, and made him stay in bed for six days eating nothing but gruel without any sugar.

But, in the end, it did Mr. Monkey-Moke good, for he did not tease Miss Pussy-Cat any more; nor did he frighten the little chickens; nor make a noise when his mother wanted to read, and above all he was very careful not to tease Mrs. Cow.



My friends: I hear there is to be a World's Fair in Chicago this year, and that it opens this very month. To my thinking, there 's a world's fair every year, and a grand one, too, that opens here always at about this time, - the greatest floral and agricultural show on record; - but Chicago, I'm told, intends to introduce manufactures, arts, and all sorts of wonders and achievements drawn from nearly every part of the earth; so I suppose her show, like herself, really is to be the very biggest thing ever known. Well, the Deacon and the dear Little Schoolma'am - and, therefore, my honored self - all agree that this show, this grand Columbian Exposition, as it is called, is a matter in which our whole country is interested. Yes, and it 's an excellent thing for this noble Republic to do in celebration of a certain 400-years-ago historic event which has been mentioned several times lately in the very best circles. The great discovery cannot be too warmly remembered, too splendidly honored, and I heartily hope that the intrepid Christopher who (as the Little Schoolma'am says) carried a good solid quarter of this earth on his Genoese shoulders, has the joy, wherever he may be to-day, of knowing just what the new country he brought into view is turning

Now we'll give our attention to

A LAZY WASP.

DEAR JACK: On looking over some of the old numbers of St. N101101 vs, I came across that of June, 1889, in which is an article called "The Asthetic Wasps";

I was spending a few weeks at my aunt's along the my work lay idle all the morning. In the afternoon I took it up and had just commenced upon it, when I

noticed two little green worms, such as are found among the timothy-grass (those upon which wasps and other large insects feed), lying in my lap. I jumped up in great fear, as though I had seen a snake. Stooping down to brush them outdoors, instead of two, there were five worms on the carpet. Where had they come from? I shook my gown, but found no more until after tea, when again I resumed my lace, and behold! again I appearance of one end of my spool, and on examination it proved to be stopped up with mud, while the other end was still open, whence came the little worms. A mudwasp had apparently come in through the open window, and seeing my spool, thought she would save herself the trouble of building a house as her sisters had done under

of it), and we soon saw her return with her burden, and go into one of two or three spools lying there. I picked needle, broke into the mud-sealed ends and out fell more than a dozen worms! How crowded they must have been! The mud-wasp, as we know, builds her house, for the young to feed upon, before sealing up the doors of her dwelling. But this wasp was either too lazy or build the walls of her own house. Yours truly,

A BOLD VIOLET.

WOULD you believe it? the flowers actually talk to each other sometimes, though perhaps nobody but a Jack-in-the-Pulpit can understand them. And I now find out that the violet is rather tired of being always called "modest," and the rose of being considered "proud" and "queenly," while the poppy insists that it does not always "flaunt" its petals, and the lily claims that it is not "demure." This little story of a modest rose and a bold violet will show you how the flowers themselves may sometimes feel, though no doubt the wise human folk will go on writing about the "haughty" rose and the "modest" violet just as if it never could be otherwise.

Here is the story:

"Once there was a superb red rose, who, though she had been much admired, hung her head modestly and longed to hide herself in the shadows of the garden.

"'It is so light up here,' she said to herself, 'and everybody can see me. I wish they would not put me in so conspicuous a place. Besides, I'm beginning to fade. "'Don't you like it?' whispered a violet near

by. 'I do.

"The rose, naturally shocked at this remark from a violet, made no reply, but bowed more meekly on her stem as if striving in some way to

atone for her companion's audacity.

"'Yes,' continued the bold violet. 'I like it. I learn through the children's comments that I 'm not only sweet, but I 'm lovely, and, above all, I 'm modest. All this is delightful, and I 'm thankful that I can make myself so agreeable.

"Then the bold violet turned its face to the light, squared its pretty shoulders, and swayed in

the breeze.

"Soon the children came to the window and

leaned out upon the stone sill where stood the rosetree and the violet.

"Then the eldest child daintily severed the humble rose from its stem and cast it away, saying crossly, 'Bother! why did you go and fade? I intended to wear you at dinner.'

"But both the children kissed the violet lightly, and praised it for remaining fresh so long.

"'You're just as pretty as you can be—you little sweetness!' said the younger child, softly caressing it.

"'I know it,' thought the bold violet. 'Is n't it nice!' And she did n't hang her head one bit, but just swayed there in the breeze, squaring her pretty shoulders, and holding her face to the light till the sun went down."

HERE is a bit of observation sent you by your friend James Carter Beard. He not only describes certain Junny "goings on" in Central Park, but most kindly sends you this picture of the scene, which he drew on the spot. He calls his true story

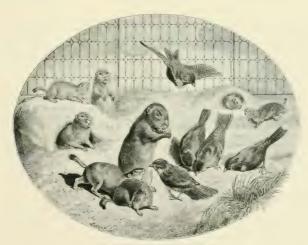
A SOCIABLE PARTY.

Att the birds and beasts in the zoölogical collection at Central Park have every day at their meals a number of uninvited guests. Whether they like it or not, the animals on exhibition have to share their food with a host of greedy, noisy, saucy little visitors that cannot be driven away even by the eagles and vultures. These little visitors show their contempt for royalty itself by bearding the lion in his den, sharing his rations, and sometimes disturbing his naps when they alight upon his paw or his back.

and part of his tacks.

Of course the visitors referred to are English sparrows, what other living creatures would be so bold?
The animals most subject to their persecutions, and most
animals are sensitive to their persecutions, and most
animals are sensitive to their persecutions. The sensitive
animals are sensitive to their persecutions, and the plants of Colorado and New Mexico, where they
live when at home: guests such as rattlesnakes and the
owls that not only live with them, but, not content with
free lodgings, sometimes ungratefully cat up their hosts'
little ones.

As abstitutes for owls and snakes, the sparrows in Central Park are indeed welcome to the prairie-dogs, though they always get more than a fair share of the daily lunch. Sometimes they peck their timid hosts when the latter attempt to sit at the "first table." The prairie-dogs, however, never seem to take offense, but chatter away to the sparrows and to each other in the best of spirits, glad to accept whatever the sparrows are pleased to leave them. Each dog or family of dogs has its own burrow, but they are constantly visiting one another, and holding town-meetings in the center of the space alloted them for their village. A happier, more peaceable, or more interesting community it would indeed be hard to find.



THE PRAIRIE-DOGS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS



By Julia D. Cowles.

named Optie and Pessie.

Now, Optie and Pessie were sisters, but you never would have guessed it in the world, for they did not look one bit alike.

Each of these fairies had a very strange habit of always carrying about a pair of little glasses, through which to look at anything or anybody that interested her.

One day they started out for a walk, taking their precious glasses with them.

They had not gone far when a toad hopped across the path.

"What is that?" they both exclaimed; and

both put up their glasses to look. "Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Pessie. "It is a

"Why, no," answered Optie; "it is a very little thing, and quite harmless, I am sure."

great big monster!"

But Pessie had started to run away, and Optie's words could not stop her.

"How foolish," thought Optie, "to run for such a little thing"; and she stood watching the toad as he hopped away.

The next day they started for another walk, When they reached the edge of the woods, they

ONCE upon a time there lived two fairies began to pick up the nuts which had fallen upon the ground.

Suddenly Optie said, "Listen!" High on the bough of a tree sat a bird singing as though his little throat would burst. Up went both glasses at once.

"What a beautiful bird!" said Optie. "And how charmingly he sings!"

"Pshaw!" answered Pessie. "Do you call that little speck a beautiful bird? I am sure I cannot see any beauty in it, and surely its song cannot be worth listening to"; and she went on picking up the nuts and paying no attention to the music which filled all the air.

Optie looked at her sister in surprise. Then she exclaimed, "I know, Pessie. You looked through the wrong side of your glasses."

"No, I did n't," snapped Pessie. "I meant to look through that side."

Optie tried to coax her just to try the other way and see how much nicer it was, but Pessie would not be persuaded; neither would she listen to the song.

After a while some boys were seen coming through the woods, and our two little fairies hid behind a tree till they should pass.

As one of the boys went by the tree, his foot struck the pile of nuts which had been carefully gathered, and scattered them all among the grass.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Pessie, when they were by, stamping her foot and snatching up her glasses. "Just see what those great big boys have done; and we will have all our work to do over, for see how far away they have scattered our nuts."

"Oh, never mind," answered Optie, cheerfully, as she peered through her glasses.
"They were quite little boys, and probably did not notice them; besides, it won't take long to pick them up again. They are only scattered a little way." And she set briskly to work, and had half of them picked up before Pessie had smoothed the wrinkles from her face.

And so it always was. If anything pleasant came in their way, Optie always looked through the side of her glass which made it appear as big as possible, or if anything unpleasant was discovered, she would look through the other side of her glass to make it seem very small and insignificant indeed; while Pessie always took the opposite course, and magnified the unpleasant things, but was quite unwilling that the good things should appear as large as they really were.

Of course Optie had a much better time than Pessie; but she never could persuade her sister to look through the same side of the glass that she did, and finally she gave up trying, and laughingly declared that Pessie really enjoyed her way of looking at things, and so she should let her alone.

Well, when Optie and Pessie grew older and had households of their own to look after, they still used their magic glasses, but by this time they had become so trained in the use of them that they could see people's thoughts and motives as if they were the people themselves.

One morning Optie said to Rainbow, her husband (he was always such a gay little fellow that every one called him Rainbow): "Now, dear, do remember to go to the Silkspider's before you come home, and bring me some threads for my embroidery."

Rainbow said he would; but when he came back he had forgotten all about it!

Optie felt a little inclined to scold, for she very much wanted to finish her embroidery that day, but first she took up her glasses and looked right into Rainbow's mind.

"It was a very little forget, after all," she said to herself; "not at all worth making any tuss about"; and so Rainbow had his favorite supper of mushrooms and honey, and in the evening they both took a walk to the Silk-spider's, and the embroidery was finished the next day.

At another time the little maid who did the housework neglected to set away the pail of water with which she had been washing the glass floors of their home, and one of the small Rainbows fell into the water.

Optie ran to the scene of trouble, and her first thought was, "What a careless little maid, to be sure!" But when she had looked for a moment at the pail and the dripping little Rainbow through those wonderful glasses, the whole affair seemed so small that she put Rainbow Jr. into dry clothing in a twinkling, and quietly reproved the little maid, who inwardly blessed her and determined to be very careful in the future.

At Pessie's home matters were very different.

To begin with, her husband was called Indigo because he was always so very blue—and no wonder! He had found he could not please his wife, try as he would, and so he had long ago given up trying; and as no man can be expected to be happy who has not a happy home, he was just about the bluest man the world has ever seen.

Then there were the little Indigos. The only streaks of real sunshine that ever came into their unhappy lives shone when they were permitted to go on a visit to their Aunt Optie's.

When they were at home, if a dress was torn or a knee worn through, their mother would look through her glasses sharply and declare that it was "done on purpose to make her more work, when goodness knew she had enough to do, anyway!" and the offending Indigo would be sent to a closet or a corner to meditate upon the great wrong he had committed.

No willing little maid could be found to

scoured the country to find one.

Pessie and her glasses were pretty well known, and people called her "the cross fairy."

After Optie and Pessie had used their glasses for a long time, they became enchanted so that Optie's glasses would magnify only the pleasant things and make the unpleasant ones look very small, and if used in any other way would make everything look confused and blurred.

Pessie's glasses, too, could only be used as she had used them, and were worthless if looked through in the opposite way.

One day a magician named Dispo Sition

work for Pessie, although Mr. Indigo had disguised himself as a beggar for the purpose of gaining possession of the wonderful glasses. He went to both Optie's and Pessie's houses, and soon afterward disappeared, and with him disappeared the two pairs of magic glasses!

He took them to his home, and made a great many like them, and distributed them all over the world.

But every one has the power of choosing one of the two kinds, and those who choose the kind like Optie's are called Optimists, while those who choose the kind made like Pessie's are called Pessimists.

Which sort have you decided to wear?

THE LETTER-BOX.

As illustrations to "The World's Fair Palaces" could wore his first skin off, and since it has been replaced he As intertaints to The World's Pair Talace Could hardly be more than portraits of the buildings, and The Century in discussing their architecture published as good pictures of them as could be secured, Sr. Nicholas—by the courtesy of the editor of The Century reprints for the boys and girls these excellent pictures. No doubt many young Chicago residents or visitors will notice the changes that have been made since the publication of the official map of 1892, from which the plan on page 518 was drawn.

WATERVLIET ARSENAL, TROY, N. Y. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little girls who live at the Watervliet Arsenal. From our schoolroom window we can see the beautiful Hudson River and the

But we want to tell you about an alphabet cake we had last week. Marion is only five years old and has just begun to go to school, and we were promised a cake time to learn them all. She had so much trouble with W and Q that we thought we were never going to get the cake. But now she knows them all, and can say them backward and forward and skipping around. So yesterday we had the cake. It was a lovely one, all frosted white, and with a yellow candle burning in the center. Marion blew out the candle and cut the cake and gave us each a large piece. Your little friends, LOUIE, ELEANOR, and MARION.

HARWOOD, MARYLAND. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy all of your stories very

much. When I was one year old Santa Claus brought me a toy dog — "Towser." I loved him so hard that it

is so changed that I have to call him an elephant. "Jumbo" is his name now. Your faithful little reader, THOMSON K---.

CIUDAD PORFIRIO DIAZ, MEXICO. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you one and a quarter years now, and you are my best companion, as there are not many boys my size here. I am now twelve years old and have five sisters to protect. My favorite story-writer is Charles F. Lummis. We go riding here a great deal on our faultless little Mexican ponies. We all went a few days ago to take a twenty-mile ride, and were not a bit tired. Once papa said he would tire us out, so he took us on a twenty-four-mile ride with few provisions, and camped three days; but I do not think he succeeded. Sometimes we don't come home till moonlight. Then is the time for teasing and drilling with papa. are not left in the dark at night, as some seem to think, but have electric light. We are not left without a wash in the morning, but have water-power, etc. There are many nice Americans here. But most of them are in our little American colony. The town is very pic-turesque, for it has sidewalks higher than the street, several public schools, a Mexican army post, four or five plazas, and two dogs to every man, woman, and childas it seems. 'T is very interesting to foreigners. All the houses (residences) are close up to the narrow streets, with the American front yard in back, and using the street for the trash. Although the Mexicans do not know what good things are, they are the happiest people in the world. There are a passenger bridge, built not long ago by an enterprising man, and a railroad bridge

across the Rio Grande-the international boundary between the United States and Mexico. I am the son of the general manager of the Mexican International Railroad, which is the only railroad here. It owns large shops and in it all the repairs of the railroad are made, as well as those of the branch road of the Southern Pacific to Eagle Pass. There are 400 employees, and so when you look at the company's grounds (depot grounds, we call them) from afar, they look like a manufacturing establishment with all its employees' houses scattered

There are few days when we have nothing to do. In the morning, school at home with our governess. We have learned to speak three languages. Then music lessons in the afternoon. Riding every day, running "around the block" with our seven dogs, exercising on the trapeze, and so on. Hoping that some day a great many more boys and girls will have the great privilege of seeing this wonderful "Egypt of America," as I have, and also that Sr. NICHOLAS will prosper for many years,

I am your constant reader, J. A. S—, JR.

My Persian Cat.

I HAVE the loveliest little cat In the world, it seems to me; As much of her as is not gray Is white as white can be Her hair is very long and thick, And soft as carded wool, While her record as a mouser Is really wonderful.

Her tail is the chiefest beauty Of all her varied store; I almost think that it would do To make a ladies' boa. She is very aristocratic, And will not wet her feet, And she is quite particular About what she has to eat.

Her ears are fringed so daintily, Her eyes are almost blue, And of such sweet dispositions I do not know from where she came, This ball of white and gray; I do not think I really care, Since she has come my way.

But if anything sad should happen, And she should fade and die I know full well what I would do-Just lay me down and cry. Oh! she's a darling little cat— There are no two ways about it; And if you could only see her, I am sure you would not doubt it.

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been taken in our family for over sixteen years, or since 1876, and it would not seem like home without you. We have you bound, and rarely a day passes that the volumes are not used.

I am fourteen, and have two sisters and two brothers and a little dog named "Kaiser." He is half Scotch terrier and very bright. My oldest sister has taught him a good many tricks. He can stand on his hind legs and

walk, speak, sneeze, roll, beg, go lame, and when I go to school I say, "By-by, Kaiser," and he takes one of his front paws and waves it at me, and then when I am gone, he looks out of the window and watches me till I am out of sight, and then he will cry for some time afterward.

I took a little trip to Ann Arbor, Michigan, this summer, and went from Buffalo to Detroit by water. I was gone five weeks, and wore my traveling-suit all the time because a man stole my valise when it was being transferred from the station to the dock, and I did not receive it until two days before I started for home, so I had quite a little experience. Your loving reade

MARNIE V----

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you will but very sel-dom receive letters from grandmothers. I am a German old grandmother, living in Munich, and very happy to receive all the year long dear ST. NICHOLAS, sent through the unwearied kindness of young friends in New York. I should like to express to you my deep-felt grati-tude for all the precious hours my boys and myself spent reading this incomparable magazine; and I hope that my grandchildren (whose grandfather, on maternal side, was your illustrious Bayard Taylor) will in a few years also be able to appreciate ST. NICHOLAS as much as their parents and German grandmother have done.

C. K -Yours sincerely,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The question given in the inclosed rhyme was asked on a recent occasion by my little boy (who thinks a great deal of St. Nicholas). Yours very truly, Mrs. W. A. M-

HIS QUESTION.

JOE JEFFERSON 's coming! 'T was noticed each day, In newspaper ad's,
And posters so gay.
One small boy, evincing
Great desire to behold him (On account of the charming Reports that were told him), But a trifle mixed As to men of renown, Asked, "When is Jeff Davison Coming to town?

G. W. M----

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you of a trip I took to the Blue Mountains last summer. We formed a Walking Club almost as soon as we got there, and had about twenty-five members, boys, girls, and young ladies and gentlemen. We often walked between seven and ten miles a day, and would have walked more if some of the children had not become tired. One morning we got up at five o'clock and started for a place called The Devil's Race Course. We reached there at six o'clock, being about five miles, and when we got there we could see nothing but rocks and rocks, stretching over the whole country for miles and miles around. The Devil's Face, Hand, Cup, Table, Foot, Chair, and Coffin are formed by Nature from solid stone, and the most remarkable thing is a boiling spring that bubbles up in the forest of rocks all the time. The Race Course was said to be a bed of a river, and indeed I hardly think it could be much else. I also saw and went down into the cave where Jesse James and his notorious band hid them-Your devoted reader,

ELSA RAYNER S-

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a brother Laurence and a sister Vida. I am the oldest, and we enjoy your lovely magazine very much. We have a lovely horse named "Kate." She is very intelligent, and one day quite a number of people were in our kitchen looking at her. She was standing hitched to the carriage with an old blanket on. She had a nicer one in the stable, and she knew it. So, with all those people looking at her, she pulled that blanket off with her teeth, and dropped it down in front of her, as much as to say, "I won't have you looking at me with this old thing on." She is not afraid of fireworks or bands of music. Your faithful reader, MILDRED F-

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CLOCK AND THE INK,

TICK, tick, tick, went the clock, tick, tick. "Why ever on earth," said the ink, "Whatever makes you go so quick? That 's what I cannot think.'

"I go so quick? I 'm bound to go. But why ever on earth," said the clock, "Whatever makes you go so slow? You 've always some in stock."

So one day the clock said he 'd go slow. A gentleman said, "Does this clock lose?" By the late train he had to go; There was no other to choose.

The same day the ink said he 'd go fast. A schoolboy said, "Oh, bother these blots. My exercise will be the last; The ink is thick and comes in knots."

So here, you see, is a very bad plight: The clock went slow, the ink went fast; The gentleman's train was just out of sight, And the schoolboy's paper was the last.

MORAL.

Never try to be too ambitious. WALTER B. O-(Eleven years.)

MOUNTAINVILLE, N. Y. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a farm of almost sixty acres. We have great fun playing around a brook that runs through our place. By we, I mean my little sister, who is four, and my brother, who is nine; I am twelve.

We have a dog named "Gipsy." We call her "Gip,"
for short. She has a pup named "Pingo." Pingo is very funny. This morning she went down to our pond. The pond was just frozen over with a thin coating of ice. Pingo ventured out and fell through into the water. She started for the land, where Gip was wildly dancing up and down. When Pingo got quite near the edge Gip grabbed her by the ear and pulled her out. Pingo was very wet and cold, and went under the stove to get dry.

Vous constant reader.

EFFIE W. P——,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mama and I made this Hero Alphabet, and I wish you would please print it.
We have read about most of these heroes together. I am seven years old, and have never written to you before. Mama reads you to me every month.

SAMUEL B---.

HERO ALPHABEL.

A is for Ajax and Achilles, too; B is for Bayard (B's are very few) C is for Columbus, who sailed a r ss the sea; D is for Hard — dauntless was he E is for Exbert, a computeror reckoned; F for Frederick, the Great, and the Second. G for George Washington, our own hero he; H is for Hercules, as strong as could be. I for Idomeneus, who fought for old Greece; I for I domeneus, who fought for old Greece; J. Is for Jason, who was the Golden Fleece. K is for King, Arthur and his many knight for the K is for King, Arthur and his many knight for the K is for K ing. Arthur and his many knight for K ing. Arthur and his many knight for K ing. Arthur and K ing. Arthur and his for Mendal in K ing. Arthur and Arthur W for Wellington, who won at Waterloo; X is for Xenophon, a great leader, too. Y for the Yorks, with their rose so white; Z is for Zeus, god of great might.

HAVERFORD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you something that I think will interest your readers, that a cousin of mine who has just come from Spain was telling me. She said she was staying at a hotel just before Christmas, when a little boy came to her and said he was afraid she did not keep Christmas as they did in Spain. She said that all the Americans kept it, and tried to explain how they hung up their stockings, and how Santa Claus filled them. He said that in Spain they would put their shoes outside the door, and the Wise Men came and filled them, because there are no fireplaces in Spain, as it is a warm country. Your little reader,

ELIZABETH BINNEY E----.

AN ORANGE PACKING-HOUSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about an orange packing-house. First they make the boxes, which I enjoy watching. They then bring in the fruit, and it is sorted, sized, wrapped, and packed. They scrub the fruit when they sort it, and size the fruit by letting it roll down two strips of diverging board and drop in boxes; down two strips of Green garden they wrap the oranges in tissue-paper.

Verena W—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Ew S., Elsic C., Marion E. B., Sophie M., Helen R., Willie S., Wayne W., Sunmer G. R., Xan, Winfited F., Charles F. S., J. M. D., "Six Sixter," Margaret R., Alfred C., Charles G., Abbie H., E., Helen L., Feter M., James B. Jr., Muried S., P., Nellic Z., Gladys D. M., Anna J. N., Emilly L. T., Bomie O., Hamilton S. B., Ruth H., Ella A. K., Jessie B., W. K., B., Helen DeF, B., Elenanr, Susie B., Kuthvo, C. W. F., Ruth B., Win, W. H. L., Arthur V. S., M. Madeline A., Genevieve C., Robert R. G., Willie J. B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER. QUOTATION PUZZLE. "Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks."

Word-Squares. I. r. Remora. 2. Elopes. 3. Morass. 4. Opaque. 5. Result. 6. Assets. II. r. Recess. 2. Ethnic. 3. Chaser. 4. Ensure. 5. Sierra. 6. Scream. TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Frances Hodgson Burnett. From 1 to 8,

famish; 2 to 9, ranche; 3 to 10, abound; 4 to 11, noting; 5 to 12, caress; 6 to 13, Eskimo; 7 to 14, samon. From 8 to 15, hobnob; 9 to 16, ormolu, 10 to 17, dagger; 11 to 18, gallon; 12 to 19, salute;

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him." WORD-BUILDING. E, re, ern, rent, terns, astern, garnets, garments,

streaming, stammering

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, placard; 1 to 3, Pegasus; 2 to 3, darkens; 4 to 5, amalgam; 4 to 6, anagram; 5 to 6, misterm.

Z162Ac. "A good hater". Cross-words: 1. Argo. 2. aGed.

3. AmOs. 4. alsO. 5. daDo. 6. aHoy. 7. Akin. 8. ETon.

5 amEn. 1c, geaR.

9. anisa. 16. gears. Accover, to be acknowledged in the man 3. raged 4. met. 56. ii. 1. 6. 9. cm. 3. cress. 4. ass. 5. 8.

TO OUR PLEATES NOW NOW AND A STATE OF THE STATE OF

sota "—"Dad and Bill."

Asswars or Puzzlass in the February Number were received, before February 19th, from Jack and Emma Schmidt, 1—Elsaner Ogier, 1—Florence B. Barrett, 1—Fred. J. Emery, 1—Elaine S., 2—Minnie and Lizzie, 1—G. T. Shirley, 3—Henry H. Garrigues, 1—B. L. Evet, 1—Eve Bowden, 2—"A Canadian Bory, 3—Henry H. McGuckin, 1—Minnie Ind. 3—Adde Cirll, 1—Maude E. M. L. Evet, 1—Eve Bowden, 2—"A Canadian Bory, 3—Henry H. McGuckin, 1—Minnie Ind. 3—Adde Cirll, 1—Maude E. Son, 1—Carrie Chester, 2—"Cuffs and Collars, 1—L. H. K., 2—Alice C. Adenaw, 2—"Oliver Twist, "6—Ada and Ramee, 6—son, 1—Carrie Chester, 2—"Cuffs and Collars, "1—L. H. K., 2—Alice C. Adenaw, 2—"Oliver Twist, "6—Ada and Ramee, 6—December, 3—Eddie M. Moore, 8—Charles Shedel, "1—Fe C. Dutton, 1—Charles Meuch and Andrew Judoon, 1—"Infantry," 12—"The Three Wie Ones," 6—"Mr. Micweber," 3—Ida M. Wilson, 1—K. Valenine Langdon, 3—May G. Martin, 2—Two Lifted Brothers, 5—Eddie N. Moore, 8—Charles Shedel, 2—Frentice Millson, 1—K. Valenine Langdon, 3—May G. Martin, 2—Two Lifted Brothers, 5—Eddie N. Moore, 8—Charles Shedel, 2—Frentice Millson, 1—Charles Meuch, 4—Maurie E. Simpson, 1—Vincent Beede, 7—Wolford P. Saroni, 1—John W. Thomas, 1—H. W. Planner, 2—Martin, 4—Martin, 4

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the objects shown in the accompanying illustration may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous naturalist who was born in May. M.

Oh, strangely fall the April days! The brown buds redden in their light,

And spiders spin by day and night; Of springing leaves to meet the sun,
While down their white-stone courses run
The swift, glad brooks, and sunshine weaves
A cloth of green for cowslip leaves
Through all the fields of April days.

N WEL HOUR-GLASS. Central, healthful; from 1 to 2, water;

from 3 to 4, setto; cross-wards: 1 shy. 2, steam. 3, wears
4, ale 5, t 7, the, 7, offer, 8, truth, 9 old. Hollow St. Andrew's Cross: I. r. r. 2. put. 3. ruler. 4. ten 5. r. II. 1. r. 2. cap. 3. raved. 4. pea. 5. d. III. 1. r. 2. ram 3. raged. 4. met. 5. d. IV. 1. d. 2. era. 3. dress. 4. ass. 5. s.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A military title. 2. A lizard. 3. The sides of a door. 4. A game at cards. 5. De-

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: I. A governor. 2. Custom.

3. Extensive. 4. Incited, 5. Pastoral pipes.
III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Flat round plates. A kind of tape.
 A quantity of yarn or thread.
 Cuts.
 Understanding.

4. Cuts. 5. Understanding.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Drives along. 2. Droll. 3. A fish. 4. More horrible. 5. To terrify.

"AUNT JOFINE."



DIAMOND.

I. In Cevlon. 2. A tooth. 3. A feminine name. 4. A chair fitted to the back of a mule, for carrying travelers in mountainous districts. 5. A consequence. 6. A long and narrow corridor. 7. Perceives. 8. To put to the test. 9. In Ceylon.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-one letters, and am a quotation from Lord Chesterfield's works.

My 34-44-12-51 is stillness. My 10-25-49-29-21 is aty 34-44-12-1 is suliness. Aty 10-25-39-20-21 is to inscribe. My 17-23-31-39 is to gather. My 1-19-15-7 is not any. My 5-38-9-45-32 is pertaining to a very famous city. My 36-447-14 is an equal. My 24-48-20-42 is crooked. My 3-43-50-27-46 is one who votes. My 22-11-27 is to repose. My 33-16-26-41-6 are sounds. My 30-13-2-40 was the vulnerable part of Achilles. My 28-8-35-18 is to consider.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. Unmeaning talk, 3. The musical scale. 4. Contrivances for taking pictures. 5. An engraver's tool. 6. Λ color. 7. In

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. The queen of the fairies. 3. Enchantment. 4. Tower-like buildings of the Hindoos and Buddhists. 5. A small horse. 6. An animal. 7. In crumpets.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Persons called on to attend a civil officer. 2. Frequently. 3. A beginning. 4. To work for. 5. To come in.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. A vehicle. 3. A large, strong rope used by sailors. 4. A vivid representation. 5. The cry of a sheep. 6. To consume. 7. In crumpets.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: I. In crumpets. 2. The name of a famous dog. 3. Values. 4. An idle talker. 5. To slander. 6. To behold. 7. In crumpets.

WORD-SQUARE.

A LAND of fans will my first be found: And birds are all my second; To my third you are by honor bound; My fourth a lagoon may surround; And my fifth a name is reckoned.

ELDRED IUNGERICH.

вномвого.

Across: 1. A stratum. 2. Nautical. 3. Rhythm.
4. A funeral song. 5. A furrow or band of fibers.
Downwards: 1. In elequent. 2. A useful little article. 3. A tropical plant. 4. Level. 5. One who rates.
6. A feminine name. 7. A tear. 8. An exclamation.
9. In elequent.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these fourteen words are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the initials will spell the known books.

- 1. Alec approves of it all.
- 3. I am going to a lecture.
- 4. Did you see the plaster of Paris katydid on the
 - 5. Ethel owes me ten dollars.
- 6. He lies down all day, they say.
- The sum actually amounted to four thousand
- 9. I will make Jim pay up at once.
- 10. When he came, Ralph went out to meet him.
- 12. I wish I could see a gleam of sunshine.
- 14. Which do you like best to sail or steam up the

W. H. B.





LASTER FOGEROLLING, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX.

JUNE, 1893.

No. 8.

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many cities in so many different countries. but one never sees is really like it.

curious spell rests upon it. It is the city

of the springtime, and yet its life is almost entirely lived in the winter. In October and November the people who disappeared in May, as

ONE sees so if by magic, begin to return as if the same magic had called them back again. Houses begin to open, showing bright draperies and flowers in their windows, and servants about their doors; the streets begin to fill, the shops to wear brighter aspects; the hotels have a stirring air; carriages stand before doorways and bowl about the streets, the people in them seeming to know each other and exchanging welcoming greetings as they pass and repass. They nearly all do know each other. They went to each other's dinner-parties and balls and afternoon teas the past season, before the magic dispersed them, and they will go to them again now that it has once more called them together. But it is not of this aspect of the city that I am going to speak,

Every one knows that on a certain hill which looks down upon the city there is a majestic white marble building upon whose stately dome a Goddess of Liberty stands poised, and that on the first Monday of each December the magic calls together within its walls a certain number of men chosen by the voice of their country as fitted to hold in their hands the fates and fortunes of a great nation. Every one knows that when the flags fly from the Capitol Congress is in session; that when the dome glows out upon the darkness the work of the nation is being done by night; that while this work is being done, life in Washington is at its flood-tide, and that when it is finished for the year, the tide turns and is at ebb until it begins again.

There is upon Pennsylvania Avenue, among a number of buildings all more or less noble in proportion and architecture, a large, rather dignified, though unelaborate house standing in its own spacious grounds. Its dignity perhaps consists in its well-sized, unmeretricious air. It is not a palace, and it seems not to feel it necessary to be one; it is not a castle, and one is rather pleased that it has not attempted a castellated air; it is the White House, and the man who lives in it is by the decision of the people the ruler of sixty millions of thinking, working, planning human beings.

In the guide-books one can read how many feet high the dome of the Capitol is, how large the Treasury, the Army and Navy Departments, the Pension Office, the Agricultural Department, and the Post Office are; but I think perhaps some boy or girl who knew nothing of these things might best describe the charms of the City of Groves and Bowers.

It must seem charming to a small creature who knows only the bright side of all the things that happen in it and belong to it.

To get up in the morning, if one is only six or seven, in a pretty nursery whose windows look out on a broad, clean, smooth avenue, with picturesque houses, and bands of green on either side, must be very nice. Even in the winter the sky is nearly always blue and the sun

is so often shining that, though the double rows of trees are bare, they look pretty with their branches against the background of the sky, promising loveliness for the spring, and thick shade and room for birds when summer comes.

If there is snow, they look beautiful with the soft white fleece clothing them; and when the snow falls off melted, little brown sparrows come and balance upon the twigs and call to each other, and make remarks about the weather and reflections on the hardness of the times and the scarcity of crumbs.

There are so many trees—such rows and rows of them as far as one can see up the avenues and down them, and up and down the streets which cross them—and one's eye can always catch sight somewhere of a green circle or park, where there is a statue of some great man, about whom one can be told a story if one asks questions enough.

In the morning the streets are quiet, but in the afternoon the carriages begin to roll through them. They all seem to be going somewhere in particular, and they all have ladies in them. To the occupants of the nursery windows in certain quarters covering quite a large area, it must seem that Washington is full of ladies who are always going to parties. In the streets of other cities there are always signs of many other things being done. There are passing people and passing vehicles evidently not going to parties; there are wagons and vans loaded with merchandise of one sort or another; there are shabby or shabby-genteel people going about their anxious business, or roughly dressed working-people going to and from factories or warehouses or machine-shops. This city, which is really like no other, is unlike others in this respect - that there are no manufactories or huge works or shops. The only manufactories are the great white marble building on Capitol Hill, the Treasury, the Pension Office, the Army and Navy Departments, etc., and the work done in them does not necessitate the use of smoking chimneys and furnaces, and the employment of overalls.

The broad, steady stream of people going to their work through Pennsylvania Avenue at nine o'clock in the morning and returning from it at four in the afternoon, is a stream of humanity well dressed, well bred, and respectable. It is leisurely and looks comfortable whether it is so or not. The crowds which surge through London thoroughfares on bank holidays are not nearly so well clad and agreeable to contemplate, even though they are not going to work, but are on festive plans intent. But they do not live in a city of groves and bowers, and they work and live much harder.

The only people one sees in rags or asking alms are occasional negroes; and they are very

another. Inside there are to be seen ladies in lovely hats and bonnets. There are mamas in brocades and velvets and furs, and there are pretty slim girls in silks and velvets and soft feathers. They are going to make calls, to attend musicales or receptions or special afternoon teas, where they will meet scores of other mamas and pretty girls, and will talk and drink chocolate and nibble cakes or listen to some music, and then return to the carriage and roll away to another party. It makes the



rare, and usually look rather as if their profession were a matter of preference. Of palpable, hope-

less wretchedness one sees nothing.

The White H use.

There are no tall factory chimneys pouring forth smoke to tarnish the blue sky and the white clouds floating upon it. It is rarely very cold, and dull skies are so uncommon that one feels one's self almost injured in one's surprise at two or three gray days.

Through the nursery windows the childish eyes see only bright and amusing things. They must really be very well worth looking at from a nursery point of view—in fact, they must seem brilliant. The carriages roll by one after

nursery wish itself a mama or a grown-up young lady with a lovely frock and bright eyes and furs and feathers. It hears a great deal about lunches and receptions and festivities of all sorts. The colored young ladies who preside in the nurseries frequently know a great deal of the doings of the party-going world. They are able

to describe the grandeurs of the Army and Navy Reception at the White House, and they can often give information as to the floral decorations at the reception of the Secretary of State.

It must be an exciting event for the nursery windows when an awning is erected next door. Then one sees many flowers carried in, palms and blooming things and numberless interesting packages and boxes. Carriages begin to drive up by the score, and when their doors are opened wonderful and beautiful personages descend, and the awning swallows them up. There are possible views of resplendent Chinese ministers and officials in embroidered satin

robes. "There 's the Secretary of War," says the nursemaid. "There 's the Russian Minister. That 's the beautiful young lady from out West that everybody 's talking about 'cos she 's so rich and handsome. There 's the senator that owns a silver-mine."

One might easily imagine it suggesting Cinderella's ball to the small watcher at the window. The constant driving up of the carriages, the accumulating rows of them gradually filling the street, the strains of music fitfully heard, might well suggest that after it was all over there might be found somewhere a small glass slipper, even though the festivity is not a ball or given at midnight.

So it is more than possible that, in the winter, Washington seems to young, untired eyes a sort of enchanted city with a habit of enjoying itself perpetually; but it is in the spring that it shows its rarest enchantment, and blooms out day by day into the City of Groves and Bowers.

The trees are all there in the winter, the grass is all there, the green of the parks and squares is there; but they are waiting for the days when there are fewer parties, when the carriages roll by less frequently, and there is less to be seen by the watchers who look from the windows.

Then-even in February-there come some wonderful days among the cold ones. They are like young daffodils scattered upon a garden covered with snow. Suddenly there is a strange, delicious softness in the air, the sunshine is clearer golden, one lifts one's face and looks, with tender hopefulness and forgetfulness of things of earth, into the bright, flower-like lovely blue. Perhaps yesterday was wet and cold, but to-day it seems to be impossible to believe that cold and rain were not done with weeks ago, or that they can ever come again, One begins to think that the bands of grass which border the pavements, and the trim banks and lawns before the houses, are of a livelier green. It is natural as one passes under the branches of the trees to look eagerly for little pale-colored things pushing out in tight buds. In March these days scatter themselves rather more thickly among the cold ones, and one has unduly sanguine moments when one would scarcely be surprised by any unheard-of

thing in the way of weather or growth. The tight little buds are pushing everywhere, and some of them are visibly plumper every day, In Lafayette Square, in Franklin Square, in Dupont Circle, and in fact in all the pretty parks and inclosures, one sees a certain bushy shrub which, instead of waiting for its leaves, has actually begun to clothe itself in yellow blossoms. Its slender, bending twigs are covered from root to tip. It is a lovely, lovable, eager thing, and seems almost to send out its flowers to call for the spring instead of waiting until the spring calls for them. One sniffs the fresh, cold air in damp days, because it has in it the scent of things growing; one draws it in with still greater eagerness in the soft, sunny ones, because there is in it the scent of these same growing things stirred and warm.

The birds who alight on the trees where the tight buds are showing touches of green, linger and twitter more. They talk about nests, and mention their tastes in the matter of situation. There is so much choice in the matter of situation that it must be almost confusing. If you are a Washington bird, you can have a nest on any avenue or street you like, and the parks provide accommodations which seem unlimited.

Perhaps they say to each other things like these:

"I must say I find Massachusetts Avenue most desirable," one bird might remark. "It is broad and quiet, and the society is good. The style of tree suits me. I prefer linden for the young, I consider the odor of the blossom good for infant digestion."

"But Sixteenth street has tulip-trees," another would observe; "and it does entertain them so to see the blossoms unfolding. The nest is really quite peaceful in blooming-time."

"Well, perhaps I am old-fashioned," a third might twitter. "I dare say I am; but give me a good shady maple. I have engaged a nice leafy branch in one on Connecticut Avenue."

"Of course I am only a bride," I am sure some other would chirp coyly; "and you may think me foolish and sentimental. I have just begged Robin to decide on one of those beautiful flowering trees in Lafayette Square. I think it would be so lovely to sit and twitter to each other among all the soft white blooms suitable to honeymoons."

All through March the lovely days are coming and going, and each one is warmer than the last and does something new.

In the squares there are afternoons when baby-carriages accumulate, and small things of all sizes totter or run about. Smart colored nurses begin to sit on the benches and talk to each other and watch their charges. On the branches over their heads there are tender green leaves instead of tight buds, and they are opening and spreading every hour.

Early in April one looks up and down streets and avenues, through lines of delicate pale greenness. Little black or yellow boys begin to appear with bunches of arbutus tied tightly together, and offered for sale at ten cents each. On the mounds about the statues in the circles there are beds of crocuses, which later change by magic into tulips and hyacinths and adorable things that fill the air with perfume.

As the days go on, the greenness grows and grows, and it is so fresh and exquisite that one becomes intoxicated with the mere seeing and breathing so much of the life of spring, and can think of nothing else. People who go out to walk compare the leaves on the different thoroughfäres, and return to talk about them.

"Are the lindens a little slow this year?" one says; "or are the tulip-trees always earlier? They are beginning to be quite full on Sixteenth street."

In the grass near the railing surrounding the grounds of the White House, purple and yellow crocuses seem to spring up wild. They look as if they belonged to the woods.

Soon the little colored boys have larger bunches of arbutus, and bunches of wild violets and pale blue starry things. They have gathered them in the woods about Rock Creek. The sun grows warmer, the rain that comes is delicious; there are more and more leaves on every side; in the parks there are hyacinths and crocuses and scarlet japonicas and new things making buds for blossoms on trees one does not expect flowers from. And then some morning - somehow it always seems quite suddenly - people, getting up, look out of their windows, and all the world is Spring, the very

on moonlight nights. They seem so bridal and Spring itself. From a second or third story one looks down upon a forest - not a city, but a forest. It would be easy to pretend that it was an enchanted forest which some fairy had caused to flourish in the midst of a city, or an enchanted city which had been made to arise within the labyrinths of a forest. Trees are everywhere, and whichsoever way one turns it is to look down vistas of them - broad, beautiful vistas whose straight lengths seem to close in fresh, luxuriant greenery. In the narrower streets the branches almost spread from side to side, and one walks under an archway of leaves.

> It seems almost impossible to believe that one is in a town. The plan of the city gives so many vistas of green. A person standing in one of the circles sees in the center a statue with flower-beds brilliant at its base. From east to west this circle is crossed by one of the streets whose names are the letters of the alphabet, from north to south by one of those whose names are numbers; diagonally it is crossed by avenues bearing the names of States; and as each of these is bordered by one or two rows of trees,-from east to west, from north to south, and diagonally,-the eyes follow the course of groves of linden, maple, tulip, sycamore, or poplar.

> Within short distances of each other are the bower-like squares which contain such blossoming as one seems to see nowhere else. It is not merely a matter of planted flowers or blooming shrubs. There are trees loaded with blossoms. They are not fruit-trees, but trees which bear burdens of flowers which seem, some of them, like specially sumptuous full-petaled apple or plum or peach blossom, or a splendid kind of English may.

The bowers are full of children by this time. Their nurses sit looking at them; their little carriages are drawn up at the sides of the walks. In some of these carriages, under swinging lacecovered parasols, tiny soft mites, not much older than the flowers, lie sleeping among downy white wraps and lace. They are part of the springtime. Small persons - very small ones in quaint hats and bonnets, and coats which seem much too long for them and give them a picturesque air of ancientry - toddle about and

blossoms which have fallen from the trees, and - probably after sitting down with unsteady suddenness - proceed to examine them with a serious air of botanical studiousness usually losing itself in an earnest endeavor to cram them into a small, dewy red mouth.

They are very pretty as they run or tumble or totter about - these little springtime things. Sometimes one sees a small one standing under a tree and looking up, wonderingly and rather questioningly, into the world of snowy or pinkand-white bloom above. It is so little, and it sees a great sky of lovely flowers over its head. Through this flower sky there are glimpses of a sky of blue; fallen blossoms are at its feet; flowers are blooming all about it in the bower it plays in. It is taken home through groves of greenery; it looks out on a fair forest when it wakens. It thinks the world is made of fresh leaves and pinky-white blossoms, and as it looks up into the branches of bloom its snowy petal of a soul is full of the joy of living.

And to the one who is taken for drives on these bright and blooming days, this leafy, flowery world must seem a boundless one. After the avenues and parks are left behind, one bowls along country roads where there is more greenerv still. Oh, the soft hills and dips of land covered with trees all busy attiring themselves in pale green veils and wreaths, because the Spring is passing softly by, whispering to each one of them!

"You are a maple," perhaps she whispers to one. "You must put out little red, velvet leaves - tiny ones, thick and soft, and wonderful. At first each one must be almost like a strange little flower."

And to another:

"You are a linden. You must make little blooming green tassels which delicately scent the air. As people pass under you they must say, 'How sweet the linden is!'"

And to the tangles of bare briers:

"You must begin to work industriously, because you have so much to do. First, you must put out fresh green leaves until you are a waving garland. And then you know you have to star yourself all over with white blossoms. And by the autumn you must be weighed over

tumble on the grass, and carefully pick up with plump, juicy blackberries for the children to come and gather and laugh over, and stain their little mouths and hands and aprons with. You have no time to lose. You have a great deal to do."

And to the dogwood:

"Awake! awake! You are the beautiful wild white princess of the woods. Among all the beautiful things I give the world, you are one of the most beautiful. Cover yourself all over-to the end of every branch and twig of you-with large-petaled snow-white flowers. You must bloom until you stand out amongst the other trees like a splendid white spirit of spring, when the soft wind shakes you, and the sun shines through your boughs. All your work is done in the springtime. In the summer you have only to be green; in the autumn you must be a lovely red, it is true; but now you must be so beautiful that people will cry out with joy when they catch sight of you."

And so they do. The children of the City of Groves and Bowers come back from their walks and drives in the country with great white branches over their shoulders. Some of them walk, some drive out to the beautiful Rock Creek, where trees grow close up hill and down dale, and where blue violets and anemones and other white and pink and purple things clamber down the banks and slopes to the water's edge.

And then there is the Soldiers' Home, where there are woods again, and flowers, wild and tame, and ivy climbing over walls and bridges, and ground- and tree-squirrels scampering. And there are beautiful white buildings with all sorts of interesting things connected with them; and there are old soldiers who have been in battles, and who now sit warming themselves in the sun, or walk about slowly, or sit in arbors and smoke pipes and talk - perhaps telling each other thrilling stories about some of the very battles they were in.

"Is that an old soldier?" little boys have asked with breathless interest. "Was he once in battles? Has he been wounded with bullets and cannon-balls?"

And there is the big white hospital where the old soldiers are taken care of when they are ill - when the bullets and cannon-balls are maladies less martial. And there are mounds where one can stand and look out over a wide panorama of the country, the river, the woodlands, and the City of Groves and Bowers itself; and in one place, in a road one is always driven through, there is an opening cut through the trees, and there the coachman-if the people are strangers-draws up the carriage and says, "This is the Vista, ladies and gentlemen." And then one looks down the vista of green trees, and at the end of it one sees the far-away increaswhite-domed Capitol, a beautiful, stately thing, shining in the sun on its Capitol Hill.

It is a great, lovely, peaceful resting-place for the old soldiers -this one the City of Groves and Bowers has made.

There is a very delightful thing which is one of the springtime events of the bowery city. It is not a social or a political function, and it is an event I have never heard the origin of.

It is the Egg-rolling on Easter Monday.

Easter eggs, colored red and blue and vellow, and adorned with flowers and stripes, are delights known to the children of many countries; but I think it is only in Washington that there exists a custom-which is almost a ceremony-of rolling the brilliantly hued things down grassy slopes by way of festivity.

It strikes one also as being delightfully illustrative of the power of the children's republic that the places chosen as most suitable for these festivities should be the private grounds of the presidential mansion - the White House itself - and the slopes of the grounds which surround the Capitol.

If one wants to roll red and blue and vellow eggs down a sloping lawn, it appears that a little republican sees no reason why he or she should not roll them by the thousand down the

troublesome, or when they are invalided by lawn of a President's back garden. The slope is just the one required, and no President so far has been hard-hearted enough to go out on the portico and wave his hand and order the little intruders away; no Mrs. President has ever thrown a shawl over her head and run out to scold them and say she will not allow it.

So every Easter Monday morning



ing stream of children of various sizes swarming through the streets, all wending their way to the grounds of the White House. There are welldressed ones attended by their nurses or relaone at all; there are some little black ones in a

a basket or package with colored eggs in it. A great many also have something which holds a little lunch. There is great excitement and rivalry about the color of the eggs and the number each little person possesses. In a very short time, the President's back garden is a shouting, laughing, romping pandemonium. The entertainment consists in rolling the eggs from the top of the slope to the bottom of it. There is also the exciting sport of "egg-picking." One egg proprietor enters into a contest with another one, in which one egg is tapped against the other until one of the two is cracked. The proprietor whose egg is not cracked is the winner, and the stake won is the broken egg.

Eggs are rolledand "picked," and broken and eaten. When the festivity is over, the President's back garden and the slopes of the Capitol grounds are strewn with fragments of bright-colored egg-shells and bits of paper left for the White House gardeners to pick up, and many little indigestions have gone home and to bed in innocent joyousness and fatigue.

One cannot help wondering what would occur if the same number of little London chil-

dren decided to go and roll eggs in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, Would Her Most Gracious Majesty order out the Horse Guards? Perhaps not, as she has had nine little children of her own, whom she helped in their child-hood to be most delightfully happy little persons; but I am afraid she would regard it as rather a liberty.

When the dogwood has withdrawn its white blossoms into private life, as it were; when there are no more violets scrambling up and down the banks of Rock Creek; when the birds in the linden and tulip and maple trees in the avenues have begun active domestic duties, and have family circles in their nests, the City of Groves and Bowers begins to be warm, and also to be deserted. In the summer, if the

pleasing state of excitement; but everybody has weather was not so hot, Washington would be a basket or package with colored eggs in it. A delightful. The leaves grow thicker and thicker great many also have something which holds a upon the thousands of tree; the fountains play little lunch. There is great excitement and in the parks; everybody's windows are open, rivalry about the color of the eggs and the number each little person possesses. In a very short of fruit and vegetables, whose appearance and



THE SHIMPPS' HOME

disappearance record the progress of the summer season. The carts are always driven by colored gentlemen, whose far-reaching sonorous voices proclaim their wares as the cart wanders along. Frequently a colored boy saunters near it on the pavement, shouting also. Sometimes the proprietor himself walks by the languid, sleepy old horse's head. But in any case, as the cavalcade strolls through a street, the inhabitants always hear what is going by.

"Strawbe'ys! Fine fresh strawbe'ys!" is the cry in the early summer. "Strawbe'ys, twenty-fi' cents er box!"

And then, as the days go on, and the fruit is more abundant, there is a decline in price until "strawbe'ys" may be bought at three boxes for "twenty-fi cents." And later appear the loads of watermelons. A few years ago a certain vender of watermelons used to be a source of great delight to the two small boys who were the occupants of one particular nursery. He was a colored gentleman of the name of Johnson, and he had a voice to rend the firmament.

"Watermillions — watermillions!" he used to proclaim. "Joe Johnson's watermillions!

"Red to the rine, an' the rine red too— Better buy a watermillion while they gwine thoo."

How was this to be resisted on a hot, hot sleepy day?

But at this time the majority of the inhabitants is at the seaside or in the mountains, and those who are detained in town find they have grave need of watermelons, and ice, and soda-water.

When, in the autumn, the houses which have been closed during the hot months begin to open their doors, and once more there are small faces at the nursery windows, another Spirit has passed through the groves and bowers and roamed through the country roads and woods, and over the dips and curves, and down to the water's edge at Rock Creek. It has touched every branch and leaf, every vine and woodland bramble, and even the small, humble things which creep about close to the ground in the wild places and among the rocks. It has painted the groves yellow and red and orange and golden brown; to the vines climbing over walls and about windows and doors it has done wonderful things; the bowers are variegated, the flowers in the parks are deep and richly colored or flaming. The avenues and streets are gorgeous, and when, in walking between the brilliant trees one lifts one's face as one did in those mornings of earliest spring, one's eyes

find a touch of deeper blue in the sky. It seems as if so much color, such tints of amber and crimson and orange, could surely never fade out, and that the City of Groves and Bowers must flame like this always. The small human flowers who came with the leaf-buds in the spring, being rolled into Lafayette and Franklin squares again by their nurses, have grown enough to be of the world which is not always softly asleep or vaguely absorbed in bottles with milk in them. They lie in their pretty carriages and stare at the wonderful branches above them. Sometimes they make remarks on the subject of leaves which are quite scarlet. But the nurses and grown-up people think they are simply cooing or gooing, or doing something quite aimless, while really their observations may be most profound. But it is so often the case that great discoverers are not at first understood.

These great discoverers, at least, have made the most of their City of Groves and Bowers. They have seen only the beautiful, the lovable, the adorable things in it. They have not explained to themselves the workings of the Capitol and the Treasury. They have only looked up at the blue above them and at the blossoming boughs and the flaming ones; they have smiled at the flowers and at the tender little breezes which kissed their soft cheeks in hurrying by. And though the flames of color will die down, the breezes will be less tender, and the boughs will drop their leaves and stand bare, yet there is one thing-just one beautiful, joyous thing - of which even older and less untried creatures can be quite, quite sure, Whatsoever of sadness, or clouds, or chill, or fading colors the passing year may hold, the Spring will always come again - the Spring will always come again!





By HON, HENRY CABOT LODGE, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

WASHINGTON, FROM THE POTOMAC RIVER

THOUGH cities are the work of men's hands, they usually are placed where nature dictates. As a rule their place in the world has been determined for them by a great river, a safe harbor, or a sheltered plain. But there are a few instances of cities which owe their being solely to the caprice of man. An arbitrary will bade St. Petersburg rise by the Neva, and created a great capital on the sandy plains of the Spree. These cities were the work of despotic rulers, and yet, curiously enough, the capital of the American republic was likewise the creature of the will of man. When the framers of the Constitution of the United States were engaged in the great work of making a nation out of thirteen jarring States, one of the duties they imposed upon the Congress they then created was the establishment of a capital city for the new government. This subject had been already much discussed under the Confederation, and to this duty, therefore, the new Congress gave immediate attention. It was a burning question, too, because local interests were deeply engaged in it, and thus the site of the future federal city assumed an importance to the States and the people in 1789 which at this time it is difficult to realize. It was in reality a contest between North and South, and it is curious to observe how excited men became over the question whether the new city was to be placed in Pennsylvania or on the borders of Virginia.

its amendments, the history of the bill which was to establish the capital. The North all along had a majority of votes, and after much struggling it began to seem certain that the national capital would go to Pennsylvania.

But it so happened that at that very time another matter was pending in Congress upon which the division of opinion was equally sharp and men's feelings equally bitter. This second question was the bill providing for the payment by the United States of the debts incurred by the several States during the Revolution. The law proposed was one of the great series of financial measures by which Alexander Hamilton bound the States together, and converted the dry clauses of the constitution into living realities. This final measure, so important to the welfare of the country, was on the edge of decisive defeat by a narrow majority, and the votes against it were chiefly Southern votes. Hamilton believed, not without reason, that the continuance of the Government and the fate of the new constitution depended upon the success of this particular law, which was the crown of the series intended to restore our finances. He proposed, therefore, to Jefferson, who had not yet quarreled with him, that if Jefferson would get a few Southern votes for the paying by the government of the State debts, enough Northern votes would be turned over in return to send the capital to the Potomac.

This bargain was carried out. The bill for It would be tedious to trace in detail, with the payment of the State debts was passed, and

the national capital was placed by the Potomac, on the borders of Maryland and Virginia. The country secured a law which was of immense importance, not only to its financial credit, but to the existence of the Union, while the South gained the site of the capital, which was really a matter of no lasting moment to any one.

The act for the establishment of the city, which resulted from this arrangement, passed on July 10, 1790, and gave the President power to appoint three commissioners, who were to select a site, and take the necessary land between the Potomac and what was known as its Eastern Branch, on the Maryland side, and an

Major L'Enfant, a French officer who had served as one of our allies in the Revolution. So far as the work went, this choice was an excellent one, and L'Enfant produced an admirable plan, on which the city has practically been laid out, and which to-day is a proved success. But, although L'Enfant could plan a city, he could not deal with other men. He was hottempered and impatient. He quarreled with the commissioners and with Mr. Carroll, one of the principal land-owners of the neighborhood, and in fact proved an extremely difficult person to get on with. At last he flatly refused to publish his plan, because, he said, speculators



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. (EAST FRONT.)

equal amount opposite on the Virginian side, the whole district thus taken to be ten miles square. So said, so done. The commissioners were appointed and the land taken. Washington, who was in those early stages the controlling mind in the whole affair, took the deepest interest in the selection of the site, and in all that pertained to the new city which was to bear his name and to be built so near his own home.

After the land had been taken, the next step was to secure an engineer to lay out the new capital, and Washington's choice fell upon would take advantage of it. Thereupon Washington dismissed him, and appointed Andrew Ellicott, who took up the work where L'Enfant dropped it, and very wisely followed as closely as he could the plan of the talented but irritable Frenchman.

This, however, was the least part of the work—a mere preface to what remained to be done. It is comparatively easy to select engineers and to survey land, but the building of a city is a more difficult problem, and takes a good deal of time, as the proverb inculcating

patience tells us in regard to Rome. The territory selected for the new capital when L'Enfant and Ellicott surveyed it was merely a stretch of rather poor farming land, with underlying clay and much surface gravel, which reached from Rock Creek on the west to the Eastern Branch on the east, and was bordered along the south by the Potomac. In all these many aeres there were then only two or three scat-

was the new city to be built. Congress had done nothing in the way of money; but with the funds furnished by Virginia and Maryland, a little more raised from the sale of city lots, a little more still from lotteries, and finally, by the aid of a loan of one hundred thousand dollars from Maryland and Virginia, which was guaranteed by the commissioners, the work on the public buildings was begun. On September 18



THE BUILDING OF THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS.

tered farm-houses, with their negro quarters gathered about them. The house of John Burns, one of the principal farmers and land-owners, still stands at the foot of Seventeenth street, below the White House. It looks to-day, in its desolate old age, little better than a negro shanty, and is entirely overshadowed by the Van Ness house, built later by John Burns's son-in-law. The Van Ness house, too, is old now, but it is large and spacious-looking, and still has about it a certain air of stateliness.

There, then, on rough fields, on this soil of clay and gravel broken by watercourses and showing a good deal of scattered woodland, the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid with some simple ceremonies, and work upon that and upon the President's house, about a mile to the westward, was started. The architect of the White House was James Hoban, an Irishman, who also superintended the construction of the Capitol, which was built upon the plan of Stephen Hallet, a French architect. The new buildings were pushed as rapidly as possible, for the law demanded that they should be ready for occupancy in 1800; and, accordingly, in October of that year the packet-sloop which bore the records, furniture, and some of the officials of the Government left Philadelphia



THE WHITE HOUSE, MEWED FROM NEAR THE TREASURY

and duly arrived at the capital. The Cabinet officers and chiefs of departments followed by land in their carriages, and established their offices in some little brick buildings built for that purpose in the neighborhood of the White House, while the one completed wing of the Capitol furnished a meeting-place for Congress, which soon after assembled.

It was a rather dreary place in which to house and establish a government. A few halffinished buildings, dotted about in the fields, and a road little better than a cart-track over the heavy red clay, constituted at that moment the capital city; and the Government officers who were forced to come there looked back

with regret to the comfortable quarters they had left in Philadelphia. We have, fortunately, some descriptions written at the time, which set the scene before us in a very vivid fashion. Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, wrote as follows to his wife on July 4, 1800:

The City of Washington, or at least some part of it, is about forty miles from Baltimore. . . . The Capitol near the centre of the immense country here called the city. It is a mile and a half from the President's House, and three miles on a straight line from Georgetown. There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting; possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live



like scholars in a college, or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly seeluded from society. The only resource for such as wish to live comfortably will, I think, be found in Georgetown, three miles distant over as bad a road in winter as the clay grounds near Hartford.

I have made every exertion to secure good lodgings near the office, but shall be compelled to take them at the distance of more than half a mile. There are in fact but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and, as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other.

of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants.

Mrs. Adams, the wife of the President, a clever woman, a good observer, and a New England housekeeper as well, has also left us a description of the new city:

I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

All the ground for several miles around the city, being in the opinion of the people too valuable to be cultivated, remains unfenced. There are but few inclosures, even for gardens, and those are in bad order. You may look in almost any direction over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York, without seeing a fence or laborers. . . Greenleaf's Point presents the appearance of a considerable town which had been destroyed by some unusual calamity. There are [there] fifty or sixty spacious houses, five or six of which are occupied by negroes and vagrants, and a few more by decent-looking people; but there are no fences, gardens, nor the least appearance of business. This place is about a mile and a half south of the Capitol.

Of the White House, which in those simpler days was called a palace, he says:

It was built to be looked at by strangers, and will render its occupant an object of ridicule with some, and

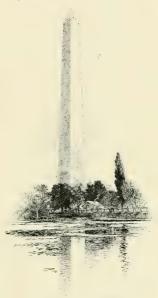
on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city - which is so only in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of Government had been improved as they would have been in New have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of any improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it.

In plain truth, it must have been governing under difficulties to have lived in Washington in the first year of the century. The little village of Georgetown, on the further side of Rock Creek, at the head of tide-water and within reach. There, or in buildings hastily erected for the purpose, alone could the Government officers find shelter. Most of the congressmen dwelt at first in Georgetown, superior comfort making up for the greater distance from the Capitol. An entry in John Quincy Adams's diary tells us how he, while senator, waited for the House to adjourn until very late one night so that a friend might take him home in a carriage and save him from a wetting and from being mired in the red clay. This gives us a glimpse of the daily discomfort of having to go two miles over a country road from the Capitol to Georgetown, which must have been disagreeable enough in bad weather. Some of the members, from the very first, lived nearer the scenes of their duties, in the small boardinghouses and hotels which sprang up near the Capitol building, and which in reality, unimportant as they then seemed, constituted the true beginnings of the city.

The scheme of Washington and of the commissioners was to have the city, or at least the best quarters of it, on the broad and level plateau which stretches westward from the Eastern Branch of the Potomac. Accordingly, upon the western end of this stretch of high and level ground was placed the Capitol, facing east and looking out over the place where the city was to be. At the back of the Capitol the land fell abruptly away to low ground, level with the river, and here ran the road now known as Pennsylvania Avenue, which connected the Capitol with the White House and with Georgetown. But the city would not grow as it was intended. Tradition says that the high prices at which Daniel Carroll and others held their land on the eastern side were the cause; but whatever the reasons may have been, people descended into the low ground behind the Capitol, and the city grew steadily westward.

One curious result of this overturning of the founders' design can be traced even now VOL. XX.-37.

in the names of the avenues. It was a Southern capital, and the South led in all that concerned its early upbuilding. Accordingly, the names of Southern States were given to the avenues on the eastern plateau and navigation, was really the only inhabited place along the river-front, while New York and the



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

New England States were pushed off into the rough fields and woods at the extreme west and to the north of the White House. But the city, following the law of its own being, paid little heed to the wishes of those who named its avenues or who bought up the best lots on the eastern plateau. Like the star of empire, it traveled westward, and to-day the great business streets bear the names of Pennsylvania and New York, while the five

New England States are represented by the avenues which run through the residence quarter of the city where the best houses and the finest private buildings are gathered.

The growth, however, which thus began in the rear of the Capitol, and along the road to the White House, was at best straggling and feeble, and it resulted in houses for the most part small and irregularly built. The material advance of Washington in the early days of the century, in fact, was not brilliant; and, what was still worse, a little more than a dozen years after the coming there of the Government the town received a severe check, for at that time it fell into the hands of a foreign enemy. After the rout which is called by courtesy the battle of Bladensburg, the British troops entered Washington, set fire to the Capitol, and burned and sacked the departments. The battle was discreditable to the Americans, and the wanton destruction of the public buildings was even more discreditable to the British. After the war was over, a patriotic congressman proposed that the ruins of the Capitol should be railed in and left standing so that they might be preserved as a monument of British vandalism. It was decided, however, to rebuild; and, as the old walls were so much damaged by fire that their appearance was spoiled, they were painted white, which makes them to this day a very serious blemish in a noble and beautiful building.

After the peace of Ghent, the city resumed the slow process of growth which had been so violently and unpleasantly interrupted. The small buildings, in the form of houses or shops needed by the inhabitants who were attracted thither by the Government business, gradually increased, while the growth of the Government itself slowly added to the number of public buildings. During the next forty years the Treasury Department, the Patent Office building (now known as the Department of the Interior), and the Post Office Department were all built, and the foundations of the two fine wings of the Capitol were laid. These buildings were all large and beautiful, and were also appropriate to their purposes. With their lofty porticos and marble columns they presented a curious contrast to the straggling town which had grown up about them; for the Washington of the days before the Civil War was little more than an overgrown Southern village. With very few exceptions, the streets were unpaved, deep with mud, almost impassable, in winter and spring, and equally dusty in summer. Cattle and swine went at large, and M. de Bacourt, the French minister in 1840, speaks with much annoyance of women milking cows on the edge of what passed for a sidewalk. It was at that time certainly neither an imposing nor an attractive capital city, and its most striking feature was the contrast between the illbuilt scattered town and the really stately public buildings towering up in the midst of it.

It was upon a city built after this fashion that the storm of rebellion broke in 1861. To tell the history of Washington during the four years that followed would be to write the story of the Civil War; for, however unimportant Washington may have been considered simply as a city, it was nevertheless the capital of a great nation. and the contending armies fought to possess it. When the war was over, it was found that it had left its scars upon Washington, as on so many other places. The city had been girdled by a chain of forts and earthworks, which had laid low the woods in many places on both sides of the river. Armies had encamped about it, and its buildings had been used for hospitals and storehouses, while in the outlying quarters mule corrals and cavalry depots had been established. The streets had been torn and furrowed by the passage of countless trains of artillery, baggage-wagons, and ambulances. In the tumult of the time, the city had been forgotten, although in the midst of it all Congress had still remembered to continue the building of the wings of the Capitol, as a sure sign to friend and foe that the Government, at least, had no doubt as to its future.

After the war was over, however, public attention was again drawn to the capital of the country, and there was more or less discussion as to its removal to the West, so that it might be nearer the center of population. It was at this period, while General Grant was President, that a movement was made and carried into effect for the development and improvement of the city. This was done under the leadership of

Alexander R. Shepherd, who became Governor of the Territory into which the District was then, and (as it proved) only for a time, converted. New streets and avenues were laid out, the old ones were extended, and all were paved



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED

with asphalt and brought to an easy grade throughout the city, while squares and parks were made and planted at the points of intersection of the great avenues. The old canal was filled or covered up, the Tiber River was turned to the Eastern Branch, and the water and gas systems of the city were reorganized and improved. The work was a very large and very expensive one. A great deal of money was spent, and there was much criticism and some scandal in regard to it. It is not worth while here to inquire into the truth or falsehood of these scandals, or whether there was much or little extravagance. One thing is certain, the work was done, and done thoroughly. From being a straggling, overgrown village, Washington was changed into a handsome city, with

place originally chosen by its founders. The changes which had been made brought with them also improvements in the construction of private houses, and drew population to the city. The national government, too, having abolished the old city government, took charge of the city itself, and added largely to the public buildings. Congress completed the Washington monument, and extended from it to the White House on the north and to the Capitol toward the east a system of parks, which included the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution and of the Botanical Gardens.

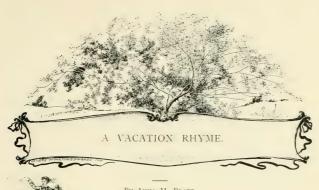
Thus, from being an ill-built, ill-paved town, striking only from the painful contrast between the great public buildings and their surroundings, Washington has been changed into a singularly attractive city, with a peculiar character of its own, and giving great promise for the future. It is a government city, and nothing else. It has practically no manufactures and no commerce, and its population is made up of persons engaged in the government service, and of those who supply their wants, together with a constantly increasing class of people who come to dwell there because it is a pleasant place in which to live. The result is that the business quarters of Washington are comparatively small and the residence quarters large, while both are constantly growing and improving. The city has followed in its expansion the plan of L'Enfant, the French engineer, and thus has a character all its own, producing by its system of avenues a grateful irregularity of design, and many open spaces which, like the streets, are planted with trees and shrubs.

The march of improvement quickened by the growth of the city has not stopped within the city limits. The immediate neighborhood of Washington, although not desirable from the farmer's point of view, has a great deal of natural beauty, a fact which was first remarked by Mr. Merry, the British minister to the United States, in Jefferson's time. The valley of the Potomac, especially above Georgetown, is very broad, well paved avenues and streets, well beautiful, rising abruptly into low hills broken lighted and well drained, and all talk about the by the ravines or watercourses which come removal of the capital died away. The im- down to the great river on all sides. A large provements of Shepherd were not only the sal- branch, known as Rock Creek, runs from a vation of the city, but they fixed it finally in the point north of the city down to the Potomac, dividing Washington from Georgetown. This stream, miscalled a "creek," forces its way through the ledges and hills until it reaches the river, and its narrow valley is as wild and beautiful as if it were hidden in some distant mountains. The Fiftieth Congress took a hundred and forty acres of this valley on the borders of the city for a zoölogical park, and the Fiftyfirst, with great good sense, continued the work by taking two thousand acres more, extending to the head of the stream, for a public park. Thus this beautiful region, with its rocks and woods and ravines, has been preserved from the destroying hand of the land speculator. It is not too much to say that it will make a park of greater natural beauty than is to be found in the neighborhood of any great city in the world.

It is an excellent thing that the original idea of the founders has thus been carried out, and that we have for our capital a city which is a government city and nothing else. It is far better that the government of a great country should have a city to itself, and not be lost in the turmoil of some vast metropolis where its presence is of little importance, and where it would be subject to local influences which might readily in a country like ours be most unfortunate for our general welfare. There was a time when a wide-spread feeling existed that the capital was not worthy of a country like the United States, but that day has long since passed. In its development Washington has become or is becoming in all material ways everything that the capital of the United States should be, and yet it has not lost and never will lose its peculiar and important character as the home of the Government.

There is, however, something more to all this than the merely material side. In a country like ours it is especially desirable to preserve all historic and patriotic associations. If, after the war, the capital had been removed, all these associations which have gathered about Washington would have been lost, and we should have begun over again with an entirely new city to which no interest attached beyond the fact that it was one day to be the capital of

the country. About the home of the National Government memories are sure to cluster, and in a century-a long time in a new countrythese memories have gathered fast. If the history of all the events that have taken place in Washington since 1800 were to be written, we should have a fairly complete story of the United States. With the public buildings of Washington are associated the lives and deeds of all the great public men of the country, and within her limits the events have occurred and the decisions have been taken which have settled the fate of the Union. It is well to have such a city, and it is still better to preserve and develop it. It is well to have one place where people may come from all parts of our broad land, where they must forget all local interests and remember only that they are citizens of the United States. In such a place not only can they find much that is of interest and instruction, but they are in the midst of memories and associations which tell them at every step that they are citizens of a great nation with a great past. It is well that our children should come to the city through whose streets have passed in their day Adams and Jefferson, Madison and Marshall; to the city whose Capitol has heard the voices of Clay and John Ouincy Adams, of Webster and Sumner: to the city where Lincoln wrought and suffered and died, and where the armies of Grant and Sherman marched in triumph. It is the city that Washington founded; it bears his name and is a part of his history. From the obelisk reared in his honor, a noble shaft glittering in the sunlight, or standing pure and clear against the clouds, we can look far away down the broad river to the place where he sleeps, at his muchloved Mount Vernon. All this is sentiment, no doubt: but, after all, it is true sentiment which ennobles nations and makes a people capable of great deeds. It is well to have a capital city not only beautiful and prosperous, but belonging to no county and to no State, one that is the heritage of all the people, and that tells no story but that of national life and national union.



BY ANNA M. PRATT.

rhyme. Set to a song of joy! the happy time

That comes to the girl and boy!

To the tide-washed shore we find our way; We run on the beach and plunge in the spray,

Or over the craggy rocks we roam, And watch the waves as they break in

Till the ebbing ocean reveals the home Where the tiny barnacle dwells,

Where the starfish lie on the dripping sands

for a glad vacation And where, as if waiting for eager hands, Are curious, fluted shells.

We spin along on our flying wheels Ho for a rhyme of With a thrill that the soaring swallow feels, And under the shining moon we make A glittering path on the silvery lake With our dipping oars, as we merrily take

A row in our little boat. Oh! the song of these beautiful summer days Should ripple with laughter like roundelays Trilled from a bobolink's throat.

Then, ho! for a glad vacation rhyme, Set to a song of joy! Ho for a rhyme of the happy time That comes to the girl and boy!



TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

| Rosen in the May number !

CHAPTER V.

DEA SELLS QUASIMODO.

The painter from the north who was "rich, rich!" as Seline said, had often stopped at her stand to buy a handful of pecans or a few of her crisp pralines, and as often as he came, he studied with the eye of an artist the two children who were always there; and many a dime found its way into Philip's pocket in return for a sprig of sweet olive and a few violets.

It was true that he was a painter; his name was Edward Ainsworth, and he was an artist of some note in New York; but as to his being "rich, rich!" Seline had only guessed it: first, because he was a stranger, and secondly, because he bought flowers nearly every day, and no one but a rich man would buy flowers.

On this day, Seline, full of anxious expectation, saw him approaching, and at first she thought he was about to pass—but no, he stopped suddenly, and swinging around, leaned over the table and buried his face in Philip's tray of odorous flowers.

"How fragrant, how delicious!" he said to himself in a low voice.

Then he selected a sprig of sweet olive, and a handful of violets, all the while looking from Philip to Dea, who stood with their large questioning eyes fixed on him.

In the mean time, Seline had put on her most genial smile, and when the customer laid down a dime for some pecans, she said in her smooth, rich voice:

"They 're fresh, right fresh, M'sieur; an' won't yer have a praline for lagniappe?"

"Certainly; thank you," replied the artist, still looking at the children, while he twisted the top of the little paper bag that contained his purchases. "If yer please, M'sieur, I'd like to show yer dis yere little image"; and Seline gently introduced Quasimodo, while Dea turned paler, and Philip's eyes were full of anxiety. It was a moment of intense interest.

The artist's face brightened; he laid down the flowers and the paper bag, and taking the little figure almost reverently, he turned and examined it critically. "Who made this?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"My papa," said Dea, finding her courage and her voice at the same time.

"Your papa! Well, he is a genius. It is perfectly modeled. What is your papa's name, and where does he live?"

Dea dropped her head and made no reply. The artist looked inquiringly at Seline.

"Her pauv' papa is al'ays sick," said the woman, touching her forehead significantly; "he does n't like to see no one. She," with a glance at Dea, "won't never tell strangers where she lives."

"Oh, I see!" murmured the artist. "Well, my child," turning to the little girl and speaking very gently, "can you tell me what character this figure represents?"

"It is Quasimodo."

"Of course. It's perfect, perfect; but what a strange subject!" and again he turned it and examined it still more closely.

"Do you want to sell it?" he asked at length.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur," cried Dea eagerly. "If you only will buy it, <code>fauv</code> papa will be so glad; he told me that I must sell it to-day."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Papa said I could sell it for five dollars. Is five dollars too much?" faltered Dea. "He said it was a work of art, but if you think that is too much—"

"It is a work of art," interrupted the painter, as, with an absent-minded air, he introduced

his thumb and finger into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a crisp note.

Dea's eyes sparkled, and then grew dim with tears.

"But tell me, if you can, how long it took your father to model this?" he asked, still holding the note.

"Oh, a long time, M'sieur; I can't tell just how long, because he works at night when I'm asleep."

"Ah! he works at night. And do you sell many?"

"No, M'sieur, I have not sold one for a long time."

"She has n't sold one since Mardi Gras," interposed Philip, with an air of great interest. "A stranger bought one then, but he gave only three dollars for it."

"Are you brother and sister?" asked the artist, smiling down at Philip.

"Oh, no, M'sieur, we 're not related," replied the boy; "she 's just my friend. She 's a girl, so I try to take care of her and help her all I can"; and as the boy spoke he raised his eyes, and there was such a sweet light in their blue depths that the man's heart was touched with a very tender memory. "How much he is like him," he thought. "The same look, the same smile, and about the same age. I wonder if Laura would notice it. I wish she could see him." For a moment he forgot where he was. A far-off memory of his childhood mingled with a recent sorrow. A boy in bare legs wading for pond-lilies, a boy standing by his side watching each stroke of his brush with loving eyes, and the boy before him all seemed one and the same. A strong emotion swept everything from his mind, and he could only stand silent with his eyes fixed on Philip's eloquent face. At length he started like one from a dream, and when he spoke his voice had a new note of tenderness in it.

"What a good boy you are! She's a fortunate little girl to have such a friend. Tell me your name, please; I wish to get better acquainted with you."

The boy flushed with pleasure, and replied promptly, "My name is Philip, M'sieur."

"Philip!" echoed the artist; "how strange. What is your other name?"

"Oh, I'm always called Toinette's Philip. I never thought of any other name. I'll ask my mammy to-night if I've got another."

" Is Toinette your mother?"

"No, M'sieur, she 's my mammy. She 's a yellow woman, and you see I 'm white."

"Have you always lived with Toinette?"

"Always, ever since I can remember."

"Then you have no parents?"

"Parents? Oh, no; I guess not. I don't know; I 'll ask mammy."

"Where do you live?"

"I live on Ursuline street, away down-town. Mammy has a garden and sells flowers. It's a right pretty garden; won't you come some day and see it? Mammy 's proud of her garden, and likes strangers to see it."

"Thank you; certainly I will come," replied the artist, promptly. "I like flowers myself, and I like pictures. I wonder if you like them—I mean pictures. I suppose you have not seen many."

"Lots of them, and I like them, too. I 've seen them in the churches, and in the shop windows, and —I 've tried to make some," added Philip, lowering his voice and flushing a little.

"Well, my boy, I'm a painter; I paint pictures. Would you like to come and seemine?"

"Yes, M'sieur, I would, if mammy says I may. I 'll ask her, and if she 'll let me, I 'll come to-morrow."

"I wish you could bring your little friend with you. I should like to paint a picture of her." And the artist turned his eyes to the anxious face of the little girl, who was looking eagerly at the note that was fluttering in his hand.

"Will you go with me, Dea?" asked Philip.
"I can't; I must sell Esmeralda," returned the child curtly.

The artist looked smilingly from one to the other. "So you have a figure of Esmeralda, and your name is Dea. Where is 'Homo,' the wolf?"

"Homo is under the table asleep; but he's not a wolf, he's only a wolf-dog."

At this moment, hearing his name used so freely, Homo came slowly out and sniffed at the stranger, who patted his head kindly; then the old dog, with a wag of approbation, returned "an' don't run; it 'll make ver little head ache, to his nap beside Lilybel.

"Really," thought the artist, with a puzzled look, "it is very interesting; this child and the dog seem to have stepped out of one of Victor Hugo's books."

Here Seline made an expressive pantomime behind Dea, which led the artist to suspect that the modeler in wax was an enthusiast on the subject of the great French writer; and without further explanation, he understood the situation pretty correctly. A poor sick genius - sick mentally and physically - with this one child who was his only companion and friend.

After a moment of deliberation he said gently, "My child, if you will come to my studio I will pay you for your time, and I will buy some more of your little figures. I won't keep you long, and it will be better than staying in the street all day."

"Yes, honey, so it will," interposed Seline. "Does yer un'stand? M'sieur 'll pay yer, and yer 'll have plenty money fer yer pauv' papa."

Dea hesitated, and then replied doubtfully, "I'm afraid papa won't be willing; I'll ask him. But I must go home now - I must - I must go to papa."

"Dea can't promise now," said Philip, excusingly: "but perhaps she'll come to-morrow. I 'll try and bring her, M'sieur."

"Thank you. I live in that tall house just below here. Ask the cobbler in the court to show you the way to Mr. Ainsworth's apartment." And as the artist gave Philip these directions, he handed the five-dollar note to Dea, who took it with an eloquent glance of gratitude.

"Oh, M'sieur, I 'm so glad! Yes, I 'll try to come; when pauv' papa knows how good you are, perhaps he'll let me come. And may I bring Esmeralda? Will you buy Esmeralda?"

"Yes, I'll buy Esmeralda," returned the artist, with a smile. "You'll find me a good customer if you'll bring your figures to my

" I 'll come; I 'll come to-morrow," she cried eagerly. "Now, Seline, give me my basket. I must run all the way to papa."

"Don't, honey; don't get so flustered," said Seline, soothingly, as she handed her the basket, an' then yer can't get yer papa's dinner."

"I must -- I must run, Seline," cried Dea. "Au revoir, M'sieur; au revoir, Philip." And with a happy smile, she darted out of the portico and down Rue Royale, followed by Homo, who seemed aware of his little mistress's good fortune, for he was as alert and lively now as he was listless and discouraged before.

"Oh, M'sieur, you 've done a good deed, buyin' dat little image," said Seline gratefully, as she looked after Dea. "Pore child, she 's so glad! She can't wait, 'cause her papa ain't had no breakfast."

"Nor no supper last night," continued Philip. "Dea don't like to tell, but I always know when they have nothing to eat."

"What! Is it possible, nothing to eat? Are they as poor as that?" exclaimed the artist. "And have they no one to take care of them?"

"They have n't any one," returned Philip. "They came here from France when Dea was a baby, and her father's been strange and sick ever since her mother died."

"An' that pore chile has to take care of him," sighed Seline. "Oh, M'sieur, do buy somethin' more fer the sake of that motherless little cre'tur!"

"I will, I certainly will; I'll try and do something for them," replied the painter kindly. "I'll sell some to my friends. Bring the child to me and I'll see what I can do." Then with a pleasant "Good day," he walked off, carrying Quasimodo very carefully.

Philip watched him with admiring eyes until his tall figure disappeared in the court of the high house on the next square; then he turned to Seline and said earnestly, "I did n't think any one who painted pictures would stop to talk to us. Why, I ain't a bit afraid of him. You can bet I 'm going to see him, and I 'm going to get him to teach me to paint pictures."

"An' he 's rich; he 'll buy lots of them little images," returned Seline with undisguised sat-

CHAPTER VI.

Many years ago, when handsome residences were not numerous in the French quarter of a large white mansion with fluted columns and wide shady galleries, set well back from the street and surrounded by a broad lawn and lovely rose-garden, which were hidden from inquisitive neighbors by a high brick wall covered with pink stucco. On each side of the wide gate of beautifully wrought iron were massive pillars, supporting couchant lions, who held beneath their iron paws two rusty cannonballs brought from the victorious field of Chalmette by the General Detrava who built the imposing mansion, and retired there after the battle of New Orleans.

For many years the Detrava place was the scene of the most generous hospitality, and many an aged lady can count her début at a Detrava ball as one of the most brilliant events of her life. Children and grandchildren succeeded the General-until at last one by one they dropped away, and all were gone but Charles Detrava, a wealthy sugar-planter, who preferred to live in the country on his fine plantation. For years the old mansion was closed and deserted; but at last, one winter, it was thrown open for a brilliant occasion, the début of the only child, the charming Estelle Detrava, who had just been graduated at the Dominican Convent. That fête will always be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. It was the winter before the beginning of the Civil War, and it was almost the last brilliant social event that preceded years of sorrow and disaster.

Among the first to join the Confederate army was Charles Detrava; he went away with his regiment, never to return, leaving his wife and daughter in the seclusion of their country home. Shortly after her husband's departure, Mrs. Detrava died, and Estelle was left without a relative, excepting some cousins in France whom she had never seen. Then there came a rumor of her marriage, but to whom she was married no one seemed to know. So little was she thought of in the face of graver events, that, some time after, when one night the residents of Ursuline street were awakened by the the uproar of a great conflagration, and the old Detrava mansion disappeared in smoke and

New Orleans, the creoles of Ursuline street flames, they were appalled and astonished to were very proud of the Detrava place. It was learn that a young mother with her babe and nurse had perished in the house. No one knew that the house had been occupied, or that Estelle Detrava, who had lost her husband in a recent skirmish near her country home, had fled from the scene of the conflict to the refuge of the deserted city mansion. She had arrived the day before with her child and servant, and only one or two tradespeople were aware of her being there until the sad news was reported that of the three sleeping in the house that night not one escaped.

By this sudden and terrible calamity, the family was, as it were, destroyed, as well as the beautiful old mansion of which there only remained some broken columns and tottering chimneys standing among piles of debris. But very soon that generous artist, Nature, decorated and beautified the ruins by covering them with a luxuriant growth of flowers and vines, and the curious who stopped to peer through the iron gates saw only a profusion of green covering the fluted columns and the winding shell walks.

In the spring the pittosporum trees, which before had been kept carefully trimmed, thrust their white blossoming branches above the walls, and the riotous vines climbed over the gate, and almost hid the white board on which was painted in black letters: "A vendre ou à louer."* Day after day the sign hung there, in sun and rain, but no tenant came to occupy the little cottage in the rear, which had escaped the conflagration; neither did a purchaser appear to bargain for the property that had passed to the heirs, the unknown cousins in France.

Time passed on, and each season the place looked more neglected and deserted. The beautiful lawn and rose-garden were overrun with weeds, the flowering shrubs grew into trees, the climbing roses and jasmines pushed their branches upward and clung to every possible support, dense shadows brooded among the foliage where numerous birds built their nests and bred their young. The old garden was still lovely, but a cloud hung over it,-the memory of the tragedy of that terrible night. And after a while foolish rumors filled the neighborhood, and people began to eye the

rusty gate and grim lions as though they Detrava place. She was a small, gentle-looking inclosed and guarded a gloomy secret, until it woman, dressed in rusty black, with a white seemed as if no one could be found who would tignon* tied neatly over her gray hair; and the brave the loneliness and seclusion of the place child, though plainly clad, was as clean and



TOINFITE AND PHILIP BELORE THE OLD DETRAVA GATE.

and take possession of the comfortable little cottage that had served as servants' quarters in the lingered with her face pressed against the iron prosperous days of the old mansion.

respectable-looking old quadroon, leading a of tears on her cheeks. lovely little white child by the hand, pass slowly

fresh as a lily. For a long time the woman scroll-work of the gate, and when, after some At last one day the neighbors noticed a time, she walked sadly away, there were traces

A few mornings after that, the druggist oppoup the street and stop before the gate of the site noticed a slender column of smoke using

knew that at last the Detrava place had found an occupant. The old sign disappeared, and after a while in its place hung another on which was neatly painted, "Floral designs for funerals and weddings, and cut flowers for sale at very low prices,"

It was some time before the curiosity of the neighbors was gratified in regard to the new tenant, and when at last they learned that it was the little quadroon woman who had been seen looking in the gate, they were greatly surprised and disappointed. In spite of every effort, the most they could learn was that her name was Toinette, that she was a skilful florist, and that she was nurse and guardian to the little white boy she called Philip. She was very seldom seen, as she passed in and out of the gate in the rear; and of the child they had only occasional glimpses. Those were at the times when he ran, like some lovely little sylvan creature, down the shaded walk between the great oaks and magnolias, to press his round pink face against the iron gate, where he would stand and look out into the narrow, dusty street his blue eyes wide and bright with pleased surprise. The little creoles on the other side of the gate tried by every means in their power to overcome his shyness, but in vain; at the first approach, he would scurry away and conceal himself behind a clump of bushes or a tangle of vines until his would-be friends had departed.

He was a healthy, happy child; he loved flowers and birds, all dumb things came to him with the utmost confidence; he was always surrounded by his pets, and they seemed to have a sort of secret understanding with him. Toinette sometimes thought they even had a language in common. For when he whistled softly, the cardinals and mocking-birds flew down to eat out of his hand. He would flit about among the flowers, and butterflies and other winged insects hovered over him. Very early he showed a taste for drawing birds and animals, and Toinette encouraged it. She bought him paper and a small box of colors, and when Père Josef, the kind little priest who lived in a tiny cottage near, told Toinette that the child had talent and would make a painter

from the chimney of the little cottage, and he some day, she was delighted. As soon as he was old enough to learn his letters, she engaged Père Josef to teach him; and every morning, summer and winter, at six o'clock, the rosy little fellow finished his hominy and milk, and ran to Père Josef, who was always sitting over his coffee and books at that hour.

Philip loved Père Josef, but he adored Toinette. There was nothing in her power that she would not undertake for the child, and he repaid her with ready obedience and unstinted affection. As he grew older, he assisted her in many ways: he weeded her flower-beds, transplanted her violets, gathered up dead leaves, and dug the grass out of the cracks of the brick paving with the most patient industry. Therefore, when one day Toinette told him he could go on the street and sell a few flowers, he was overjoyed. He was about six years old then, and he had lost much of the shyness of his infancy, but about him there was always enough of the air of a little woodland creature to make him natural and charming; and this perhaps led him to seek the protection of Seline when he found himself alone in the crowded streets. He usually sold his flowers in the morning to gentlemen on the way to their offices, and he had many regular customers who dropped the dime into his hand as much for the charm of his sunny smile and pleasant "good morning" as for the love of the flowers. When his tray was empty he did not linger nor idle away his time, but ran off to Toinette, as happy as a lark, to assist her in cultivating her beds of pansies and violets.

Philip had told his mammy of his acquaintance with Dea, and the kind old woman, although she had never seen the little girl, felt a great interest in her, and always managed to supply the boy with food enough for two, so that his little friend need never go hungry. And every day when the boy came home, her question was not whether he had sold his flowers, but whether Dea had sold any of her little figures.

CHAPTER VII.

PHILIP ASKS A OUESTION.

On the day when the artist bought Quasimodo. Philip could hardly wait, so eager was he to tell Toinette of Dea's good fortune. So, when all his flowers were sold, he fairly flew down Ursuline street, never stopping for any of the tempting invitations to join in the numerous games the children were playing on the sidewalk; for Toinette's Philip was a great favorite among them, and they were always glad when he appeared.

At the corner of Tremé street he saw a group of boys around a small crippled negro who carried a heavy bucket on his head. "There are the brick-dust children going home, and those boys are tormenting little Bill again!" he cried, with a flash of anger in his blue eyes. " Just let me catch up with them, and I 'll scatter them!" A moment after he was in the midst of the crowd, striking out to the right and left. "Look here, you boys, leave that lame child alone! Are n't you ashamed to torment him? Here, Bill, give me your bucket; you can carry my tray"; and swinging the heavy pail of brick-dust upon his head, he marched off as straight as a carvatid, followed by the "brickdust children," who gave three cheers for Toinette's Philip.

When Philip reached the gate of the Detrava place, he was rosy and breathless from his exertion, and his eyes were sparkling with excitement. Toinette was sitting on the little gallery beside a table covered with white flowers. She was filling the wire design of a lamb with small waxen iasmine blossoms.

"Who's that for, Mammy?" asked Philip, leaning against a pillar of the piazza while he rested and recovered his breath.

"It's for a little baby on Prieur street; it died last evening. But what makes you so warm, child?" asked Toinette gently; "have n't I told you not to run so much?"

"I could n't help it; I was in such a hurry to get home. I wanted to tell you that Dea has sold Quasimodo!" Then Philip rapidly and breathlessly, partly in English and partly in French, told Toinette of the adventures of the day. "And oh, Mammy, he paints pictures right there where he lives, and he wants me to come some time to see him! Can I go tomorrow?"

"Why, yes, child," replied Toinette, without looking up from her work, "you can go; and if

he'll teach you anything, I shall be glad to have you learn."

"He will teach me; I know he will. He's very kind, and he promised to buy Esmeralda," said Philip confidently.

"I'm glad for the poor child," said Toinette,

"Can't I have my supper now, Mammy? I 'm awful hungry. Did you make the gumbo?"

"Yes, cher; it's all ready. Just wait a minute. I must finish this; the woman's coming for it. I have only the eyes to put in." And as Toinette spoke she selected the dark leaf of a pansy, and dexterously inserted it into the empty socket. "There, is n't it natural?" she said, holding it off and looking at it admiringly. "It's so white and innocent."

"I don't know," said Philip, regarding it critically with his head on one side. "I think I'd like the flowers best just as they grew."

At that moment the bell rang, and Philip ran to open the gate. The servant had come with a basket for the lamb.

"Madame will like this," she said as she wiped a tear from her glossy black face; "she does n't know about it. M'sieur ordered it."

Toinette enveloped the lamb in white oiled paper, and laid it carefully in the basket; she did everything daintily, with a gentle, refined touch, but she looked old and feeble.

"Now, child," she said, as the woman went away, walking slowly and glancing often at the basket as if it contained a living thing, "just run and fasten the gate, and I 'll set the table for your supper."

Toinette brushed from the little table the fragrant remnants of the flowers, and spread a white cloth over it. Then she went into the spotless kitchen, which served well for their simple needs, and brought out a bowl of steaming gumbo, a dish piled with snowy rice, a plate of biscuit, and a glass pitcher of milk. While she was making these preparations, Philip went to his little bedroom, which opened out of this one living-room; and as he passed through the kitchen, he glanced at everything with a loving eye. How clean and cheerful it looked! The walls were nearly covered with bright wire designs for making floral ornaments. These em-

lambs and doves; and between these skeleton it; unconsciously, his artistic sense was gratified.

blems of the extremes of joy and sorrow jostled the white walls, the red brick floor, and the each other intimately. There were bells and plain dark furniture. Outside, everything was harps, crowns and stars, pillows and horse- green and cool, and this bit of light and color shoes, "gates ajar" and four-leaved clovers, made a pleasant contrast. Philip always liked



"TOINETTE WAS FILLING THE WIRE DESIGN OF A LAMB WITH JASMINE BLOSSOMS."

emblems hung numerous wreaths of white "im- and, besides, it was his home, the only one he mortelles," on which were mottos in purple: À mon fils, À ma mère, Priez pour nous, and the like. The creoles often bought those; therefore, Toinette kept them ready with the French mottos. As Philip passed through the room, the evening sun darted in at the west window, and all the frames sparkled like silver. They gave a kind of richness to the place, and set off

had ever known, and it was very dear to him.

He entered his little room, and glanced at his white cot draped with the mosquito bar; at the little table by the rose-covered window, on which lay his slate and books. He thought proudly in his little heart that there could be no prettier place in the world. A small brown bird hung on a branch of the rose-bush, and twittered "sweety-sweet." Philip repeated the caressing notes in a tone exactly like its own, while he bathed his hands and face, and brushed his tangled hair. Then he took a prayer-book from a shelf over his bed, and went out to the gallery where Toinette was waiting for him. After their simple meal was over, Toinette pushed back her chair and composed herself into a listening attitude.

"Oh, Mammy," said Philip coaxingly, as he took the prayer-book and turned the pages, "I'm awful tired! Can't I skip the Ten Commandments to-night?"

"Certainly not," replied Toinette, severely. "Have you ever missed saying them a night since you knew them? Go on, cher, I've some work to do before dark, and you have your lessons to learn. Was Père Josef satisfied with you this morning?"

"He said he was. He said I did my analyse very well. So you won't let me off to-night. Well, then, I may as well say them."

And Philip, composing his face to a becoming gravity, repeated in a gentle droning voice the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished, Toinette bowed her head and said softly, "Amen." After that serious duty was over, he got his books and sat on the steps to study, while Toinette cleared the table and busied herself for some time within.

When she came out again, she looked at Philip anxiously; the boy was sitting with his chin in his palms, and his books were lying neglected at his feet. She glanced again at him; he was in deep thought. What could the child be thinking of? Suddenly Toinette looked older and feebler, and her hands shook as she tried to sort some seeds.

There was something she had been dreading lately. It was a question, and he might ask it at any moment. As he sat there in the soft evening light, he all at once looked older to her, and with an inward shiver she felt that it was coming.

Suddenly he raised his eyes, and fixing them on her gravely, he said: "Mammy, that gentleman asked me to-day if my father and mother are living. Are they?"

Toinette turned very pale, and looked away from the child's clear gaze. "No," she replied tremulously. "No, my child; you lost them both when you were a few months old."

"Well, he asked me what my other name was. Have I got another name?"

"Certainly you have," gasped Toinette; "but what need of asking such questions? It can't matter to a little boy like you."

"Yes, Mammy, it does; now I think of it, all boys have two names. Even little Bill is named Bill Brown, and I 'm only Toinette's Philip."

A look of pain passed over Toinette's face, and for a moment she remained silent; then she said gravely and decidedly: "You must never ask me any more such questions, Philip. When the right time comes you will know all about it. Some day, when I 'm not here, Père Josef will tell you. He has some papers for you when you are older. I can't tell you anything now. Forget all about it and attend to your lessons, or Père Josef won't be satisfied with you to-morrow."

Philip picked up his book, and fixed his eyes on the page before him, but he did not see it. Suddenly a strange curiosity was awakened in his mind. His mammy would not satisfy it, but perhaps Père Josef would. He would ask him about it in the morning.

(To be continued)



SLEEPY Dormouse who had passed The winter in her nest, Hearing that

spring had come at last, Got up at once, half dressed, "I 've only just return'd, my dear,"
The sleepy Dormouse said,

"From Florida—the winters here, You know, affect my head."

"Have you, indeed?" exclaimed her friend.
"I'm glad to see you home.
I, too, have just returned—I spend

My winters down in Rome."



mouse
That lived across the way.

The shock was such, at first the two Could scarcely speak for lack

Of breath. Then each cried,
"Oh, it's you!
Why, when did you
get back?"

With many pawshakes then, at last They parted—each to say,

"I wonder where that creature passed The winter—anyway!"

THE "VESUVIUS."

By J. O. Davidson.



THE DYNAMILE CRUISER "VESUVIES" AT SEA.

To a monk of England was for many years awarded the honor of inventing gunpowder, which unchurchly article immediately became a very convenient and popular means for people to kill one another with. The claim had to be given up, however, when it became known that in far-away and sleepy China, gunpowder and guns, as well as fire-crackers, had roared, popped, and banged centuries before the learned monk was born.

Some time later an enterprising explorer discovered a tribe of savages that blew little poisoned arrows through long reeds, and with them settled many an old grudge against their tribal enemies. They also used their deadly puffs of air in the pursuit of game too wary to be captured by a snare. For many years this was pointed out as an example of great inventive

genius in the savages, until two young gentlemen of the tribe who were not on speaking terms with one another, owing to their rivalry as shots, came to blows. The defeated one let the cat out of the bag, so to speak, by leading the white men to a stream where the fish with unerring aim blew drops of water into the air at the giddy-headed flies resting on the bank, tumbling them into the water and into the fishes' mouths as well.

Whether the street-boys of Athens knew the use of the putty-blower or not, history fails to state; but it is more than probable that they did, for a famous English naval writer of the sixteenth century claimed to have proof that some of the Grecian war-galleys had projecting at their sides tubes from which were darted shot with a "vapor that roared." Simply big putty-blowers,

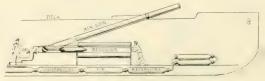


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE AIR-GUN AND "REVOLVER"

through a little tube under its chin; and this compressors lie close to the heel,

you see. The squid or cuttlefish darts through at the bow. Most of these guns lie at an angle the waves by ejecting a quick stream of water slanting back and downward to where the air-



plan was so well copied by an American inventor (Dr. Jackson), that he made a hundred-foot steamer go through the waves at twelve miles an hour by pumping water through a nozzle under the stern, where the rudder is usually found in such craft. In London mail-bags and some railway trains are now driven successfully by compressed air. So the saving that "there's

nothing new under the sun" is to a certain extent true enough.

The most recent applications of the blowpipe principle, however, are the three air-guns of the United States "torpedo cruiser" (or as she is also called, the "pneumatic cruiser") "Vesuvius." This vessel of war is 251 feet q inches long, 26 feet 5 inches wide, draws o feet of water and has a displacement of 725 tons, she is of 3794 horse-power, and she darts over the waves at a speed of 25 miles per hour. She is too beautiful and fast a craft to be called a "blowpipe gunboat"; but that is exactly what she is, because of the blowguns which stick up through the deck



Into the somewhat bottle-shaped steel flasks which are shown in the diagram on page 502, air has been forced until it is compressed under a



ENDS OF THE AIR-GONS PROJECTING FROM THE DECK, A DART

miles

strain of 2000 pounds to the square inch, by engines especially constructed for that purpose. The shells, or bombs, or darts fired from the guns are made partly of iron, of brass, and of copper. They are 10 feet long, 15 inches wide, and while some are of uniform width, others give up half their length to a thin spindle or tail having metal fans at the end, and looking somewhat like a huge, clumsy arrow. These darts are kept in three barrel-like "revolvers," and as there are five darts in each, the Vesuvius can throw fifteen projectiles in rapid succession.

from the revolver directly in front of it one of the bombs is lowered end, which is then pulled up again in line with the

all is ready, a lever in the conning tower* is moved, enough

reservoirs, and away goes the dart flying through the air to

to be loaded, about twenty feet of its lower end drops down by When a gun is means of a hinge, and pushed back into the rest of the tube. When air admitted from one of the a distance of one and a half

The operation, which seems of warfare; but that dart whirled weapon known to war, afloat or pounds of guncotton, than which no used. The name guncotton sounds more than the cotton waste, with which engines, soaked in nitric and sulphuric this will burn quietly, but when it is struck sufficient to blow up a good-sized house. If one or more letters cut out, and a pound of gunfigures cut in the paper will be stamped into the think of such force, and then imagine 500 pounds of

In the recent aiming trials on the Vesuvius, some of before the target, dove under it for forty feet, waves, then dove again, playing the game of

The great bombs, flying for a mile and a ject aimed at by more than a few feet; and the target's place it would assuredly have atoms. A new exploding device was used and it did not work well; but as there are fuses fail, the system of throwing guncotton, or or gunpowder by compressed air is a perfect even in a high cross-wind.

What amount of damage will be done to a vessel when one of the 500-pound charges is exploded on her deck, it is impossible to state, since it never yet has occurred; but it is reasonable to suppose, from the effect on rocks and earth in land trials, that the ship must be torn asunder and sunk on the instant.

It will not always be the object of the air-gunners, however, to destroy a vessel completely, for it is often more desirable to disable a vessel and to capture her and her crew. To

* A strong steel turret, like a pilot-house, from which the officers can safely direct all the actions of the vessel and keep the enemy in view.

so simple, does not look very formidable as a method away by the blowpipe is in reality the most deadly ashore, for in the head of the missile is stored 500 more terrible explosive is known that can be so innocent enough, and the material is nothing you have often seen engineers cleaning their acids, and washed clear again. A pound of or "detonated," it explodes with a force upon an anvil is laid a piece of paper with cotton is exploded on it, the letters or metal one quarter of an inch deep. Just guncotton exploding on a ship or fort.



which a ship's boat while being towed by a long line from a steamer moving fifteen miles an hour will be fired at by the Vesuvius, also going at full speed and approaching it from one side. This will be known as the "moving target" trial, and will be very interesting, for the object will be to hit as near as possible without

actually striking the boat, as shown in the picture. It is claimed that if one of these bombs explodes near the side of a ship it will create such a concussion of the air that ship's plates will be loosened, her guns upset. her machinery thrown out of place. and her boilstarted leaking. And no doubt her crew gladly surrender before a second such visitation.

On June 30, 1886, the

British ironclad turret-ship "Royal Sovereign" was anchored near the ironclad "Bellerophon" off the Isle of Wight, and several shots were fired at her turrets from a 9-inch gun. It did not require many shots to demonstrate that in a short time the iron turrets would be battered to pieces. It is now proposed to anchor, in the lower bay of New York harbor, one of the old United States monitors that saw service in the war, and to let the dangerous Vesuvius show what she can do with her. There will be many thousands

test this possibility, trials have been ordered in to look on at the strange sight. The monitor's turret, looking like a little cheese-box at the distance of a mile and a half, will appear almost too small a mark. The Vesuvius will steam to within striking-distance, and launch one of her darts into the air. It will not fly so fast as a cannon-ball, and will be seen all the way. It will not howl or whistle like a rifled shell, but



TRIAL AT A MOVING TARGEL. THE VESSEL ON THE RIGHT WITH THE WHITE BOW IS THE WHICH HAS JUST FIRED THE SHOT AT THE ROWBOAT TOWED BY THE LUGBOAL.

will go on its way with a low whispering sound. If it strikes the water before exploding, a grand fountain of spray and water will be tossed toward the sky. If it explodes in air or on the monitor's deck, there will result a flash as of lightning, but no boom like that of a cannon will follow. The noise will be an ear-splitting crash, the water will upheave as if there was an earthquake, and the monitor, as if struck by a giant hand, will sink in fragments.

THE KING'S TEST.

By Margaret Johnson.



His own especial hobbies — The which he aired, be it confessed, With something more than common zest.

By his opinions obstinate
Sometimes a little blinded,
Of pompous mien and manners bland.
Good-natured, simple-hearted, and
Extremely absent-minded,—
A king he was, if not to fear,
With loval fondness to revere.

One day, when from the cares of state The Queen and he were resting, And in the book the King perused Some argument the author used

His favorite theme suggesting, He praised, as was his wont to her, The power of Ab kingly character.



be concealed,
That shines through all disguise, revealed
In majesty potential,—

A bland, benignant influence shed Where'er the royal steps may tread.



"Now, in a book of ancient tales
I've read the curious story
Of old Haroun al Raschid's plan,—
You recollect, my dear?—a man,
Not all unknown to glory,
Who, walking through his realm, disguised,
His subjects' doings supervised.

B

UT how absurd! No
King could thus
Escape their recognition!
Why, from a hundred.
ninety-nine
The royal presence must
divine,
By instant intuition.
The hundredth,— well,
a babe, mayhap,
Or one with bells upon
his cap.

"Nay," and the King, who loved in such Diversions to engage her, Smiled as he cried in great delight, "I 'll prove the thing this very night, And lay with you a wager: A ton of Huylerico's best Is yours, my dear, if fails the test."

VIII

"Agreed, my love," she murmured, half Unconscious of his meaning; Then, while her lord retired in glee, Took up her novel, languidly Among her cushions leaning; For on the hearth the fire was bright, And soft the candles' shaded light.

UT to the garret ran the King,
Excited still, and eager,
And sought and found an ancient suit,
Threadbare and frayed;
a cloak, to boot,

Of pattern strange and meager; Also a pair of ragged hose, And shoes that scarcely hid his toes.

With joyful haste he drew them forth, Nor paused to prink or dally. Hind side before and wrong side out, He got them on at last, without A mirror or a valet, And muffled half his royal face Within the ragged cloak's embrace.

Then down a secret stair he stole With footsteps swift and stealthy, And out into the city street, Where, lo! the first he chanced to meet— A lad both stout and healthy— Turned pale and stared, then on the ground Knelt down in reverence profound.



The King could scarce contain his glee. Fulfilled was his prediction!
And on he sped, at every turn
Some fresh, emphatic proof to earn
Of his sublime conviction:
Until his heart so raptured leapt
For pride and joy he could have wept.



HROUGH stately avenues he went.
Through alleys dark and narrow:
He met the merchant and the clerk.
The courtier with his crafty smirk.

The huckster with his barrow; The fool, the rogue, the minister. The damsel and the dowager.



The noisy urchins squabbled, Or, melancholy as his bell, The sexton tolled the midnight knell,



He stood with soldiers fierce and dark.
Amid the blare of trumpets:
He climbed the student's lonely stair,
And stole into the kitchens, where
The maids were toasting crumpets:
They dropped their forks and shrieked aloud.

And then in coy obeisance bowed!

Where sailors spun their yarns he went: Where whining beggars hobbled; To balls and theaters and shops, And where with marbles and with tops



Homeward he turned,-less fit, indeed, For palace than for hovel .-And, flushed with victory, sought the Queen, Who, still in languorous ease serene,

Was buried in her novel,

While on the hearth the fire burned low, And paler grew the candles' glow.

"My love," he said, in accents hoarse, But tenderly facetious,

"The candy 's mine! Observe me, pray! Note well my garb, nor ever say

My arguments are specious. For know that all, though thus disguised,

In me the KING have E lifted slow her graceful head. With just a glance of wonder, Suppressed a yawn, or -could it be?-

mockery, Her slender fingers under " You 're absent-minded, dear," she said,-"Your crown is still upon your head!"



WHEN TIMMIE DIED.

By ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS.

I THINK - I really think I cried, A little bit, when Timmie died. You see he was so soft and gray, And liked so very much to play, That when I found him cold and still, Stretched out beside the barn-door sill. It seemed as if he 'd just forgot To breathe a little minute, not That he was dead, I smoothed the paws That covered up his cunning claws. He did not stir. Then Helen found A ribbon, and she tied it round

His neck. 'T was new and red. But oh! my Timmie cat was dead, And ribbons could not make him see, Or give my kitty back to me. And then we buried little Tim Beneath the sunflowers, with a rim Of pansies - purple ones and gold -Around him; and I let him hold A favorite spool, his very own. Then, when we left him there alone, I 'm sure you think I might have cried A little bit 'cause Timmie died.

THE WIND-BROOM.

By RICHARD BURTON.

The wind-broom sweeps so wondrous clean
That when you hear it upon high
Go swishing by, go swishing by,
You may be sure the sky-folk mean
To make their homes all fair to see,
Garnished, and gay as gay can be
O' nights, for starry company.

THE WHITE CAVE.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[Begun in the November number]

CHAPTER XIII.

NEAR THE CAVE.

Hugh and his mother knew that other eyes must be near them. Hugh had already told his mother all that had happened to him and Ned Wentworth since they had left the picnic party to hunt; but she was too thirsty and tired and excited to say much in reply. She was afraid to have him talk now, except in whispers; but he insisted that he knew where they were, and that they were getting nearer the "front door" of the cave-man's hidden house.

"I cannot walk any farther, Hugh," she suddenly exclaimed. "I am faint."

There was an answer, but it did not come from him. "Silence!" was the warning from a shadow near them. "Down, both of you! Let them go by!"

Down sank Lady Parry and her son, shivering with surprise and fear, while there was a rustling sound near.

"Hugh," whispered the voice, "I 've found your father. I've brought him into the cave. You and your mother must wait just where you are. Three of those robbers have scouted this way. They 're going back to their camp soon, and when the coast is clear you can go right in. Wait till you hear me'coo-ee-e' before you move. I'll draw them off for you."

"Mother," whispered Hugh, "it 's Beard.

Keep still!"—and he added to the cave-man in the dark, "All right; we'll wait."

A few minutes later, they heard the trampling of feet, and the sound of rough, low voices, passing very near them. She put an arm around Hugh, and he raised his gun and cocked it with a thrill of courage.

That was the last scout made that night by the white robbers; but the blackfellows were still stirring, and the little black boy had yet another thing happen to him. He had almost found his people,—or believed that he had,—and indeed several of them crept close to him in the gloom. He believed it until two of them caught him by his arms, and a harsh voice rasped out: "Kai-Kak-kis!"

He was a captive once more, and in worse hands than before. He was likely to lose all his sticks again, and his life too. He knew it, but he behaved with stubborn pluck, and did not utter a sound.

Ka-kak-kia did not intend to kill his prisoner, or to steal sticks from him.

He told him to go and find his friends, and to say that the blackfellows must stop killing one another until after their fight with the white fellows, of all sorts, should be finished. They must act, for a day or so, as if they were friends.

It seemed an unheard-of proposal, but the black boy listened, and at the end of it they let go of him. He gathered all the sticks he had rescued, hugged them tightly, and darted fornot been killed.

His next report was to his lame father, and then all the others of that party knew what had become of their slain comrade. When they heard the strange proposal made by Ka-kakkia, they at once agreed to it; for short truces are a sort of custom among all their tribes. Then the woods heard cry after cry that must have been understood, for in a very short time the blackfellows of both parties were grouped together around a fire they lighted. But not

ward, hardly more than half sure that he had sprang to her feet with a frightened exclamation, and she breathed quickly for a moment as she strove to remember where she was. She thought of being brave, too, and drew her revolver out of its case; but it seemed to tremble so much as to be of no use,

> There was the river, gleaming in the moonlight. Behind her lay the dark, terrible forest, with its untold dangers. At her side were the two faithful hounds, baying their angry warnings at something yet unseen. Helen's first thought was of the dingos, but then she re-



"NED FELL AS IF HE WERE A KNIGHT-ENRANT GUARDING A PRINCESS." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

one of them had anything to cook by it, or was then likely to have, for all the food, found or stolen, in the robbers' camp, had been eaten.

Helen Gordon was suddenly startled from the half nap into which she had fallen. She

membered the blackfellows. One of the dogs dashed forward, and Helen heard:

"Who could have expected to find you here! Where 's the camp?"

The other dogs followed the first, and Ned Wentworth found himself nearly upset by them.

"Oh, Ned!" cried Helen, half sobbing, as she sprang toward him from the foot of the tree.

"Poor Helen!" exclaimed Ned. "Why, where are all the rest?"

In a few moments she explained.

"We'll start right away," said Ned. "We can get back to the cave by moonlight. There's no more danger in trying it than there is in staying here. You mount, and I'll lead the horse. Come!"

He felt as if he were a knight-errant guarding a princess from giants and dragons. For her part, Helen felt almost cheerful.

"Don't talk, Helen," said Ned; "we must make no more noise than we can help."

Still, they did exchange a few whispered words as they went along.

After Beard left Lady Parry and Hugh, he moved away rapidly, seeming to be laboring under strong excitement or even suffering. It was only a minute or two, however, before they heard a clear, prolonged "Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e!" at some distance.

"There," said Hugh. "That must be Beard. It means that we can go right along. Come, Mother, we can get to the cave. Father is safe somewhere. So is Helen. Come! It is not so very far."

"Coo-ee-e!" sounded again, a little more listant.

"Don't you see, Mother?" said Hugh; "Beard is drawing the robbers off."

The three robber-scouts followed the cooee-e rapidly, for several minutes, because it was leading them toward their own camp. Then one of them said:

"Jim, it's no use! I 'm fagged out. We can't catch anything in the dark. All I was hoping for was to surprise him by a camp-fire or in a shanty."

So they gave up the search; but that cooee-e had been heard by the blackfellows also, and had brought them all to their feet except Ka-kak-kia. He had a very good reason for not heeding it.

"Friend," he said; and then he explained to the rest that he knew the voice very well. "Not kill him right away," he said; and all answered, as with one voice, in their own tongue: "That 's the white fellow who can't be killed. He won't die."

Somehow or other, they had all acquired that notion concerning the cave-man.

Hugh helped his mother to mount her horse. The noble animal was more thirsty than weary, and plodded along, keeping his head over Hugh's shoulder, as if afraid of something, he knew not what. Lady Parry was regaining her courage. She had found her son, and she was now going to find her husband.

Her husband, sitting there in the cave, began to feel almost as if he were no better off than before. He was no longer hungry or thirsty. He was too strong a man to be tired, and he was becoming restless.

"I saw him go out in that direction," he remarked, at last. "Maybe I could find that front door without any help. At all events I can't be cooped up here any longer."

He kindled a torch, and tried to find Beard's way out. He went only a step at a time, studying the walls and the pillars, and as he walked, he talked to himself:

"Here are two saddles," he said, "and bridles. He seems to have all sorts of things—firearms and tools. I wonder who he is, and what he is doing here? An escaped convict, most likely. But, then, he did n't wish to do me any harm, and he would n't let me hurt the blackfellow. There's certainly some good in him, and I must n't forget that he saved Hugh's life, and Ned's life, and my own. Hullo! Here 's a sort of opening. I 'il explore it. Ah—I have put out my torch!"

He had bumped his head, and put out his torch against the low, sloping roof of rock above him.

"It 's a pokerish place to creep about in," he went on. "What 's that?"

He was suddenly aware that there was somebody else in that narrow passage. He spoke no more aloud, but his thoughts were busy.

"I hear breathing. Some one is surely creeping in. They have found the front door, that he said was so safely hidden. Shall I have to fight a blackfellow in here? It can't be one of the boys. Either of the boys would have spoken. I'd better get out my revolver!"

Hugh at the same moment was making

ready his revolver. For Hugh and his mother had reached and found the front door, and they were creeping into the cave. The boy had also heard some one moving, for he was saving to himself:

"It can't be Ned or Beard!"

"Hugh," said his mother aloud, "I wish I could stand up. Can't you call out and let anybody in there know we are here?"

"Hugh? Hurrah!" And then, knowing her husband's voice, Lady Parry exclaimed:

"Is that you, Frederick? Quick, Hugh! Move faster! You are not hurt, are you?"

"No; wait—I 'll relight the torch," said Sir Frederick. "If this is n't the strangest meeting!"

Before long they were standing in front of the fire, and Hugh was heaping it with dry branches from Beard's wood-pile.

"Has n't he a beautiful house, Mother?"
Hugh asked, as the brilliant blaze lighted up
the cave. "I will go for some water, Father,
while you see whether you can get mother something to eat."

"Hugh, take some water out to the horse, if you can," said his mother.

you can," said his mother.
"Of course I will!" said Hugh, promptly.

He picked up the tin kettle, a coil of bark rope, and a torch, and walked far into the cave. His mother's eyes followed him for a moment, and then she turned and put her hands upon Sir Frederick's shoulders, and looked anxiously into his face.

"Fred," she said, "what can have become of Helen? Do you know anything about her?"

"I hoped that both of you had found your way back to camp," replied the baronet, gloomily. "I still hope that she did."

Hardly had he said the words when she heard the barking of the dogs, and Ned and Helen entered the cave.

Ned Wentworth led Nap along through the forest and through the scrubby growth along the foot of the mountain. Helen was no longer thirsty, but she was so weary and faint that she could hardly keep the saddle. Ned himself felt his weariness coming back again, but it was as nothing compared to his anxiety lest he should lose his way. He almost forgot

his fear of the blackfellows in his dread of wandering.

"Here we are, Helen," he exclaimed at last.
"I can see the tree. We can leave Nap here, but the danger is n't quite over. Can you walk?"

"I can, for a short distance," said Helen, smiling bravely as he helped her down; "but—I am so tired!"

Off came the saddle and bridle to be hidden in the underbrush, and Nap was turned loose to feed, while Ned, with Helen leaning upon his arm, walked bravely on through what seemed to him their last danger.

"It's over at last," he exclaimed, as they reached the tree. "Now, Helen—" he drew a long breath of dismay at that moment, and exclaimed in a frightened tone:

"Helen! I'm afraid we are too late. The cave has been discovered! Somebody has gone in and left the front door open!"

"But, Ned," said Helen, "see the dogs." For in a flash the dogs had scrambled into the entrance to the cave.

"That 's a good sign, I think," said Ned.
"I 'll go ahead, anyhow, and you creep in after
me. Do you dare to follow? It 's dark!"

"I 'll come, Ned," said Helen, bravely. "I can't stay here by myself."

Ned was already disappearing into the burrow. Helen felt fainter than before, but followed him upon her hands and knees.

"The torch is gone," she heard Ned mutter.
"Well, we must go ahead. I'll be ready to
shoot. See, there 's a light coming. Helen,"
he added more loudly, "somebody 's here. I
hope it 's Hugh!"

"Who 's there?" shouted a deep, gruff, yet somewhat shaky voice. "Speak quickly."

"Who is it?" added a woman's voice. "Is it you, Ned Wentworth?"

"Aunt Maude and Uncle Fred! Both right here in the cave-house!" exclaimed Helen.

"Helen Gordon and Ned!" exclaimed Sir Frederick. "Can it be possible?"

Hugh had hurried with the kettle of water, and was back at the fireplace when the party met at the front door. He saw the dogs, too, and he called:

"Mother, has Ned found Helen?"

ick, "they are all found!"

"We are safe," remarked Lady Parry, thankfully; "but-I wish I knew how we are to get back to camp,-and to the Grampians."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WINGS OF THE COFFEE-POT.

Large caves are very likely to have branches. Beard's cave, at a first glance, seemed to consist only of the vast hollow which began at the fissure leading into it from under the great tree. The fact, however, that it had a side door proved that it was very much like other

So far as any of Beard's present guests were aware, the space near the fireplace was the most comfortable room in his "house." If it contained no chairs, there were blocks of stone to sit upon. There was no other furniture, not so much as a dinner-table, as the guests remembered when the boy cooks announced that dinner was ready, as they shortly did.

"I'm sleepy, rather than hungry," said Lady Parry, "and I am tired enough to sleep, even on a stone floor."

"Sir Frederick," came, at that moment, from among the group of pillars near the entrance, "will you please step this way for a moment. Ned-you come, too!"

The voice was deep and clear.

- "That's Beard!" said Ned. "I'm coming-" "Come here, Beard," said the baronet.
- "No," he replied, "I 've another matter on
- my hands. I am glad you 're all safe."

Sir Frederick was a man accustomed to have his own way, but the flush that came to his face was quickly gone, and he arose and went to the cave-man.

"Beard," he said, "come in and speak to Lady Parry and my niece. They wish to thank

"Not now! There is no time!" said Beard, hastily. "In among the stalagmites, vonder, you will find some grass-matting bags, stuffed with moss. They will be better than the rock for ladies to sleep on. Ned, get your gun and come with me."

"Hugh," came back the voice of Sir Freder- his gun, although even his tough young muscles had a strained feeling.

> "Sir Frederick," continued Beard, "not one of you must venture out while I am gone. The woods are full of dangers. Hugh and Ned must bring me a kettle of water for the horses, - just to wet their mouths a little."

> "We'll stay here," said the baronet, and he turned and repeated the warning to Hugh and Ned.

> Then he tried to ask Beard a number of questions, but he was altogether unable to obtain from the cave-man any information. So he went back to Lady Parry and Helen. The water was brought, and Ned followed his strange friend out into the open air.

> "I know where to find the horses," said Beard, "Just a little taste for each will do, till we get back. I sha'n't be gone long."

> Ned crouched in some underbrush while Beard disappeared among the shadows.

> "He shut the front door carefully enough," said Ned to himself. "What can he be up to? I can stand it better than Hugh can. I'm tougher, somehow. He 's about used up; but then he 's stronger than I in pulling or lifting."

> Ned had but a short time to wait, and he was almost surprised that nothing happened to him while he was waiting. He was getting so used to having queer things happen that he missed them if they did not come.

> "The horses have been needing that water," remarked Beard, when he came gliding back and put down his kettle. "They 're all right, and we can find them in the morning. Now, Ned, you and I must go and get some coffee for Lady Parry. We shall get another prize or two besides.

> "Coffee?" exclaimed Ned. "Where can we find coffee in those woods?"

> "Come with me, and you will soon see,"

A strange thought entered Ned's mind. He saw that Beard seemed much excited; he hardly appeared like the same man. His motions were nervous and quick, and he spoke rapidly. Could it be possible that the cave-man was losing his reason? Perhaps he lived away out there because he was crazy and could not live "All right," said Ned, and he went back for with other men. It was a terrible thought, and Ned forgot his weariness while he watched his companion.

"We 'll get some coffee," repeated Beard. "She's only a woman, and Helen's but a young girl. They need more care than men and boys. in my house; but I 'm glad they are they 're not safe yet, by

At that moment there was a rustle in the bushes near them, and Beard stopped short and lowered his rifle from his shoulder. Ned did the same, but the rustling sound went away, a jump at a time, and the cave-man muttered: "It was some animal."

"You saw them tried?" said Ned. "Was he convicted? Did he tell them who he was?" "He was too proud for that," said Beard. "He went by the name of Rogdonjust a twist of his own name. Yes, he was convicted and sentenced

to transportation."

" And he was transported?" said Ned, "Yes," said Beard, "he was sent out here.

any means. I know all about them."

"How do you know all about them?" asked Ned.

"Lady Maude is a noble woman," said Beard, without noticing the question. "I know about her; I knew a brother of hers, once."

"Did you?" said Ned, eagerly. "What sort of a fellow was he?"

"A most unlucky fellow," said Beard. "A great fool, too. So proud that he was hardly sound in his mind -hot-tempered and obstinate. He got into trouble at home and ran away. He had a stepfather who was not fair to him - to Australia, and his pride was as great as ever. or so he thought. Just a fool of a boy, that 's all. He ran away and got into bad company, and he was too green to know how bad it was. They were thieves and counterfeiters, and he had n't been with them three days when they were caught and he was found with them. I was in the court-room when they were tried."



He got away into the bush among the bushrangers, and he could n't get along - even with them. He seemed to make enemies wherever he went-in short, he was the greatest fool you ever heard of."

"I know," said Ned, as they walked rapidly along, keeping a sharp lookout; "the bushrangers are about the worst thieves in all the

"That 's so," said Beard; "they are all of that. They are sharp, too. They called Lady Parry's brother Big Red, and whenever anything worse than common was done, they all laid it to him—to Big Red; and the Colony government offered heavy rewards for him, dead or alive."

"What became of him?" asked Ned.

"Oh, they believe he was lost in the woods somewhere!" said Beard, "or else he 's over among the mountains, or in the gold-diggings, or living among the blackfellows where no white men will ever come. It 's years and years since they 've heard of him."

"I guess they must have given him up long ago," said Ned.

"I suppose they have," said Beard; "but he had an older brother that was heir to the family property, so it did not make so much difference."

"He 's in the army and he 's in India," said Ned. "Helen is his daughter. She has lost her mother, and Lady Parry is bringing her up."

"She is a noble woman!" exclaimed Beard.

It had seemed to do him good to tell that story, and he was quieter now; but Ned had only a dim idea of the direction in which they had walked.

"Now, Ned," said Beard, "we 're getting near the coffee-shop. We 've scouted around your old camp by the waterfall. The robbers are there. I 'm going to show you something new pretty soon—my coffee-shop."

"Coffee-shop?" said Ned, and again it occurred to him that Beard must be going

"Here it is," said Beard about five minutes later; and Ned replied:

"Why, it 's another big tree!"

"Only the stump of one," said Beard, laying aside his rifle. "I want you to stand right here. When I let down anything, you unhitch the rope it's tied to. It'll take me quite a while to climb that stump in the dark. The moonshine can't get in here to help me."

Ned now, for the first time, noticed a coil of bark rope that the cave-man carried over his shoulders.

"He is n't climbing the tree," he next remarked; "he is walking away into the woods. I do believe that man's gone crazy. He's surely insane!"

Beard seemed to know what he was about, however, for he went very straight to the tree he had first ascended by, when Ned was not there, and up he went into its branches. He crept cautiously along, grasping hard and making sure of his hold. From tree to tree, and up, up, up he went, as if he had been a human orang-outang or a gorilla.

Ned watched with keen anxiety, standing there between the ashes of the old camp-fire and the foot of the stump. He was not looking up, but rather watching the gloom around him lest any ennemy should steal in and take him by surprise.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "what 's that?"

He was severely startled, indeed, for something had swung against him with a blow that all but knocked him down.

"It is a saddle!" he said. "Beard has lowered it from the stump."

He felt better as he loosened the loop that held the saddle. There were a bridle and some other things with it. Up went the rope, as soon as it was loose, while Ned remarked to himself: But that is n't coffee."

A few minutes later, as he gazed upward, he saw something coming down which seemed to glimmer a little. It was lowered slowly and steadily until he could take hold of it.

"It's a coffee-pot!" he exclaimed. "It's bigger than the one in our camp, and it is two-thirds full of coffee!"

There was really something startling in receiving a pot of coffee in that manner.

Ned waited patiently, but Beard had finished his errand at the top of the stump and was on his way down. He had quite a number of curious questions to answer, when he again came within Ned's reach.

It did not take him long to find a hidingplace for the saddle and other things, and then he and Ned and the coffee-pot set out for home.

All was very quiet there. The sacks of moss had been found, and Lady Maude and Helen fell asleep upon them as if they had been their own beds—Sir Frederick and Hugh had only

a small sack for their heads to rest upon, the other part of their bed being rock. Both of them tried to keep their eyes open, but it was of no use, and even Yip and the hounds went to sleep. The cave was really the safest sleepingplace in all that wilderness. It was silent, except for the dull roar of the torrent.

"Now, Ned," said Beard, as they plodded along with the coffee-pot, "we are to do a little work that is not without danger. We must get a look at the fellows who are trying to find us. You keep close to me, and be silent!"

Cautiously, stealthily, they went forward, and Ned was trembling with excitement and expectation.

"There," whispered Beard. "They have built a fire. Look sharp now!"

Ned could at first hardly discover the faint glow which his companion had seen; but it grew brighter as they crept nearer, and before long Beard whispered:

"Those are the blackfellows. Both bands are together, now; Ka-kak-kia's band and the other have united. That means just so much greater danger for us. If they were fighting each other we could escape more easily. I'm glad to know they 've camped, though, and are not out after us. Come, Ned, it won't do to scout any nearer a camp of blackfellows. Their ears are quicker than a dog's. We must now take a look at the land-pirates."

Ned nodded, without a word, and the caveman went forward again as if he almost knew the paths of that forest in the dark. He did not have to travel far before he again whispered, "There!" and the glow of another fire began to blend faintly with the gloom of the forest.

"We can venture nearer to them than to blackfellows," said Beard, "but we must n't actually risk anything."

"We must get safe back to the cave with our coffee," replied Ned.

Beard seemed entirely satisfied with what could be seen from under a bush a hundred yards away from the camp. Three of his enemies were lying down, asleep. Two were sitting up, rifle in lap. One was walking around destruction for them to make a start, just as a sort of patrol. Beyond the glow of their

camp-fire could be dimly seen the glitter of the thundering waterfall. It was a sight well worth coming to see. When they were a little further away, Beard whispered to Ned:

"They mean to come after us-or after me -in the morning; but I don't believe one of them will get back to the gold-diggings. The blackfellows' camp-fire is too near this one. No," he continued. "They won't do any more mining, - or robbing."

Ned thought of the other camp-fire, with the blackfellows around it, but it all seemed much like a dream.

"Come along, Ned," whispered his friend. "I can't quite understand why there is n't anything stirring, here or there. Hist!"

Ned looked toward the land-pirates' camp.

The men on guard, looking out into the dark, could not have seen anything, but a tall, naked human figure passed swiftly, glidingly along, between Beard and Ned and the firelight. He held in his hand a long spear, and he raised it and shook it threateningly.

"He is going to spear one of them!" whispered Ned, excitedly.

"No, he is not," replied Beard. "He is only threatening because he feels like it. They never throw a spear with the bare hand; they pitch them with a throw-stick."

The blackfellow glided along into the darkness, and the men he had threatened had no idea that he had been near enough to have sent his long spear among them.

"Most likely," said Beard, as he and Ned again pushed forward, "the blackfellows will wait and follow them by daylight, when they can do better throwing, and try some plan to attack them separately. That 's their way. Of course, they are watching Sir Frederick's camp, but they don't know about the cave."

"Don't you ever get tired?" asked Ned, in a very weary tone of voice.

"I hardly know what tire is," replied the cave-man, smiling. "I'm all right. Here we are. Now, you carry in the coffee and tell them how things are. Tell them not to try to leave the cave till I come. I think it would be sure now. So remember, Ned."

The Beaver's Home



By Tappan Adney.



Y the river, it was two days' journey in the cance to the settlements; while straight through the forest it was fully a score of

miles, and the railroad was ninety-eight miles away. It was a wild, rough country, a wilderness of firs and spruce and paper-birches; of lakes and trout-streams fringed or choked with alders; in the very heart of the Province of New Brunswick in Canada.

It was the beavers' home — but men had already learned the way there, and wherever men go the same story always may be told. The beavers' wonderful houses, built with such skill and care, were destroyed; the dams were broken and the ponds were drained. Year after year when the trappers returned home, most of the beavers went with them. The few that escaped were those that left their haunts on the more prominent waterways; so when I visited that country, in the summer of 1892, beavers were to be found, with a few exceptions, only in out-of-the-way places on the smaller brooks.

Our camp was on the Serpentine River. My tramps, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of an old trapper, led twenty miles from home in one direction, and seventeen miles in the other. Everywhere were traces of beavers,

and there are unmistakable signs by which their presence may be known, although the animal itself is rarely seen. For to-day, of their former great numbers, scarcely one in twenty-five remains.

The beaver belongs to that family of which the common house-rat is a member, and in general appearance its body is like that of a giant muskrat. It is the largest of all rodents or "gnawers," the body, when fully grown, being about thirty inches in length, of which the head alone is six inches. The hind feet are large as compared with the front ones, and are webbed like those of a duck, to aid it in swimming. But that feature which is most popularly known is a wide, flat, scale-covered tail that is about five inches across its widest part and adds nearly a foot to its owner's total length. Its shape suggests a trowel, which has led some people to believe it is used as such. But probably its most important use is as a support to the body when the animal sits erect upon its hind legs, as it does when eating and when felling trees.

As in every "gnawer," its skull is armed with two long chisel-like teeth in each jaw. These teeth are exceedingly powerful, and are to a beaver what an ax is to a woodsman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium-sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle, and measures five inches along its outer curve. Only one inch

of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half-circle, and measures upon its outer face four inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as

which keeps it constantly growing. Thus, not only is the natural wearing away provided against, but a certain amount of wear becomes an actual necessity. With such instruments, the beaver is admirably fitted for obtaining its natural food, the bark of shrubs and trees. None of the evergreens are touched, but the more delicately flavored barks of whitewood,



THE HOME OF A FAMILY OF BEAVERS.

chopping down a birch-tree sixteen inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size. The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel; on the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer, wears away with use; the thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length, and is filled with a nourishing substance

moosewood, and alder, and the smaller poplars and maples, are chosen. But especially do they like the inner bark and that on the smaller limbs of the paper- or canoe-birch.

A shrub of an inch thickness is cut down at two or three bites, the top and twigs are bitten off, and the pole dragged away to be peeled. But with a large birch the case is different. With powerful cuts the tree is gnawed into upon every side, and chips like those shown on the next page, and often three inches in length, are strewn about the ground. At each cut the surface of the wood is left as if chiseled with a

pair of tiny gouges. These are sure signs of beaver-work. The stump is rounded as is shown



DRAWING, ON REDUCED SCALE, OF BRAVER'S SKULL

in the picture on the next page. Should the tree lodge, the trunk is again cut as high as the beaver can reach. Afterward all the limbs are hewn off and carried away, even to those as thick as a man'sarm.

During the summer days beavers wander about, usu-



These burrows, Indians say, are made by beavers too lazy to build a dam and house—perhaps by old fellows that would not work and were driven out of the



community. The accompanying diagram shows a section of a "bank" beaver's abode on the Deadwaters of the Serpentine River.

The Deadwaters is a natural pond two miles in length, with an average width of half a dozen rods - a perfect place for beavers. It lies between low banks in a flat, broad valley that is covered with an unbroken carpet of moss and a thick growth of scrubby "cat" spruce. Under the blackened roots of a tree that stood at the water's edge, where the bank was but little higher than the water's surface, a dark opening, partly under water, drew my attention one day as I was with much exertion making my way down the Deadwaters on a small raft. The bank was much worn away at the water's edge, as if an otter frequented the place. Curiosity led me ashore. About fifteen feet from the water grew a large tree at the side of a slight elevation. Three or four weatherbleached sticks as large as one's wrist lay upon the summit of the mound. Paths less than a foot wide led from the water's edge, and were lost among the trees. I began digging a hole into the soft earth at the foot of the tree.

A cavity was soon brought to view. It proved to be a nearly circular room, three feet across



DIAGRAM OF FEAVER'S BURNOW

and two feet high, hollowed out beneath the arched roots of the tree. Toward the water a large opening extended downward. I pushed my head well into the hole I had made. A glimmer of daylight could be discerned at the end of the low passageway. Getting accustomed to the darkness, there appeared to be a chamber quite smooth on the bottom, four feet across and over a foot high. Near at hand a steel trap lay on the floor. It proved, taken to the daylight, to be an old rusted beaver-trap attached by a rusty chain to a water-soaked stake,

trap had been set at the door. A beaver had been caught, perhaps by the toes, had dragged the trap inside, and then pulled loose. The chamber at the end had been the living-room. The larger room had been the food-chamber, where was

> kept its stock of food wood. The water being low in the stream, the floor of the passageway was barely covered.



ER'S WORK, SHOWN IN A TWIG.

high and dry in the little room. There was nothing in the appearance of the

but with two feet more of water its occupant would still have been

ground above to indicate the usual house of a beaver except those sticks. The guileless beaver evidently did not know when to leave well enough alone, for by putting those sticks there, true to its instinct, it plainly said, "Here is a beaver's house."

A mile away, on the same Deadwaters, was a more conspicuous object. About fifty yards from shore, where the pond was widest, among the oval leaves of the lilies that crowded the surface of the water, rose a large mound. The pond was not so deep there but that the lilies could reach the upper air with their vellow stems; and from an elevation that just missed being an island, the mound rose upon a base of twelve feet each way. The foundation was

apparently many years old. This large as one's wrist, and peeled and weatherhole had been a beaver's house. The worn; but the body of the structure looked like a pile of dirt-earth and fine vegetable matter - well covered with peeled sticks of considerable age. When it was first discovered and the drawing of it made, there lay upon the summit two short twigs of alder whereon the leaves were turning brown.

> I began digging into the beaver's house. The roof was an almost inextricable mass of sticks lying in all directions with earth packed solidly around them. It was not desired to remove the whole pile bodily (though that might have been easier), so it was only by the hardest muscular exertion, breaking out stick after



stick through more than a foot of the firm and compact roof, that the inside of the house was reached.

What a reeking, soggy hole the rays of the sun lighted up! It was circular in form and three feet across the floor, which was slightly hollow in the middle. The walls rose six inches. Sticks about an inch thick were laid around in building, one upon top of another, like internothing but a pile of sticks, most of them as locked fingers. Though not woven, in the

less the surprising smoothness of the wall, together with the even manner in which the sticks had been arranged, suggested the inside of a basket.

Spaces between the sticks were filled in with

sense of the sticks being bent around, neverthethat so long as we were there the occupant failed to appear.

> As long as warm weather lasts, the beaver lives an easy life, as this one did, disturbed only by the ungainly moose that wades out and shares his crop of lily-stems. But in a country



black mud, and whenever the end of a stick had protruded, it had been gnawed off even with the wall. Then the sides were rapidly drawn inward, and ended in a low domed roof about two feet high. At one side of the room, which was only a few inches above the water, a passageway led downward and outward, being the only entrance. A strong odor of beaver filled the room. The occupant had been sitting in the middle of the floor eating the pulpy lilystems.

After skilfully stripping off their yellow skins, he gathered the shreds into wads which he tucked back out of the way. There was also a freshly cut alder stick, about two feet long, from the bark gnawed off. It evidently had been cut to eat, but the sourish lily-stems tasted better, so it was discarded. It is not necessary to say

where the winters are severe and the snow piles up six to nine feet on a level, he must prepare for the future.

A family of beavers, consisting, perhaps, of a pair of old ones and their children, have eaten everything in the way of bark that can be eaten, and must change their quarters. Selecting a stream where food is abundant, they will build a dam-for a ready-made pond like the one just described is, of course, not to be found

On these northern brooks, alders spring up wherever they find a foothold, often quite choking the stream. Usually mere bushes, they sometimes attain a height of twenty feet and a diameter of six inches, and take entire possession. Such places a beaver loves, for they furnish an abundant building material, and help to hold their dams in place. At the point chosen for the dam, sticks are cut of varying size and laid in the brook, butts pointing downstream. Others are laid on top of these, not always parallel, but in every direction, yet moderately smooth on the lower side. Dirt, sticks, and stones are piled on top, then more sticks, until there rises an irregular, narrow pile of brush and dirt, the whole thoroughly matted together.

Groups of alders standing in midstream are taken in whenever it is possible, and to obtain the support of these, a dam may change its direction several times. Freshets cannot tear them away. As the dam grows higher, the water begins to flow around the ends. So the dam is added to, bit by bit, until even in a

occupied by beavers. It must have been built many years. It was about three feet high, and built around clumps of giant alders growing in the bed of the brook. Sediment and fine driftwood had in time gathered upon it, and a rank growth of weeds and grass had taken possession of the crest. Thus even a new dam is soon obscured, and the alders grow so thickly about it that usually there is little to be seen of any beaver-dam. Photographs rarely show anything of the structure.

Upon an elevation in such a pond, just covered by the water, the beavers build their house, after the manner of the one just described, except, however, that the usual house, when newly built and covered with fresh-cut limbs, resem-



A BEAVER'S HOME - SHOWING SUPPLY OF FOOD WOOD

trickles.

small brook it may reach a length of three or bles more a heap of brushwood. But in the case four hundred feet, - in some places a slight of the house on the Deadwaters, mud was a ridge that one would scarcely notice, in others building material more plentiful than alders. A a pretentious structure, two or three, and some- family apartment, accommodating five or six, times five or six, feet high, over which the water may be six or seven feet across the floor, or "shelf," while the walls are built up to the The picture on page 612 shows a dam recently height of a foot. Poles (some of which are as

large as one's wrist), laid slantingly upward and covered with earth, and other sticks to a thickness of over a foot, compose the roof of the chamber, which is three or four feet from floor to ceiling. Between the sticks at the peak is space for ventilation. Each member of the



family owns a bed, which it lines warmly with grass or shreds of poplar wood split as fine as if for basket-work. There are several exits under water for additional safety. Another purpose of the pond becomes apparent. The bed of a beaver-pond is shown in the picture on page 613. The dam, a long, grass-grown ridge, three feet high in the middle, was destroved a few years ago, and now only a tiny stream of water courses through the black, muddy bottom. Fir-trees, killed by the rising water when the pond first was made, stand with gray, mossy limbs and broken tops, like specters against the dark background of the evergreen woods. Some have fallen prostrate into the pond, and beavers have trimmed off the limbs so that their motions under water might not be impeded. But in the middle of the pond is a fan-shaped pile of brush,-all the butts pointing toward the entrance of the house. There is a wagon-load of it - the store of winter's food, covered with water and ice before the pond was drained. Every stick had been cut in the surrounding woods and dragged separately to that place. Paths, a little less than a foot in width, lead back a distance of a quarter of a mile from the stream. These paths are found in every beaver settlement. The birches and whitewoods are separated from the resinous evergreens, and dragged along these little roads. Saplings growing in the way are chopped off close to the ground. In one place where a large pine log lay across their hauling road, a section of solid wood a foot wide and six inches deep was cut out. Indeed, when large logs fall across their ponds, an entire section is sometimes removed for the passage of their bodies.

This pond was the most important in that whole settlement,-one of a series of ten or twelve,-occupied before its destruction by a very large family of beavers.

At the head of the big pond, a short dam, backing the water three or four rods, was thrown across the stream. Above was a third dam. Neither contained houses-they were for storage, and belonged to the family living below. But at the head of the last pond was a large dam, in which there was a house, and above that were several smaller ponds. In the other direction, below the first big pond, there were five more, one containing a house. Thus there was made a continuous deep waterway on a brook that otherwise could not sustain a sixinch trout in comfort.

Only four years ago this had been a great, flourishing community. A white man found it first, and of course talked of it. At his heels came Indians, who captured every beaver but two, and left scarcely a dam undestroyed. Two years afterward the two that had escaped shared the fate of their kindred. Such is everywhere the story of the beaver. Soon there will be none left.

In winter, secure in his thick-walled house and with a storehouse of food locked beneath snow is said to melt upon the tops of their home under the snow.

the ice, the beaver lives at ease. But at every houses from the animal heat within. So, while thaw he comes forth and works, in sunshine the world outside is cold and cheerless, the and rain, until the cold drives him back. The beaver is warm and comfortable in his dark

HER THEATER HAT.



And then, while she looked at the glass, she would say:

FRANK PINKHAM, REPORTER.

By John Z. Rogers.

before, and the deep, heavy twilight of an October evening had settled over Moose Island.

According to his custom when his father was away fishing, Frank Pinkham, the only son of the lighthouse-keeper, had lighted the lamps, made the lighthouse tidy, and brought in the wood and water from the shed; then he had walked to the seaward side of the little island. and seated himself on the rocks. He did not notice the schooners sailing up and down the coast, the larger vessels farther out at sea, nor the huge waves that came rolling in and broke into spray against the rocks, casting their foam high in the air. He was deep in thought.

Moose Island was two miles from the mainland, six from the nearest post- or telegraphoffice, and a score from a town of any size. Frank had passed the whole of his fifteen years within the shadow of the tall lighthouse tower, He attended school every day when the weather permitted, rowing or sailing to the shore, and then walking three miles to the district schoolhouse. When not in school, he "did the chores" about the island,-cleaned the lamps, milked the cow, and assisted his father in fishing. For amusement, Frank shot plover and peep along the shore in summer, and black ducks in the fall; while in the winter he devoted his spare time to reading eagerly the meager literature that found its way to the

He was large for his age, and unusually bright and active. He stood at the head of his class, and had learned about all his teacher could teach him. He was also a good wingshot, and few men could excel him in sailing

a whale-boat, or in baiting or under-running half an hour a trawl-net. For some time he had been tired of the life of a light-keeper, and he shrank from the prospect of succeeding his father and spending his life in such uneventful solitude. His ambition was to go to the city and there begin a business career, so that in a few years he could fill a good position, and take his father, mother, and sister Mary to live with him. What he was fitted for, he did not really know; but he felt sure he could succeed at something.

> In the preceding June, his father had received a letter from a Mr. Matthews who wished to board at the lighthouse in August: and, although the keeper had never taken boarders, in this case he made an exception to his rule. The gentleman wrote that he wished to fish, shoot, and rough it generally, and was not particular about his board, provided he had plenty of fish and milk and eggs.

> So Mr. Matthews came down to Moose Island, and passed a month, greatly to the satisfaction of the family. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and he possessed a fund of information and good nature that made him a very interesting talker.

> Mr. Matthews and Frank soon became constant companions, and passed the long summer days in company. They sailed up and down the coast, shot plover and peep, and caught haddock, cod, and flounders. They usually spent all day away from the island, taking luncheon with them. They made their dinner of fish, clams, and lobsters, with ears of corn cooked over a fire of driftwood. Dinner over, they would lie on the rocks or grass, and pass the time in quiet talk till the sun began to near the horizon. Then they would return to their little craft, hoist the sail, and lay their homeward course for Moose Island.

Mr. Matthews soon perceived that Frank had not only a strong desire to better his position in life, but also a keener intellect and judgment than would be found in most boys with no greater advantages. He was the editor of a western newspaper; and Frank was never so happy as when listening to stories of newspaper life, and descriptions of how the great daily papers are made. His friend explained to him every detail of the business - how the news was gathered from all parts of the world, the portion the reporters and correspondents obtained, and how those enterprising helpers were paid for it according to its "exclusiveness," its quality, and the work and ingenuity involved in securing it.

"While a finished education is very desirable, it is not really necessary," Mr. Matthews replied. "The things necessary are wide-open eyes and ears, a good common-school education, a strong constitution, and lots of ambition and energy. You might make a good reporter, Frank; and if you lived in a larger place you might soon commence as a correspondent. There is not much news here; but if a ship should come ashore, a daily would be glad to pay you for a good telegraphic account of the wreck."

These remarks made a deep impression upon Frank. Mentally resolving to be a reporter some time, he asked so many questions about



"AS HE NEARS THE LADDER, HE SPRINGS FOR IT, CATCHES IT, AND CLIMBS SAIELY TO THE DECK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

One evening as they were sitting before the fire in the lighthouse cottage, Frank remarked in a questioning way: "I suppose a fellow must he would have tired of answering them all. be well educated in order to start as a reporter?"

newspaper work during the editor's visit, that had their boarder been less patient and obliging,

At the expiration of Mr. Matthews's vacation,

Frank drove him to the nearest railway station. Mr. Matthews's last remark was:

"Well, Frank, keep on studying, and don't be discouraged. You will be a reporter one of these days!"

"Good luck, Mr. Matthews! Come again," Frank answered. Then he drove slowly homeward, resolving that his friend's parting words should come true.

From this time, Frank lived in the future and in the hope of being a newspaper man. He was on the free list of Mr. Matthews's paper, and every evening he not only read it carefully, but studied its contents and its make-up.

At night, after his work was done, he would go to the edge of the island, and perching himself on the rocks, would remain there dreaming until his father returned from fishing.

One evening he sat longer than usual, as his father was late in returning. Frank was beginning to feel anxious; for the wind, which had been blowing fresh all day, was steadily increasing, and there were signs of an approaching northeast gale. But in a little while he saw the "Black Bird's" lights as she rounded the point, and in a few minutes he had jumped aboard. He helped his father to take in the sails, and make things snug for the night.

As they returned to the house, Mr. Pinkham said: "If I 'm not mistaken, we'll have the heaviest nor'easter to-night and to-morrow I ever saw at this time of the year."

The prediction proved to be correct, and in a few hours the storm began. It shook the lighthouse till the tower seemed about to topple over, and the great waves came breaking upon the boulders with a noise like thunder. Their spray was cast against the house, though it was fully a hundred feet back from the rocks.

The next morning the storm was still at its height, but it had already accomplished its work—about a mile and a half from the island, a large ship was fast aground on the Southern Reefs.

At noon the weather cleared a little, the storm began to abate, and the wreck could easily be made out. The ship, a large vessel of fully two thousand tons, rested on an even keel, but was wedged tightly between great jagged rocks that were grinding their way through her timbers. She had evidently been through a terrible night. Her mizzenmast was gone, all her boats had been washed away, and the crew were just beginning to venture from the rigging, where they had lashed themselves to prevent being swept away by the breakers.

As Frank stood looking at the wreck, the remark that Mr. Matthews had made returned to his mind—"There is not much news here; but if a ship should come ashore, a daily would be glad to pay you for a good telegraphic account of the wreck."

Here was a chance to make a beginning as a reporter—a chance to which he had been looking forward, believing that it would not present itself for years.

He rushed excitedly to the boats, and pushing a dory down the shelving beach, never thinking to ask permission or even to leave word where he was going, jumped in and rowed for the wreck. It was hard pulling against the heavy wind, and through the rough water. His arms ached as they had never ached before; but he tugged at the oars, seeming at times to make scarcely any progress.

An hour later, while gazing through his glass at the wreck, his father was amazed to see Frank and the dory. The tiny boat was then bobbing up and down like a cork, about half a mile from the wreck. What could have possessed him that he should undertake so dangerous a trip—and why had he not asked permission? It was not like him to do such a thing. His father watched him through the glass, and groaned as the dory disappeared behind a wave and was lost to view for several seconds.

He saw Frank approach the ship, the dory now at the crest of a wave on a level with her deck, and then fifteen feet below in a hollow. How can he board her? A ladder is thrown over the side; he stands in his dory, the boat is raised by a wave, and Frank throws the painter aboard. As he nears the ladder, he springs for it, catches it, and climbs safely to the deck!

If Captain Connelton, of the good ship "Princess Annie," was surprised to see a mere boy alight on his deck after that perilous feat, he was much more surprised at the business-

like rapidity with which questions were asked regarding the port from which the Princess over the wires: Annie had sailed, where she was bound, who owned her, what was her value, her cargo, and so on. His catechism completed, Frank started at once to return, offering to take with him a sailor who could bring back the other dory, and be ready to take the sailors ashore as soon as the sea went down.

The return trip was quickly made; but not till Frank had arrived at the island, and was greeted as one who had had a narrow escape from death, did he realize the danger of his trip.

It was then important to reach the telegraphoffice as soon as possible. To this trip his father had no objections, for the row to the mainland was through comparatively sheltered water, and besides, the wind was rapidly subsiding. Yet it was a hard row, and a still harder walk, that Frank had before him, and he was a very tired boy as he entered the telegraph-office, late in the afternoon. The operator was obliging, as most operators are, and he also knew something of newspaper correspondence. In a few minutes this message had been sent to the managing editor of one of the great dailies:

Full account wreck of big ship. Do you want it?

In half an hour the answer came clicking

Rush one thousand words of wreck.

The next morning that managing editor's paper was the only one having the news, - and so it gained what newspaper men call a "scoop" over its rivals, who knew nothing of the details of the wreck, by printing a long account of how the Princess Annie, owned in New York, from Hong Kong and for Portland, with a cargo of tea, rags, bamboo, and pottery, worth half a million dollars, had gone ashore the day before on the Southern Reefs near Moose Island, and would probably break up within twenty-four hours and be a total loss.

The last portion of the Princess Annie had disappeared the next day; and at the request of the editor Frank sent another despatch announcing the fact.

A week later he received a check for a goodly

Of course, Frank Pinkham succeeded in his desire to bécome a newspaper man. No boy having his determination could have failed. He is now city editor upon the daily to which he sent that first despatch from Moose Island.

WEATHER-MAP OF THE OCEAN.

By E. W. Sturdy, Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N.



N the interesting article, "Learning to be Weather Prophets," which appeared in St. Nicholas last October, the young people found a very clear account of the method by which the Weather

Bureau at Washington collects and sends throughout the country much valuable information about the weather.

Map is, of course, a great boon, and their interests are often greatly served by such seasonable knowledge.

But there is another class of men-men who spend most of their lives on the ocean, and they need a report which, though not unlike that furnished for the dwellers on land, is yet of a

The Weather Bureau in its published charts comes down to the sea. Then the Hydrographic Office of the Navy takes up the work, To the people who live on shore the Weather and, for the benefit of the navigators of the Atlantic Ocean, collects regularly and systematically facts which, collected in what is known as the North Atlantic Pilot Chart, give the seafaring men one of the most valued publications issued by any nation on earth. In truth, there is no similar work that can be in any way compared with it: none so much sought for, none which receives such willing aid from the masters of vessels afloat. To the Division of Marine Meteorology in the Hydrographic Office come regular reports from more than 2500 vessels of every nation. There is not a flag afloat from whose representatives records are not received. Many foreign men-of-war give their assistance, and this would not usually be accorded unless the results were both useful and accurate. To all vessels forms and envelops are furnished free of charge, and every aid is given to render as light as possible the task which they undertake. On these meteorological forms, as they are called, are recorded by the observers the direction and the force of winds, the figures shown by barometer, thermometer, and so on, as they are each day at noon. The date and place of running into and leaving fog; the exact locality of icebergs or floating ice seen during the voyage; every wreck, every buoy adrift, and all unusual things floating in the water which might injure a vessel striking them, are also located as accurately as possible. In the event of unusually severe storms, like the cyclones of which you have all heard, records are made on special forms furnished. If the vessel's commander tries to lessen the danger from waves by the use of oil on the water,-a means of safety which is much encouraged, - his experience is recorded on a form especially printed for that purpose.

Finally, in order to add to the knowledge of ocean currents, there are forms which are called "bottle papers." On these little papers an invitation, in six languages, is extended to the masters of vessels to enter occasionally upon the proper lines of the form the name of the vessel and her captain, the date, and the ship's position; and then to seal the paper in a bottle and cast it into the sea. In other lines of this form a request is made, in the same six languages, that the finder will write clearly the exact place where, and date when, any bottle

was picked up, and by whom, and then forward it to the Hydrographic Office at Washington, or to any of our consulates abroad. These bottles, of course, drift in the ocean currents. Some are picked up soon after they are thrown overboard, others drift for more than a year before being recovered. They furnish valuable records for more correctly fixing the currents already known.

Day after day these reports are received by the meteorological office; each one is acknowledged promptly, and then given to the staff of workers known as nautical experts.

The result of their labor is that on the last day of every month is issued a chart on which appears all the information received during the month that has gone. The chart, then, contains a review of the past month, and a forecast for the month that is to follow.

The prevailing winds to be expected, and their strength, as foretold by men of many years of experience, are also given for the month to come. The various sailing-routes best adapted for that month are mapped out, as well as the steamship routes adopted by the principal transatlantic steamship companies. Every floating wreck, with its position when last reported; each iceberg in its place as met with during the preceding month, and the fog-banks, determined in the same way, are fixed and shown by marks. Besides all this, the latest charts that have been issued by the office, and the last "Notices to Mariners," are mentioned. In the upper left-hand corner is either a little chart prepared in addition on some subject of timely interest, or some further remarks about things upon the great chart itself.

On every chart is printed information regarding the storm signals of the United States coast, and directions to be followed in the event of being caught in hurricanes.

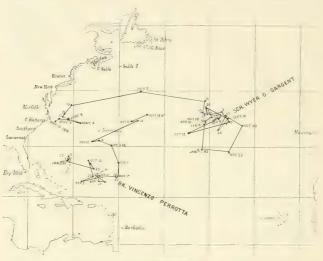
Nor is this all. So much information is generally at hand which is sure to be useful to the mariners, that very often a supplement is published to accompany the chart proper.

Every month 3500 of these charts are printed and sent out to the branch offices and to individuals. These branch offices are at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, San Francisco, and

Portland, Oregon. Each is supplied with an outfit of charts, books of sailing-directions, and so forth, and to them the masters of vessels are invited to bring instruments for correction; here they may seek information, which is gladly furnished them without charge, and here they obtain free copies of the pilot charts. To the

Portland, Oregon. Each is supplied with an so that they may obtain the latest news before

The value of the work done by the Hydrographic Office in this way is again and again learned from the commanding officers both of "ocean greyhounds" and of old-time sailing vessels. In foreign periodicals unstinted praise



This both shows about two records of diffuse are less than 10 Trenta," and the schounce "Way of Sasgem". Each being the track of the abouter, we see that show as reached cost of the plant Litters, Mark 4, i. Fan, and the award, after being fruit most time reported as shown by the diets and dates, was last seen, nearly in indisease, in December 6, 18 persons year and sight months are "He other work, the lank," seems to have been about a person for months. It will be notified that each visited more than once

Wednesday and Saturday steamers leaving New York and Boston especial attention is given. The pilot charts are sent to them by special delivery, when necessary, and their messengers wait at the branch offices until the last possible moment

and admiration are awarded to the American energy which has developed so striking an enterprise, and has brought it to so successful an issue. Even a brief study of the charts will be interesting and instructive to S1. NICHOLAS readers.



In Arabia, many years ago, there dwelt a mare called Ansha, renowned throughout the length and breadth of the desert for her surpassing beauty, her unrivaled speed, and her marvelous endurance. Khan Ali was her master, and he loved her, and was proud of her high repute; and she loved Khan Ali well, and was proud to do his bidding. Many coveted her, but all the gold yet offered in all the land had not tempted Khan Ali to part with his treasure. His coffers swelled with many wagers won, for at a word or sign from her master, Ansha showed her paces and won all races against the best and fleetest of Arabia's horses, until she came to be called "The Apple of Arabia's Eye."

One day to Khan Ali came word from the Governor of Trebizond, that a rich Count from a far country had arrived for the sole purpose of seeing, and perhaps of buying, the beautiful mare Ansha. The Count was waiting at the Governor's house for her and her master. For many leagues by night and by day across the burning desert and through the burning sands flew Ansha, bearing her beloved master to answer the Governor's commands. They traveled with little rest, and arrived very worn and weary, so that when Khan Ali had alighted Ansha drew her four feet together under her.

after the peculiar manner of Arabian horses, her head drooped over, and her little ears, so sharp and pointed when erect, seemed to unfold, and fell down long, like the ears of an ass.

And thus she fell asleep. Khan Ali also stood to rest himself, and shaking from the folds of his burnoose the sand of the desert, and its fine impalpable dust, with a sigh of relief he drew forth his pipe, and proceeded to light it. Soon he felt the ground tremble under him, and lifting his eyes, saw a line of horsemen approaching. Passing through the gate which gave them entrance to the inclosure appointed for the rendezvous, they beheld the travel-stained Arabian and the sleeping mare, and said to Khan Ali:

"We have come to see Ansha, the famed 'Apple of Arabia's Eye.'"

With salaams and an indicating gesture, Khan Ali said:

"Do you wish to try her speed?"

"What!—now!—when she is so nearly dead with fatigue?"

"Yes, Effendi, now. You see that tree, a mile or so distant? I will give you a fair start and we shall then see who will reach it first."

Being freshly mounted, they assented with smiling disdain to so easy a race and so sure a victory, and started their horses on a dead run. Before they had gone one quarter the distance, the mare passed them with easy strides: and as they began the last quarter of the distance, they looked far ahead. There sat the Arab

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on the motionless mare, under the appointed tree, coolly filling his pipe,—both man and mare in an attitude of easy waiting. Together, they all returned to the rendezvous; the Count who had come to buy determined on the purchase, and keeping close to Khan Ali, said:

"You are willing to sell this mare?"

"Yes, Effendi,"

"How much do you want for her?"

"As much gold as a man can lift!"

A strong bag was brought, and the servants of the Count were beckoned to approach. They began to empty their saddle-bags, and the gold coins were poured, clinking and tinkling with a merry sound, into the bag held open to receive them. When it was nearly full, the Arab lifted it, but it came off the ground too easily. Shaking his head with dissatisfaction, he again opened the bag, and held it toward them. More gold was piled into its capacious mouth, and now, with all the Arab's strength, he could barely lift it from the ground—so he was satisfied. Then the Governor of Trebizond said to the Arab:

"Khan Ali, you give this mare, Ansha, in

exchange for this bag of gold, to the Count?" "By the beard of Mahomet! I do yow that I give my mare, Ansha, in exchange for this bag of gold, to the Count!" Repeating "By the beard of Mahomet" three times, he picked up the bag, and staggering under its weight, walked off. The gate clicked to behind him, and the mare standing quietly, held by the Count's groom, lifted her head high at the sound. With deepest interest and admiration, the group of men surrounded her, commenting upon her extraordinary beauty-for now she stood erect, with her ears pointed forward and her nostrils quivering. Suddenly a sharp, shrill whistle was heard, when, in the twinkling of an eve, the mare had wrenched her head loose from the hand that held her, had leaped the fence, and with incredible speed was beside her master before any one could reach the gate. In a moment Khan Ali mounted and was flying on Ansha's back, with the bag of gold resting on his saddle-bow: in another, only a cloud of dust remained to indicate the direction of their sudden disappearance. Consternation reigned among the group so unceremoniously left behind; and threats deep and dire followed the

Arab thief who had so shamefully outwitted them. Then said the Governor of Trebizond:

"How many pounds of gold did Khan Ali lift?"

"At least one hundred and fifty pounds were in that bag."

"Then Khan Ali carried away a large sum

"Then Khan Ali carried away a large sum of money?"

The Count, in reply, named a sum equal to some \$45,000 in American money.

"Well, Count, you shall have the mare or the gold. I promise that the Arab shall return. You have all heard him swear 'By the beard of Mahomet' three times?"

"Yes, Most Wise, we heard him swear it three times."

"He shall return to you here; but you must wait, and I will gladly be your host until he comes. Will you accept this arrangement?" "With great pleasure, your Excellency."

They waited. A week passed-two weeksthree weeks had dragged by their weary length. lightened only by such diversions as the kindly Governor could command. At last, at the end of the fourth week, came meekly walking into the courtyard, Khan Ali, leading a mule. Beside him was the famous mare, Ansha, magnificently caparisoned. Gold lace was about her neck, and a bridle of exquisite workmanship adorned her head. The saddle-cloth was of finest embroidery, and the saddle a marvel of skill, while the stirrups were finely carved, and all the trappings gleamed with jewels and golden fringe. The unhappy Khan Ali, covered with dust, abject and conscience-stricken, had returned, and begged to see the Count. The sudden appearance of the strange trio was soon noised about, and the Governor and his guests hastened to the courtvard. Khan Ali, lifting Ansha's bridle-rein, placed it in the hands of the Count, and with a cry for mercy and pardon, besought him to take the mare. The Count. mindful of his late experience, promptly led Ansha to the stable, and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket. Returning, he questioned the repentant Arab; and Khan Ali, with many tears and sighs, related how the wretched gold so dishonestly obtained had brought him only keenest misery. The story of the theft spread far and wide, and preceded him everywhere. All



was angry, for had he not broken his most be kind to his Ansha?"

distrusted the man who broke his promise, solemn vow? He would thank the Count to He could make no trades, he could neither take his pet -his blessing - and he had covbuy nor sell; his wife and children, not- ered her with gorgeous trappings. He had withstanding the great heap of gold the good heard that the Count loved horses, and was Count had given him, were starving. Mahomet good to them, and-"Oh! would the Count

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Then suddenly turning, and no longer seeing the mare, he rent his burnoose, he tore his hair, and, flinging himself on the ground, face downward, gave utterance to his heartrending grief. In vain did the group of bystanders try to comfort him. In vain they showed him the good horse the Count had left for him to ride home, instead of the mule; he still moaned, and would not be comforted. And when, two hours

later, the little procession of horsemen filed past him and he saw for the last time his beloved Ansha, and heard her farewell whinny, his lamentations redoubled. They were the last sounds that reached the ears of the departing cavalcade.

Thus came the famous Arabian mare into Europe, and her descendants are among the most noted horses on European soil.



A RIDE IN CENTRAL LARK

FROM HAKLUYT'S "VOYAGES."

SELECTIONS BY FLORENCE WATTERS SNEDEKER.

In the days of Queen Bess lived Richard Hakluyt, to whom England was "more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age."

Not that he was statesman, soldier, or even sailor. He was a preacher. He never saw the marvelous New World. But it was the passion of his life. He incited merchants and noblemen to expeditions and "plantings." He knew the "chiefest captains . . . and best mariners" of England, "and he published their reports, together with many other narratives, letters, translations, and treatises, in the great volume of his Voyages."

The voyages were written by mariners and captains, merchants and gentlemen, mechanics and knights. They tell of expeditions undertaken for greed of gold, for thirst of adventure, for hatred of Spain, for love of England, for the glory of God. They give pictures of those wonderful times, from Oueen Elizabeth waving Frobisher farewell, to poor Job Hortop, gunner, sitting down in his old age to write the woeful tale of his labors and troubles.

Hakluyt's "Vovages" have been called "the great prose epic of the English nation." Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" is largely drawn from them, and may well be read in connection with them for understanding of the times.

Sir Walter Raleigh, brilliant courtier and soldier as he was, was mariner as well. The New World filled his imagination, and seemed to promise him adventure, gold, and fame. He sent thither various expeditions. With several he went in person, notably in the romantic search for the land of gold.

His first expedition was sent in 1584-two barks under Philip Armadas and Arthur Barlow. One of these captains sent to Sir Walter the following glowing account of the voyage.

Virginia.

well furnished with men and victuals.

The tenth of May we arrived at the Canaries, and the tenth of June we were fallen in with the islands of the West Indies. At which islands we found the air unwholesome, and our men grew ill; so, having refreshed ourselves, with sweet water and fresh victual, we departed.

The second of July, we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in some delicate garden abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers; by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant, And, keeping good watch, and bearing but slack sail, we arrived upon the coast. We sailed along a hundred and twenty English miles before we could find any entrance, or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, though not without some difficulty, and cast anchor about three harquebus shot within the haven's mouth. And, after thanks given to

THE twenty-seventh day of April, 1584, we God for our safe arrival thither, we manned our departed the west of England, with two barks boat, and went to take possession in the name of the Oueen's most excellent majesty.

> Which, being performed, we viewed the land about us, being very sandy and low toward the water's side; but so full of grapes, as that the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed with them; of which we found plenty of vines, both on the sand and on the green hills, in the plains, as well on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the top of high cedars.

> We passed from the seaside towards the tops of those hills next adjoining, and from thence we beheld the sea on both sides. This land we found to be but an island of twenty miles long. and not above six miles broad. We beheld the valleys replenished with goodly cedar trees; and, having discharged our harquebus shot, such a flock of cranes, the most part white, arose under us, with such a cry, and many echoes, as if an army of men had shouted all together.

woods are not barren and fruitless, but the both barks, he departed.

This island had many goodly woods full of him a shirt, a hat, and some other things; and deer, conies, hares and fowl; even in the midst made him taste of our wine and our meat, of summer, in incredible abundance. The which he liked very well. And, having viewed



" HE PUCKONED US TO COME AND SIT BY HIM."

highest and reddest cedars of the world; pines, cypress, sassafras, the tree that beareth the rind of black cinnamon, of which Master Winter brought from the straits of Magellan; and many others of excellent smell and quality.

We remained two whole days before we saw any people of the country.

The third day we espied one small boat rowing towards us, having in it three people. This boat came to the island side, four harquebus shot from our ship; and there two of the people remaining, the third came along the

Then the master of the "Admiral," Simon and myself and others rowed to the land. Whose coming this fellow attended, never making any show of fear or doubt.

understood by us, we brought him, with his

The next day there came unto us divers boats, and in one of them the king's brother, accompanied with forty or fifty men; very handsome and goodly people, and in their behavior as mannerly and civil as any of Europe. His name was Granganimeo, and the king is called Wingina: the country now in honor of her majesty, Virginia.

His servants spread a long mat on which he sat down; and, at the other end of the mat, four others of his company did the like. The rest of his men stood round about him, somewhat afar off. When we came to the shore to him with our weapons, he never moved from his place, nor never mistrusted any harm to be offered from us; but beckoned us to come and sit by him, which we performed.

And being sat, he made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and his breast, and afterward on ours, to show we were all one; smiling and making show, the best he could, of

all love and familiarity. After he had made a long speech unto us, we presented him with divers things, which he received most joyfully and thankfully. None of the company durst speak one word all the time. Only the four which were at the other end spake one in the

The king is greatly obeyed, and his brother and children reverenced. The king himself was, at our being there, sore wounded in a fight which he had with the king of the next country. By reason whereof, and for that he lay at the chief town of the country, six days' journey off, we saw him not at all.

After we had presented his brother with such

things as we thought he liked, we likewise gave somewhat to the others that sat with him on the mat. But he arose, and took all from them, and put it into his basket, making signs that all ought to be delivered unto him, and the rest were but his servants and followers.

A day or two after this, we fell to trading with them, exchanging some things that we had for various kinds of pelts and skins. When we showed him our packet of merchandise, of all things that he saw, a bright tin dish most pleased him. which he presently took up, and clapt it before his breast, and after, made a hole in the brim thereof. and hung it about his

against his enemy's arrows. We exchanged our tin dish for twenty skins, worth twenty crowns, and a copper kettle for fifty skins.

They offered us good exchange for our hatchets, and axes, and for knives, and would have given anything for swords, but we would not part with any.

After two or three days the king's brother came on board the ship, and brought his wife with him, his daughter, and two or three children. His wife was very well favored, of mean stature, and very bashful. She had on her back a long cloak of leather, with the fur side next to her body; and before her a piece of the same. About her forehead she had a piece of white coral, and so had her husband. In her ears she had bracelets of pearls (whereof we delivered your worship a little bracelet). And those were of the bigness of good pease. The rest of her women, of the better sort, had pendants of copper hanging in either ear. And some of the children of the king's brother, and

other noblemen, had five or six in either ear. He himself had upon his head a broad plate of gold or copper; for, being unpolished, we knew not what metal it should be; neither would he by any means suffer us to take it off his head.



"AND WHEN IT HATH BURNED IT HOLLOW, THEY CUT OUT THE COAL WITH THEIR SHELLS," (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

neck, making signs that it would defend him only the women wear their hair long on both sides and the men only on one. They are of a color vellowish, and their hair black for the most part; and vet we saw children that had very fine auburn and chestnut-colored hair.

> After these women had been there, there came from all parts great store of people, bring

ing with them leather, coral, divers kinds of dyes, and exchanged with us.

But when Granganimeo, the king's brother, was present none durst trade but himself, except like himself. For that is the difference between noblemen and governors of countries, and the meanest sort. And we noted that no people in the world carry more respect to their king, nobles, and governors than these do. The king's brother's wife was followed with forty or fifty women always, and when she came into the ship she left them all on land saving her two daughters, and one or two more. The king's brother always kept this order: as many boats as he would come withal to the ships, so many fires would be make on the shore afar off: to the end we might understand with what company he approached.

Their boats are made of one tree, either of pine or of pitch. They have no edged tools to make them. If they have any of these it seems they had them twenty years since out of a wreck of a Christian ship, whereof none of the people were saved; but only the ship or some part of her being cast upon the sand; out of whose sides they drew the nails and the spikes, and with those they made their best instruments.

The manner of making their boats is thus: they burn down some great tree, or take such as are windfallen: and, putting gum and rosin upon one side thereof, they set fire to it. And, when it hath burned it hollow, they cut out the coal with their shells. Ever when they would burn it deeper or wider, they lay on gums which burn away the timber. And by this means they fashion very fine boats, and such as will transport twenty men. Their oars are like scoops.

The king's brother had great liking of our armor, a sword and divers other things we had, and offered to lay a great box of pearls in gage for them. But we refused it for this time, because we would not let them know that we esteemed thereof, until we had understood in what places of the country the pearls grew.

He was very just of his promise. For many times we delivered him merchandise upon his word: but ever he came within the day, and performed his promise. He sent us every day a brace or two of fat bucks, conies, hares, fish; the best of the world. He sent us divers kinds of fruits, melons, walnuts, eucumbers, gourdes, pease, and divers roots; and of their country corn, which is very white, fair, and well tasted, and groweth three times in five months.

After they had been divers times aboard our ships, myself, with seven more, went twenty miles into the river. And the following evening we came to an island which they call Roanoke.

At the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of cedar, and fortified round about with sharp trees, to keep out their enemies; and the entrance into it made like a tumpike, very artificially. When we came towards it the wife of Granganimeo came running out to meet us, very cheerfully and friendly. Her husband was not then in the village. Some of her people she commanded to draw our boats on shore. Others she appointed to carry us on their backs to the dry ground; and others to bring our oars into the house, for fear of stealing.

When we were come into the outer room (having five rooms in her house), she caused us to sit down by a great fire. And she herself took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could; making great haste to dress some meat for us to eat.

Then she brought us into the inner room.

She set on the board, standing along the house, some wheat, sodden* venison, and roasted; fish sodden, boiled, and roasted; melons raw; and sodden roots of divers kinds, and divers fruits. Their drink is commonly water; but, while the grape lasteth, they drink wine. But it is sodden, with ginger in it, and black cinnamon, and sometimes sassafras, and divers other wholesome and medicinal herbs.

We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bounty as they could possibly devise.

We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age.

The people only care how to defend themselves from the cold in their short winter. Their meat is very well sodden, and they make broth sweet and savory. Their vessels are earthen pots, and their dishes are wooden platters. While we were at our meat there came in at the gate two or three men with their bows and arrows from hunting. Whom, when we espied, we began to look one toward another, and offered to reach our weapons.

But as soon as she espied our mistrust, she was very much moved, and caused some of her men to run out and take away their bows and arrows and break them, and withal beat the

poor fellows out of the gate again.

When we departed in the evening, and would not tarry all night, she was very sorry, and gave us into our boat our supper half dressed, pots and all; and brought us to our boat side, in which we lay all night, removing the same a pretty distance from the shore. She, perceiving our jealousy, was much grieved, and sent divers men and thirty women to sit all night on the bank side by us; and sent us into our boats fine mats to cover us from the rain, using very many words to entreat us to rest in their houses.

But because we were few men, and, if we had been lost, the voyage had been in very great danger, we durst not adventure anything; although there was no cause of doubt. For a more kind and loving people there cannot be found, as far as we have hitherto had trial.

Thus, Sir, we have acquainted you with the particulars of our discovery, made this present voyage. And, so contenting ourselves with this service at this time, which we hope hereafter to enlarge, as occasion and assistance shall be given, we resolved to leave the country.

Which we did accordingly, and arrived in the west of England about the midst of September.

Master Philip Armadas, Master Arthur Barlow, Captain

We brought home, also, two of the savages; men whose names were Wanchese and Manteo.



THE CHILDREN'S SUNNY BACK PORCH.



NEXT month, my sunny ones, you 'll be shouting "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"- a capital and most stirring sentiment, no doubt; but what say you to giving a rousing cheer to-day, my hearties, for June - June, the month of Roses! - the month that brings sweet "vacation-times" to restless school-boys and school-girls, and to weary teachers - not to mention a few other good folk scattered

here and there over the country. "All right?" I knew you'd say so. Well, then, boys and girls, THREE CHEERS FOR JUNE!

Hip, hip, hurrah! Good! Now we'll settle down to a quiet life. First you shall hear a good story which comes from our honored friend, J. A. D.:

A PARDONED THIEF.

THE boys on a farm missed apples from a choice fruit steadily disappeared, and no one knew how.

One day, when the other boys had gone to dinner, and John had been detained in a field separated by a hill from the favorite apple-tree, he heard the tree shake and its fruit fall. The air was still. Somebody evidently had shaken the tree. Mr. Thief had taken advantage of the dinner-hour, and was at work! Running swiftly but quietly no human being in sight. The thief could not have escaped, and there was no place to hide; but where was he? There was no doubt that he had the apples, fresh fallen, lay on the ground, and "Jim," the favorite horse, was eating them!

While the bewildered boy remained on the hilltop quietly looking all around for the thief, Jim ate the last apple and searched in vain for more. When he failed to find any, he walked to the tree, bent his fore legs as he pressed his shoulder against it, and, rising suddenly, gave the tree a severe shaking. Several apples fell; Jim swallowed them quickly, and looked about for more.

The thief had been found. When the lad shouted, Jim looked toward the hilltop in surprise, and then ran away, as if he knew that he had been caught stealing.

HAPPY Jim, - not to know any better! I shall never believe "he knew that he had been caught stealing." On the contrary, I think he probably was a very modest horse, and ran away so as not and ingenuity.

Here is another pleasant anecdote from I. A. D.:

A BLUNDER SOMEWHERE

In the autumn of 1876, when old and young were celebrating the National Centennial, a venerable minister in New Jersey celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as pastor of a single church. The house of worship was elaborately decorated, and over the pulpit in floral letters "Semi-centennial" told the meaning of the celebration.

In the crowd filling the house of worship was Bert, the pastor's grandson. The little fellow occupied a front seat beside his aunt, and spent most of the time during service in studying the decorations. At the close he said to his aunt:

- "What makes grandpa such a poor speller?"
 "Why, is he?" was the response.
- "Yes; just read his spelling back of the pulpit."
- "What is wrong in that, Bertie?" "Can't you see? He spells 'See My Centennial' 'S-e M-i C-e-n-t-e-n-n-i-a-l.' Two words out of three are wrong.'

BIG BUBBLES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A certain learned professor, in the course of a scientific lecture, not long ago, told his young hearers how to blow mammoth soapbubbles. His directions were : First get a lamp-chimney (one that is straight up and down); dip one end into a in trying this experiment, to add a little glycerin to the E. M. C.

ABOUT SPIDERS.

HERE come a couple of true stories about spiders. They - picture and all - are ready made for you by our friend and close observer, Mr. Nugent. But if you watch the busy and wonderful little creatures carefully, during this brand-new summer,

A SILKEN BUOY.

of the insect world. What other insects roam on land,

even make diving-bells for themselves so as to live under

Look at the feats they accomplish as engineers and architects. They are both house-builders and bridgebuilders who can build anywhere. When difficulties present themselves, the spider usually overcomes them in so masterful and artistic a manner as to win admiration from human beings.

If, in making a bridge from one tree to another, the branches interfere with the free passage of their lines, they lower themselves—in a cradle made for this purpose — until the way is clear. Then the line is spun out and the wind kindly carries it across for them. The wind and the spider are in partnership when a bridge is to be built. The spider furnishes from his own body the silken strand and fastens his end of it; the wind takes the other a road, thirty or forty feet wide.

If by chance a spider falls into the water far from land, it is sure to find some clever way of reaching shore. The spider may walk on the water, or, if there is a breeze. he may sail ashore. If he happens to find something floating, he will make a life-boat of it. It does not take long to cover the floating straw, or seed, or whatever it may be, with net, and thereby make of it a beautiful silken raft.

I send you a drawing showing a spider which was dropped into the water, near the silken ball of a cocoon. The spider at once threw strands around the ball and attached herself to it. Lazily and gently the silken buoy bobbed across the surface of the water, and, with the wind's help, cocoon and spider were soon safe ashore. Yours truly, MEREDITH NUGENT.

A CURIOUS NIGHTCAP.

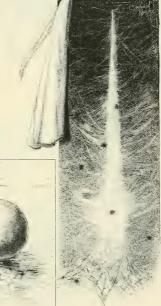
DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of spiders making nightcaps? Well, they do; and I saw one in the British Museum which had been made by them. A nice large nightcap it was too, being nearly four feet long.

As you might perhaps suppose, it came from that place where so many queer things come from - the Fiji

I send you a drawing of the only specimen I ever saw. When one of the museum professors took the nightcap out of the case for me, I noticed the thickness of the material; it must have been nearly an inch thick, and yet the cap was so light it hardly seemed to have any weight. But what can a Fiji Islander want with a nightcap from three to four feet in length?

I peeped into it, hoping to see some of the original the cap inside out we found nothing of the framework

In color the cap was a dingy gray; originally it had been of a beautiful light-golden hue. Attached to it was a card saying that it had been presented to the museum by Miss Gordon-Cumming, and I hoped



THE SILKEN BLOY

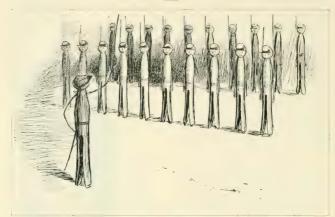
SPIDERS MAKING THE NIGHTCAP

Islands. When a native wants a nightcap, all he has to do is to make a light framework, and place it in a dark corner where spiders are plentiful. These accommo-dating little creatures will then completely cover the framework with beautiful silk, and make for the native a nightcap of which he may well be proud.

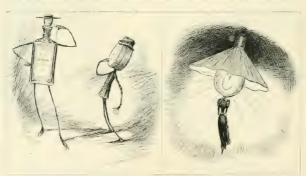
I might find an account of it in some of the many interesting books that lady has written. In a hurried search, however, I found neither text nor illustration referring to it, and this leads me to believe that perhaps the drawing I send you is the first that has ever been published of this interesting nightcap. M. N.

INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

By P. NEWELL.



AFTER MONDAY'S WORK THE CLOTHES-PIN SQUAD ALWAYS REQUIRES THE ROLL-CALL AND ANOTHER DRILL

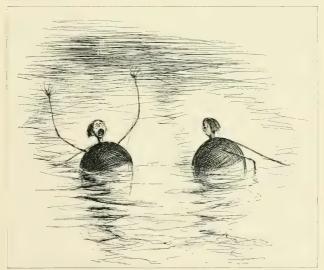


or it pook "Well, well" what next? I 've seen cork I g bet re, but never a cork head "

Miss Incandescent Light thinks no part of the day is so delightful as the evening. As soon as it begins to grow dark her face lightens up.



HAPPY POTATO: "I say, this is ever so much jollier than living underground, is n't it?" I don't see it." HAPPY FOTATO: "Of course not — why don't you use your eyes as I do?"



PROBABLY A FISH: 1ST BOB: "What ails you? - got the cramp?" 2D BOB: "O-o-o' Something's got me by the toe!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

COMMINITIONS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 1st of september, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of Sr. NICHOLAS. CONSEQUENTLY, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postspone sending their MSS, until after the last-named date.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL,

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, O. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl at the Children's Hospital, and I thought I would tell you about

They brought all the children into our ward, and all that were able to be up were up, and all that were in bed were brought in. We had all the beds moved, and the chairs, and a number of people came to see him play, The first thing he did was to shuffle cards. Then he borrowed a lady's handkerchief, and gave it to one of the boys, and told him to roll it up. Then he asked him to open it, and when he did so, it was all in pieces; and then he told him to roll it up again, and then he asked him to give him a small piece, and when he opened it, it was all in a long piece. Then he took a lemon from a boy's mouth, and when he opened it, the handkerchief was in it. Then he put the handkerchief on a plate, and set it on fire, and took a piece of paper, and put it on the fire, and put it out. Then he took dollars out of our hair, and from our sleeves. Then he asked a man to lend him his hat, and he hit the hat, and two rabbits were in it. Then he brought in some candy in a bowl, and gave us all some of the candy. Then he took a stick and wound shavings out of the bowl, and out of the shavings flew a live duck. Then he brought two glasses in, and in one was a blue handkerchief, and in one was a red handkerchief and an egg. A colored boy had the blue, and Professor had the red. He shook his glass, and the egg went over into the other glass, and the handkerchiefs changed places. We children enjoyed it very much, for which we thanked him. We will never forget him.

NETTIE PRECHT.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was born on one of the Sandwich Islands. The island of Hawaii is the one, and the town in which I was born is called Hilo. It is a The large volcano is on Hawaii. When I was one year old, there was an eruption, and the lava came within a mile of our house. A good many people packed up their things to come away, but we did not

It is warm the whole year round there, and bathing is most everybody rode horseback when I lived there.

the water very much, and was almost sorry to leave the

We have lived in Santa Barbara five years, and like

A short time ago, a party went up to Seven Falls. was one of the party, and we had a lovely time. We took our lunch with us, and were gone all day. It is quite a jaunt to get there, as the trail is very steep in some places. There are lots of lovely ferns there now, and there were a great many when we went. We came home varieties. There is a lovely stream in the cañon, and the sides of it in some places were covered with maidenhair

My aunt Mary sends you to me, and I enjoy you ever and ever so much. I am interested in "Polly Oliver, for the story said her home was Santa Barbara.

Your delighted reader, MARY D. K-

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: The following names of five United States senators contain all the letters of the alphabet: Nathan F. Dixon, Zebulon B. Vance, James Henderson Kyle, W. A. Peffer, Roger Q. Mills.

Your sincere reader. GEO, S. S

PHILADELPHIA, PA. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and have taken you for two years. Last Saturday papa and I went all through the Cramps' shipyard. We went all over the "New York" and the "Columbia," or "Pirate," as she is called, because she is intended to destroy the enemy's commerce, and not to do any heavy fighting. The Pirate will be the fastest war-vessel afloat when she is done. We also saw the hull of the "Minneapolis' (which is a sister ship to the Pirate), and of the "Indiana' and "Massachusetts," which are sister ships intended for very heavy fighting. The contract price of the New York will be \$2,985,000, of the Columbia, \$2,725,000, and of the Indiana, \$3,063,000. I am your interested reader. LEWIS B----.

WAPPOOLAH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your paper for five years, since I was a year old. My cousin is writing this for me. I am anxious to tell you about "Billy," the this for me. I am anxious of early ou about "binly, the goat. My brother Joe and I drive him, and he rears up, and if you pull his tail he will run away. Joe can ride him, but he is much too wild for me. We have a mule called "Anniemule."

My mother's name is Fannie, and I am called Panchita, and that means "Little Fannie." We live on a rice-plantation, and have a good time. Mulberry Castle is four miles from here, and was built in 1714, and there are cannons at the corners of the building. Billy joins me PANCHITA.

MORGAN STATION, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. Yesterday I was walking along with my dog, "Jack," in our cañon. I soon got tired of walking, and climbed upon a rock to sit down, and Jack gave me a push and stumbled and fell in a lot of thistles; so when I got home I was in a pretty bad state. I had to take off my clothes and go to bed. A kind friend in Florida has sent you to me for almost a year; my sister has taken you for four years. Please don't forget you have a lov-ing friend and reader, WALTER Bing friend and reader,

VENICE, ITALY. DEAR Sr. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you

the lovely times we are having. We have not been in

When we arrived at the station, I thought we would get into a cab, but when we came out on a platform, we saw below us water instead of a street, and black gon-

dolas instead of cabs. There were men at each end of They stand up to row.

The boats look like graceful black swans. The Grand Canal is very wide, and the side ones very narrow, and From our windows we watch the great ocean-steamers

passing, and also the little steamboats, which are the

We go every morning in front of the Cathedral, where there are hundreds of pigeons, and if you buy corn from the men there, the pigeons will rest, many at a time, on your arm and take corn. Once I had six on my arms. and I saw one man with them on his hat. When we were at Pisa, we saw the leaning tower; it leans fourteen feet out of the right way, and another strange sight was a woman letting down a basket out of the third-story window for the mail, and the postman put the letters into it, and she drew it up again.

I am your devoted reader, ALICE H-

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters from California, I thought I would write one. enjoy your delightful magazine very much, and look forward to its coming every month. We live at North Beach, and from our windows can be seen the San Francisco Bay. Papa is the captain of the pilot-boat "Bonita," and we often go on little excursions around the bay. West is the Pacific Ocean, and on the beach is situated a building called the Cliff House. From there sea-lions slide off into the water. It is sometimes very rough around there, and once a big black fin-whale was nearly stranded on the beach. California is a very beautiful State, I think, as there are flowers all the year round, and the orchards and grain-fields are very extensive. The scenery is beautiful. I often wish we had more snow in San Francisco, for we have had it only four times since I was born. I think "Juan and Juanita" is a beautiful story, and I like the "White Cave" and "Polly Oliver's Problem" very much. Your interested reader

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Halifax is a garrison town, and is chiefly noted for its fine public gardens, where the military band plays once a week during the summer months, and is enjoyed by a great many people. We have a fine park and many beautiful and interesting drives outside the city. One of the nicest walks is around the top of Citadel Hill. You have a view of the whole city and harbor, which is called one of the finest in the world. On a clear day you can look away out to sea. hot months to enjoy our cool sea-breezes, fishing, and boating. They think we are very slow, and our city so says there are worse places than Halifax. I have two sisters and one big brother. He lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., and tells me there are streets in that city called Pine apple, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, and Cranberry

We have a number of house-plants that we take great care of, and they reward us by blooming freely this year.

bloomed until April before, so I took great care of it, little surprise for her. I put boiling water in the saucer Mama was quite pleased about it.

M. E---.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of reading you, and to-night I was trying to find you, but could not, for I she likes St. NICHOLAS better than any other we take.

and he is very cute. The reason that we have him is, last summer we lost a very handsome Irish setter. We missed him so much that papa bought us this new one. You cannot imagine how much he looks like our old dog "Prince." We named our new dog "Prince," too. I get home from school and read you through.

FLORENCE A. L---.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, ten and eleven years old, and are very good friends. It always is a source of great pleasure to us when your magazine arrives, and we look forward eagerly to the twenty-fifth of Jane," "Sara Crewe," "Juan and Juanita," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" are our favorite stories. We think that these lines from Longfellow's "The Ladder of St. Augustine" are so pretty that we should like to see them in the "Letter-box," in order to make them known

"All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds The action of the nobler will-

"All these must first be trampled down In the bright fields of fair renown The right of eminent domain.'

Your devoted little readers,

HILDA J-ROSE W-

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have traveled a good deal. I have been to the Channel Islands; it is lovely there; Sark has some very pretty caves called the "Gouliot"; in Herm there is a beach of nothing but shells. We stayed in Guernsey most of the Britons, when Julius Cæsar landed in England. In May my mother and I are going back to England, and I mean

GLOUCESTER COURT HOUSE, VA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me as a

I am nearly twelve years old, and, am devoted to reading. I must tell you something my little sister said yesterday. We took her to the dentist, and when she came back she was asked by her teacher what he did to her. She said that he "pulled out one and stuffed two tech." She has the oddest ways of expressing herself. I will say good by. Your new reader.

ELIZABETH S. B. L-

McKinney, Texas.

MY DEAR ST, NICHOLAS: I live in a small town called McKinney, Texas, and have no brothers or sisters, but I find great consolation in reading your delightful pages. I am in the sixth grade, and have been going to school nearly four years. My teacher is very kind to us. Your devoted little reader.

MACK M---

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just ten years old. I am going to tell you a little of my travels in Switzerland. At Zermatt we got up at four o'clock one morning, and the sun was just rising all rosy on the Matterhorn, while the village was dark as night. It was a beautiful sight. We took mules up to the Görnergrat, which was a long pull, taking about five hours. From the top one could see ten or twelve great gladers at his feet. The clouds rested soft and white just on the tiptop of the mountains, and looked like eider-down. The Matterhorn rises above all the mountains; there is h sharp point which seems to and enjoy the lovely picture, also to get a drink of milk, which they had to sell in a little shed built up there for the purpose, we came down on foot, it being too steep to ride. The little shops in the village are very curious, and have queer things for sale.

From Zermatt we went to Chamounix. Mont Blanc does not seem very high, although, as you know, it is the highest mountain in Europe. We went over the Mer de Glace; there are some very deep crevosses in this glacier, which you can look away down into. On the other side of the Mer de Glace we reached the Mauvais Pass, which in some places makes one dizzy, it is so dreadfully steep down the solid-bidle of a rock, with the glacier and crewises at the bottom. There was an iron railing

to hold on by so that one may not fall down the precipice. After leaving this we reached the Chapeau, which is Called by this name because it is a big rock shaped like a hat with a vizor. At this place was a little shop where one could buy souvenirs. We met our mules and rode

back to the hotel. From your devoted reader,

MONTELL, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My good aunty gave you to me for a Christmas present. I enjoy you so much. I live at the foot of Shoe Peg Mountam, on the Newacet River,

in rather a wild country, where there is plenty of wild animals, such as bear, panther cats, and foxes. They catch our sheep a good deal. I go to school about two miles from here, and ride on horseback. I can shoot a gun and kill hawks and birds. I have some sheep. I have one that I work in my little wagon, and with him I plow in my garden. He eats corn and oats. We have sheep, cattle, horses, and hogs. I have a little black mace. I remain ever your loving friend, J. R. B—.

HOTEL FLORENCE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and am ten years old now.

As this is a scaport town, we see a great many vessels here. There have been some men-of-war in here, and I have been on a good many of them. Last year there were more of our American men-of-war here, but this year there have been more English men-of-war. There was one very large English man-of-war in here this year; the name of it was the "Warspite." It was the English flag-ship.

I lived over at Coronado beach, at a hotel named Hotel

I lived over at Coronado beach, at a hotel named Hotel del Coronado, for a year. It is the largest hotel in America. They have a beautiful swimming-tank over at Coronado, and I learned to swim in it.

I remain your devoted reader, EMILY D---.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. We have taken you a long time. I read the story "Two Girls and a Boy," and found it very interesting. I live in Washington, and as the story said Milderd's house was in Washington, at look a walk to see if I could find it, and I think I found the right house, for it was very much like the description you gave. As we were not acquainted with the people who lived in that house, I could not go through it, as I would like to have done, and was very sorry I could not. Your little reader.

Grace M----

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Joseph F., Valerie De K., Amy J., Wmifred M. B., Bonnie B., Elizabeth H. M., Richard B. L., Ruth B. J., Louise H. B., John A., Richard B. L., Ruth B. J., Louise H. B., John A. Harry and Fanny A., Frieda R., Beth M., Lonise K., Bertha G. M., M. S. A. S., M. T. D., Gracie D., Lizzie P. C., Annie F. C., Irving C. N., Edith G. S., Marie M. G., Ida L. C., Agnes B. C., Mary M., Jessie H. C., Marguerite D., Gertrude I., Louise A. B., Grace V. H., May H., Harriet D. McK., B. D. J., H. M. S., Wällie B., Harry O., Margaret M., Annette I. T., Eva D., Sarah L., Mary M., Clara S., Amelia T. P., Courtensy D., Edith M. S., Anna B., Charles K. H., Laura A., Blonche I. G., Margorie B. T., Kae M. R., Abby A. N., Grace A. K., Marie, Marjorie G. J., Arthur W., Gordon H. P., Edith C., G. G. W., Joseph S., Charlotte and Minna J., Mattie, Nalrojec G. J., Arthur W., Gordon H. P., Edith C., G. R., M., Lawrence S., Emilly S., Addision N. C., Mary F., M. C. F., Nannie R., Edna I. W., J. D. M., C. W. F., Kuth B., O. B., Anna M. P., Ellistigel, J., C. K.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER. NITTE SIGN SUBSECTION OF CONTRACT SQUARE, I. I. C. 2, Gab. DIAMONDOS CONSECTION OF CONTRACT SQUARE STATE OF CONTRACT SQUARE STATE SQUARE SQUAR

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Audubon. Crosswords: elAms. 2 flUte. 3. baDge. 4 chUrn. 5 caBin. 1. flOat.

Connected Word-squares. I. r. Major. 2. Agama. 3. Jambs. 4. Ombre. 5. Rased. II. r. Ruler. 2. Usage. 3. Large. 4. Egged. 5. Reeds. III. r. Dises. 2. Inkle. 2. Skein. 4. Cips. 5. Sense. IV. r. Scuds. 2. Comic. 3. Umbra. 4. Direr. 5. Scare.

DIAMOND, 1. C. 2. Cog. 3. Sarah. 4. Cacolet. 5. Corollary. 6. Gallery. 7. Hears. 8. Try. 9. Y.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Never seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with."

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Japan. 2. Alate. 3. Parol. 4. Atoll. 5. Nelly.

CONFALED DOWELE ACROSTIC. Initials, Charles Dickens : finals, Pickwick Papers. Cross-words: 1, Cap. 2, Hadji. 3, Alec. 4, Risk. 5, Low. 6, Eli 7, Suma. 5, Dirk. 9, Imp. 1, Camera 11, Keep. 12, Eagle. 13, Nectar. 14, Sailors.

TO ONE PREZIERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 13th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box." care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

scholler in the state of the st

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS American:

GO ON SEWING THE RAG.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

I. Change BLAND to SMILE in eight moves. II. Change HOLY to ISLE in eleven moves.

MRS. W.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

I. UPPER SQUARE: I. A Turkish official. 2. A performer. 3. To assault. 4. A quadruped. 5. Furnished with means of protection.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: I. A proportional part or

share, 2. An African wading bird. 3. Fat. 4. A shell. 5. Behindhand. III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: I. A vision. 2. A musi-

RHOMPOID. Across: 1. Layer. 2. Naval. 3. Meter. 4. Nenia.

III. RIGHT-HAD SQUARE: I. A VISION. 2. A MUSI-cal composition. 3. To settle an income upon. 4. To pay divine honors to. 5. One who mows. IV. Lower SQUARE: I. A kingdom. 2. Listless-ness. 3. Concerning. 4. Pertaining to the moon. 5. A covering for the head, worn by church dignitaries.

WORD-BUILDING.

I. A LETTER. 2, A preposition. 3, A hostelry. 4. A number. 5, Not outward. 6. The principal meal of the day. 7. Tearing asunder. 8. Drifting. 9. Offering. 10. Making believe, EVERETT M. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cowslip, but not in grass; My second in iron, but not in brass;

My third is in arrow, but not in bow;

My fourth is in swallow, but not in crow; My fifth is in sudden, but not in quick;

My sixth is in plaster, but not in brick;

My seventh is in coffee, but not in tea; My eighth is in ankle, but not in knee; My ninth is in dinner, but not in lunch;

My tenth is in cluster, but not in bunch; My whole ten letters in a row

Will spell a place where all should go.

кномвого.

Across: I. To alter so as to fit for a new use. 2. A drama of which music forms an essential part. 3. Parts of comets. 4. Grates harshly upon. 5. Unswerving in

DOWNWARD: I. A letter. 2. To perform. 3. Quick to learn. 4. A fruit. 5. The act of testing in any manner. 6. Besides. 7. To watch closely. 8. One half of a word meaning to reserve. 9. A letter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name an author, and my finals a painter. Both were born in June.

Claus words: 1. Britle. 2. Having symmetry and dignity. 3. Concerning. 4. Extreme joy or pleasure. 5. A small, monkey-like animal. 6. To surround entirely. 7. A long, cushioned seat. 8. A maritime

dians native of Arizona.

1, W.

DOUBLE SOUARES.

I. 1. THE weight by which precioustones are weighed. 2. To make satisfaction for. 3. A common bird. 4. Imbecile. 5. A dogma.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A measure of weight. 2. A kind of sorcery. 3. Nothing.

TI. I. The gathered and thrashed stalks of certain species of grain. 2. A distinct portion of a people. 3. A Dutch gold coin. 4. Helps. 5. A Russian measure of length.

INCLUDED SQUARE: I. The chief nerve of a leaf. 2. A small fresh-water fish. 3. A wager.

INTERSECTING WORDS.

4 0 2

CROSS-WORDS: I. Annoys. 2. Pertaining to the humors. 3. Lamenting. 4. Fashionable. 5. To make wider. 6. Intoxicated. 7. A warrior.

From 1 to 2, a carpenter; from 3 to 4, navigators; from 5 to 6, a country of Europe.

H. W. E.

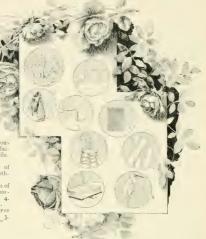
PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following geographical names have been ughtly one sed, and place bone below another, the initial letter will pell a name given to Bandbee.

1. A scaport town of Peru. 2. A great river of South Asia. 3. A seaport town of Morocco. 4. A city seventeen miles south of Tokio. 5. A Russian scaport city.

6. A group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean. 7. A country in the north of Africa. 8. The most elevated chain of mountains in the world. 9. An important red of Germany. 10. A large river of Quebec. 11. A city of the Netherlands. 12. The most populous city of Italy.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

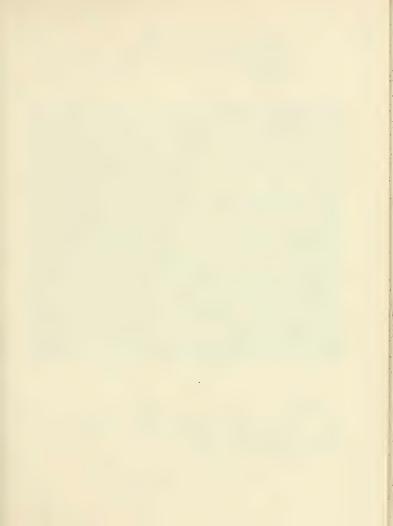


EACH of the nine pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated French dramatic author and founder of the French drama, who was born in June, 1606.

STAR PUZZLE.

1. A LETTER. 2. An article. 3. Exhibited in a showy or ostentatious manner. 4. The universe. 5. Low hills of drifting sand. 6. Places in an upright position. 7. To pull or tear down. 8. In this manner. 9. A letter.

"ANN o'DYNE."











ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX.

JULY, 1893.

LY, 1893.

No. 9.

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THE SHIP'S COLORS.

By Helen Gray Cone.

OH, sailor, young sailor, with tan on your cheek, What flag is your schooner to fly at her peak? Oh, Jack in blue jacket, I pray you, declare What colors your busy brown fingers prepare?

"What flag but the grandest?" my sailor-boy said:
"The star-spangled union, the stripes white and red;
The flower of all ensigns, the pride of the sky:
No flag but 'Old Glory' my beauty shall fly!"

Oh, sailor, my sailor, you 've chosen aright! Thus prize it forever, that banner of light. Each stripe has a meaning you yet cannot guess; Each star is more sacred than words may express.

O'er desolate ice-fields,—'mid islands of palm,—
It lives through the storm, and it sleeps through the calm.
It guides, through the war-cloud, on perilous ways;
It decks the glad cities on festival days.

In far-away harbors, where many ships meet, Where dark foreign faces look strange in the street, The flag flaps a greeting, and kinsmen who roam All bless the brave colors that tell them of home.

Wherever it flutters, the bride of the breeze, A message of freedom it flings o'er the seas, A hope for the world,—and the heart that beats true Must leap at the sight of the red, white, and blue!





was well on toward evening before this Third of July all at once made itself gloriously different from other days in my mind.

There was a very long afternoon, I remember, hot and

overcast, with continual threats of rain which never came to anything. The other boys were too excited about the morrow to care for present play. They sat instead along the edge of the broad platform-stoop in front of Delos Ingersoll's grocery-store, their brown feet swinging at varying heights above the sidewalk, and bragged about the manner in which they expected to celebrate the anniversary of their Independence. Most of the elder lads were very independent indeed: they were already sure of their parents' permission to stay up all night, so that the Fourth might be ushered in with its full share of ceremony. The smaller urchins pretended that they also had this permission, or were sure of getting it, Little Denny Cregan attracted admiring attention by vowing that he should remain out, even if his father chased him with a policeman all around the ward, and he had to go and live in a cave in the woods until he was

My inferiority to these companions of mine depressed me. They were allowed to go with-

out shoes and stockings: they wore loose and comfortable old clothes, and were under no instructions to keep them dry or clean or whole; they had their pockets literally bulging now with all sorts of portentous engines of noise and racket-huge brown "double-enders," bound with waxed cord; long, slim, viciouslooking "nigger-chasers"; big "Union torpedoes," covered with clay, which made a report like a great horse-pistol; - and so on through an extended catalogue of strange and dangerous explosives upon which I looked with awe, as their owners from time to time exhibited them with the proud simplicity of those accustomed to greatness. Several of these boys also possessed toy cannons, which would be brought forth at twilight. They spoke firmly of ramming them to the muzzle with grass, to produce a greater noise-even if it burst the cannons themselves and blew up the town.

By comparison, my lot was a sad one indeed. I was a solitary child, and a victim to propriety. A blue necktie was daily pinned under my broad collar, and there were gilt buttons on my Zouave-jacket. When we were away in the pasture playground near the gulf, and I ventured to take off my foot-gear, every dry old thistle-point in the whole territory seemed to arrange itself to be stepped upon by my white and tender soles. I could not swim: while my lithe, bold comrades dived out of sight under the deep water, and darted about chasing one another far beyond their depth, I paddled timidly around the "babies'hole" close to the bank, in the warm and muddy shallows.

Especially plain was my humble state on this July afternoon. I had no "double-enders," nor might I hope for any. The mere thought of owning a cannon seemed monstrous and unnatural to me. By some unknown process of reasoning my good mother had years before reached the theory that a boy ought to have

their tails, were fit only for "fizzes," I saved till after breakfast. With the finishing of these, I fell sadly back upon the public for amusement. I could see the soldiers, hear the band and the oration, and in the evening, when it did n't rain, enjoy the fireworks; but my own contribution to the patriotic noise was always over before the breakfast dishes had been washed.

My mother scorned the little paper torpe-



" IMEY SAT ALONG THE FIGE OF THE BROAD PLATFORM-STOOP IN FRONT OF DELOS INGERSOIL'S GROCERY STORE"

give me, in an old kettle, some embers from the wood fire in the summer kitchen. Thus solemn solitude fired off these crackers one by

just two packs of small fire-crackers on the does as childish and wasteful things. You Fourth of July. Four or five succeeding an- merely threw one of them, and it went off, she niversaries had hardened this theory into a said, and there you were. I don't know that matter of faith, with all its details rigidly fixed. I ever entirely understood this objection, but The fire-crackers were bought for me over during my whole childhood it seemed unannight, and placed on the hall table. Beside swerable. Nor was it easy to budge my good them lay a long rod of punk. When I has-mother from her position on the great two-packs tened down and out in the morning, with these issue. I seem to recall having successfully simple things in my hands, the hired girl would evaded it once or twice, but two packs was the rule.

When I ventured to call her attention to furnished, I went into the front yard, and in the fact that our neighbor, Tom Hemingway, thought nothing of exploding a whole pack one. Those which, by reason of having lost at a time inside their wash-boiler, she was not dazzled, but only replied: "Wilful waste makes woeful want."

Of course the idea of the Hemingways ever knowing what want meant was absurd. They lived a dozen doors or so from us, in a big white house with stately white columns rising from veranda to gable across the whole front, and a large garden, flowers and shrubs in front, fruit-trees and vegetables behind. Squire Hemingway was the most important man in our part of the town. I know now that he was never anything more than a United States Commissioner of Deeds,* but in those days, when he walked down the street with his gold-headed cane, his blanket-shawl folded over his arm, and his severe, dignified, close-shaven face held well up in the air, I seemed to behold a companion of Presidents.

This great man had two sons. The elder of them, De Witt Hemingway, was a man grown, and was at the front, with the army of the Potomac. I had seen him march away, over a year before, with a bright drawn sword, at the head of his company. The other son, Tom, was my senior by only a twelvemonth. He was by nature proud, but often consented to consort with me when the choice of better company was at low ebb.

It was to this Tom that I listened with most envious eagerness, in front of the grocery-store on the afternoon of which I speak. He did not sit on the stoop with the others,- no one expected quite that degree of familiarity,but leaned carelessly against a post, whittling out a new ramrod for his cannon. He said that this year he was not going to have any ordinary fire-crackers at all; they, he added with a meaning glance at me, were only fit for girls. He might do a little in "doubleenders," but his real point would be in "ringers"-an incredible giant variety of cracker, Turkey-red like the other, but in size almost a rolling-pin. Some of these he would fire off singly-between the volleys from his cannon. But a good many he intended to explode, in bunches say of six, inside the tin wash-boiler, brought out into the middle of the road for that purpose. Maybe, it would blow the old thing sky-high, but no matter. It was an old one.

Even as he spoke, the big bell in the belfry of the town hall burst forth in a loud clangor of swift-repeated strokes. It was half a mile away, but the moist air brought the loud pealing sounds to our ears as if the tower had stood close above us. We sprang off the stoop and stood poised, waiting to hear the number of the ward struck, and ready to scamper off on the instant if the fire was anywhere in our part of the town. But the excited peal went on and on, without a pause. It became clear that this meant something besides a fire. Some of us wondered vaguely what that something might be, but we soon forgot it and resumed our talking. Billy Norris, who was the son of poor parents, but could whip even Tom Hemingway, said he had been told that the German boys on the other side of the gulf were coming over to "rush" us on the following day, and that we ought all to collect nails to fire at them from our cannon. This we pledged ourselves to do - the bell ceaselessly keeping up its throbbing tumult.

Suddenly we saw the familiar figure of Johnson running up the street toward us. What his first name was I never knew. To every one, little and big, he was just "Johnson." He and his family had moved into our town after the War began; I fancy they moved away again before it ended. I do not even know what he did for a living. But he seemed always idle, always noisily good-natured, and always shouting out the news at the top of his lungs. I cannot pretend to guess how he found out everything as he did, or why, having found it out, he straightway rushed homeward, scattering the intelligence as he ran. Most probably, Johnson was molded by Nature for a town-crier, but by accident was born some generations after the race of bellmen had disappeared. Our neighborhood did not like him; our mothers did not know Mrs. Johnson, and we boys behaved rather snobbishly, I fear, to his children. He seemed not to mind this at all, but came up unwearyingly to shout out the tidings of the day for our benefit.

"Vicksburg's fell! Vicksburg's fell!" was what we heard him yelling, as he approached. Delos Ingersoll and his hired boy ran out of

^{*} A minor official who witnesses the signing of certain legal papers.

and heads were thrust out inquiringly.

"Vicksburg's fell!" he kept hoarsely proclaiming, his arms waving in air, as he staggered along at a dog-trot past us, and went into the hotel next to the grocery.

I cannot say how definite an idea these tidings conveyed to our boyish minds. I have a notion that at the time I assumed that Vicksburg had something to do with Gettysburg, where I knew from the talk of my elders that a terrible battle had been going on since the middle of the week. Doubtless this confusion



was aided by the fact that an hour or so later, on that same wonderful day, the wire brought us word that this awful conflict on Pennsylvanian soil had at last taken the form of a Union victory. It is difficult now to see how we could have known both these things on the Third of July - that is to say, before the people actually concerned seem to have been sure of them. Perhaps it was only inspired guesswork, but I know that my town went wild over the news, and that the clouds overhead cleared

The sun did well to spread that summer sky

away as if by magic.

the grocery. Doors opened along the street, rainbow knows. It would have been preposterous that such a day should slink off in dull, Ouaker grays. Men were shouting in the streets now. An old cannon left over from the Mexican war had been dragged out on to the rickety, covered river-bridge, and was frightening the fishes and shaking the dry, worm-eaten rafters as fast as swab and rammer could work. Our town bandsmen were playing as they had never played before, down in the square in front of the post-office. Nature could not hurl into sunset enough wild fireworks to fit our exultant mood.

> The very air was filled with the scent of triumph-the spirit of victory. It seemed only natural that I should march off to my mother, and quite boldly tell her that I desired to stay out all night with the other boys. I had never dreamed of daring to make such a request in other years. Now I was scarcely conscious of surprise when she gave her consent, adding with a smile that I would be glad enough to come in and go to bed before half the night was over.

> I steeled my heart after supper with the proud resolve that if the night turned out to be as long as one of those Lapland winter nights we read about in the geography, I still would not surrender.

> The boys outside were not so excited over the tidings of my unlooked-for victory as I had expected them to be. They received the news, in fact, with a rather mortifying coolness. Tom Hemingway, however, took enough interest in the affair to suggest that, instead of spending my twenty cents in paltry fire-crackers, I might go down-town and buy another can of powder for his cannon. By doing so, he pointed out, I would be a part-owner, as it were, of the night's performance, and would be entitled to touch off the cannon occasionally. This generosity affected me, and I hastened down the long hillstreet to show myself worthy of it, repeating the instruction of "Kentucky Bear-Hunter, coarse grain" over and over again to myself as I went.

Half-way on my journey I overtook a person whom, even in the gathering twilight, I recognized as Miss Stratford, the school-teacher. She also was walking down the hill, and rapidly. It did not need the sight of a letter in her hand to tell me that she was going to the post-office. at eventide with all the pageantry of color the In those cruel war-days everybody went to the post-office. I myself went regularly to get our mail, and to exchange the paper currency nicknamed "shin-plasters" for one-cent stamps, with which to buy yeast and other commodities that called for small change.

Although I was very fond of Miss Stratford,—I still recall with tender liking her gentle cyes, and pretty, rounded, dark face, in its frame of long, black curls,—I now coldly resolved to hurry past, pretending not to know her. It was a mean thing to do. Miss Stratford had always been good to me, shining in that respect in brilliant contrast to my other teachers. Still, the "Kentucky Bear-Hunter, coarse grain" was too important a matter to wait upon mere feminine friendships, and I quickened my pace into a trot, to scurry by unrecognized.

"Oh, Andrew! Is that you?" I heard her call out as I ran past. For the instant I thought of rushing on as if I had not heard. Then I stopped, and walked beside her.

"I am going to stay up all night. Mother says I may; and I am going to fire off Tom Hemingway's big cannon every fourth time, right straight through until breakfast-time," I announced to her, loftily.

"Dear me! I ought to be proud to be seen walking with so important a citizen," she answered, with kindly playfulness. She added more gravely, after a moment's pause: "Then Tom is out, playing, too,—he is with the other boys, is he?"

"Why, of course!" I responded. "He always lets us stand round when he fires off his cannon. He 's got some 'ringers' this year, too."

I heard Miss Stratford murmur an impulsive "Thank Heaven!" under her breath.

Full as the day had been of surprises, I could not help wondering that the fact of Tom's ringers should stir up such strong feelings in the teacher's mind. But since the subject so interested her, I went on with a long catalogue of Tom's other firework treasures, and from that to an account of his almost incredible collection of postage-stamps. In a few minutes more, I am sure, I should have revealed to her the great secret of my life, which was my resolve, in case I came to be an emperor and conqueror like Napoleon, to make Tom at once a Marshal of the Empire.

But we had now reached the post-office square, in the business center of the town. I had never before seen it so full of people.

Even to my boyish eyes the tragic line of division which cleft this crowd in twain was apparent. On one side, over by the Seminary, the youngsters had lighted a bonfire, and were running about it - some of the bolder ones jumping through it in frolicsome recklessness, Close by stood the band, now valiantly thumping out "John Brown's Body" upon the noisy night air. It was quite dark by this time, but the musicians knew the tune by heart. So did the throng about them, and sang it with lusty fervor. The doors of the hotel toward the corner of the square were flung wide open. Two black streams of men kept in motion under the radiance of the big reflector-lamp over these doors - one going in, one coming out. They slapped one another on the back as they passed, with exultant screams and shouts. Every once in a while, when movement was for the instant blocked, some voice lifted above the others would begin "Hip-hip, hip-hip-" and then would come a roar that fairly drowned the

On the post-office side of the square there was no bonfire. No one raised a cheer. A densely packed mass of men and women stood in front of the big square stone building, with its closed doors and curtained windows, upon which, from time to time, the shadow of some passing clerk, bare-headed and hurried, would be for a moment thrown. They waited in silence for the night mail to be sorted. If they spoke to one another, it was in whispers - as if they had been standing with uncovered heads at a funeral service in a graveyard. The dim light reflected over from the bonfire, or down from the shaded windows of the post-office. showed solemn, hard-lined, anxious faces. Their lips scarcely moved when they muttered little low-toned remarks to their neighbors. They spoke from the side of the mouth, and only on one subject:

"He went all through Fredericksburg without a scratch—"

"He looks so much like me—General Palmer told my brother he'd have known him in a circus—"



" A DENSELY PACKED MASS OF MEN AND WOMEN STOOD IN FRONT OF THE DIG STARKE STONE BUILDING."

"He 's been gone—let 's see,—it was a year some time last April—"

"He was counting on a furlough the first of this month. I suppose nobody got one as things turned out—"

"He said, 'No; it ain't my style. I'll fight as much as you like, but I won't be nigger-waiter for no man, captain or no captain."

Thus I heard the scattered murmurs among the grown-up heads above me, as we pushed into the outskirts of the throng, and stood there, waiting with the rest. There was no sentence without a "he" in it. A stranger might have fancied that they were all talking of one man. I knew better. They were the fathers and mothers, the sisters, brothers, wives of the men whose regiments had been in that horrible three days' fight at Gettysburg. Each was thinking and speaking of his own, and took it for granted the others would understand. For that matter, they all did understand. The town knew the name and family of every one of the twelve-score sons it had in this battle.

It is not very clear to me now why people all went to the post-office to wait for the evening papers that came in from the nearest big city. Nowadays they would be brought in bulk and sold on the street before the mail-bags had reached the post-office. Apparently, that had not been thought of in our slow old town.

The band across the square had started up afresh with "Annie Lisle,"—the sweet old refrain of "Wave, willows; murmur, waters" comes back to me now after a quarter-century of forgetfulness,—when all at once there was a sharp forward movement of the crowd. The doors had been thrown open, and the hallway was on the instant filled with a swarming multitude. The band had stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and no more cheering was heard. We could see whole troops of dark forms scudding toward us from the other side of the souare.

"Run in for me—that 's a good boy! Ask for Dr. Stratford's mail," the teacher whispered, bending over me.

It seemed an age before I finally got back to her, with the paper in its postmarked wrapper buttoned up inside my jacket. I had never been in so fierce and determined a crowd before, and I emerged from it at last, confused in wits and panting for breath. I was still looking about through the gloom in a foolish way for Miss Stratford, when I felt her hand laid sharply on my shoulder.

"Well—where is it? Did nothing come?" she asked, her voice trembling with eagerness, and the eyes which I had thought so soft and dove-like flashing down upon me as if she were the "cross teacher," Miss Pritchard, and I had been caught chewing gum in school.

I drew the paper from under my roundabout coat, and gave it to her. She grasped the paper, and thrust a finger under the cover to tear it off. Then she hesitated for a moment, and looked about her. "Come where there is some light," she said, and started up the street. Although she seemed to have spoken more to herself than to me, I followed her in silence, close at her side.

For a long way the sidewalk in front of every lighted store-window was thronged with a group of people clustered tight about some one who had a paper, and was reading from it aloud. Besides broken snatches of this reading we caught now groans of sorrow and horror, now exclamations of proud approval, and even the beginnings of cheers, broken in upon by a general "Hush!" as we hurried past outside the curb.

It was under a lamp in the little park nearly half-way up the hill that Miss Stratford stopped, and spread open the paper. I see her still, white-faced under the flickering gas-light, her black curls making a strange dark bar between the pale straw hat and the white of her shoulder-shawl and muslin dress, her hands trembling as they held up the extended sheet. She scanned the columns swiftly, skimmingly for a time, as I could see by the way she moved her round chin up and down. Then she came to a part which called for closer reading. The paper shook perceptibly now, as she bent her eyes upon it. Then all at once it fell from her hands, and without a sound she walked away.

I picked up the paper, and followed her along the graveled path. It was like pursuing a ghost, so weirdly white did her summer attire now look to my frightened eyes, with such a swift and deathlike silence did she move. The path upon which we were, described a circle touching the four sides of the square. She did not quit it when the intersection with our street was reached, but followed straight round again toward the point where we had entered the park. This too in turn she passed, gliding noiselessly forward under the black arches of the overhanging elms. The suggestion that she did not know she was going round and round in a ring startled my brain. I would have run up to her now if I had dared.

Suddenly she turned, and saw that I was behind her. She sank slowly into one of the garden-seats by the path, and held up for a moment a hesitating hand toward me. I went up at this, and looked into her face. Shadowed as it was, the change I saw there chilled my blood. It was like the face of some one I had never seen before, with fixed, wide-open, staring eyes which seemed to look beyond me, through the darkness, upon some terrible sight no other could see.

"Go—run and tell—Tom—to go home! His brother—his brother has been killed," she said to me, choking over the words as if they hurt her throat, and still with the same strange dry-eyed, far-away gaze, covering yet not seeing me.

I held out the paper for her to take, but she made no sign, and I gingerly laid it on the seat beside her. I hung about for a minute or two longer, imagining that she might have something else to say—but no word came. Then, with a feebly inappropriate "Well, good-by," I started off alone up the hill.

It was a distinct relief to find that my companions were gathered at the lower end of the common, instead of at their accustomed haunt further up, near my home; for the walk had been a lonely one, and I was deeply depressed by what had happened. Tom, it seems, had been called away about quarter of an hour before. All the boys knew of the calamity which had befallen the Hemingways. We talked about it from time to time, as we loaded and fired the cannon which Tom had indifferently turned over to my friends. It had been out of deference to the feelings of the stricken household that they had betaken themselves

swift and deathlike silence did she move. The path upon which we were, described a circle common. The solemnity of the occasion situation to the four sides of the square. She did lenced criticism upon my conduct in forgetting not quit it when the intersection with our street to buy the powder. There would be enough was reached, but followed straight round again as long as it lasted, Billy Norris said, with toward the point where we had entered the

We talked awhile upon the likelihood of De Witt Hemingway receiving a military funeral. These mournful processions had by this time become such familiar things to us that the prospect of one more had no element of excitement in it, save as it brought a gloomy sort of distinction to Tom. He would ride in the first mourning-carriage with his parents, and this would associate us, as we walked along ahead of the band, with the most important members of the procession. We regretted now that the soldier-company which we had so long meant to form remained still but a plan. Had it been otherwise we would probably have been awarded the head of the column in the marching. Some one suggested that it was not yet too late-and we promptly bound ourselves to meet after breakfast next day to organize and begin drilling. If we worked at this night and day, and our parents at once provided us with uniforms and guns, we should be in time. It was also arranged that we should be called the "De Witt C. Hemingway Fire Zouaves," and that Billy Norris should be side-captain. The chief command would. of course, be reserved for Tom. We would specially salute him as he rode past in the closed carriage, and then fall in behind, forming his honorary escort.

None of us had known the dead officer well, owing to his greater age. He was seven or eight years older than even Tom. But the more elderly among our group had seen him play base-ball in the Academy nine, and our neighborhood was still alive with legends of his early audacity and skill in collecting barrels and dry-goods boxes at night for election bonfres. It was remembered that once he carried away a whole front-stoop from the house of a little German tailor on one of the back streets. As we stood around the heated cannon, in the great black solitude of the common, our fancies pictured this redoubtable young man once more among us — not in his blue uniform,

with crimson sash and sword laid by his side, and the gauntlets drawn over his lifeless hands, but as a taller and glorified Tom, in a roundabout jacket and copper-toed boots, giving the law on this his playground. The very cannon at our feet had once been his. The night air became peopled with ghosts of his own friends—handsome boys who had grown up before us, and had gone away, many of them to lay down their lives in far-off Virginia or Tennessee.

These heroic shades brought drowsiness in their train. We fell into long silences, varied by yawns, when it was not our turn to ram and touch off the cannon. Finally some of us stretched ourselves out on the grass, in the warm darkness, to wait comfortably for this turn to come.

What did come instead was daybreak—finding Billy Norris and myself alone constant to our all-night vow. We sat up and shivered as we rubbed our eyes. The morning air had a chilling freshness that went to my bones—and these, moreover, were filled with those queer aches and stiffnesses which beds were invented to prevent. We stood up, stretching out our arms, and gaping at the pearl and rose beginnings of the sunrise in the eastern sky. The other boys had all gone home, and taken the cannon with them. Only scraps of torn paper and tiny patches of burnt grass marked the site of our celebration.

My first weak impulse was to march home without delay, and get into bed as quickly as might be. But Billy Norris looked so finely resolute and masterful that I hesitated to suggest this, and said nothing, leaving the first word to him. One could see, by the merest casual glance, that he was quite above thinking any hour too early for him. I remembered now that he was one of that remarkable body of boys, the paper-carriers, who rose while all others were asleep in their warm beds, and trudged about long before breakfast, distributing the Clarion among the well-to-do households. This occupation had given him his position in our neighborhood as quite the next in leadership to Tom Hemingway.

He presently explained his plans to me, after having tried the center of light on the horizon where soon the sun would be, by an old brass compass he had in his pocket—a process by which, he said, he could tell pretty well what time it was. The paper would n't be out for nearly three hours yet,—and if it were not for the fact of a great battle there would have been no paper at all on this glorious holiday,—but he thought we would go down-town and see what was going on round about the newspaper-office. Forthwith we started. He cheered my faint spirits by assuring me that I would soon cease to be sleepy, and would, in fact, feel better than usual. I dragged my feet along at his side, waiting for this freshness to come, and meantime secretly yawning against my sleeve.

Billy seemed to have dreamed a good deal, during our nap on the common, about the De Witt C. Hemingway Fire Zouaves. At least he had now in his head a carefully arranged system of organization, which he explained as we went along. I felt that I had never before known his greatness, his born genius for command. His scheme halted nowhere. He gave out offices with readiness and decision: he treated the question of uniforms and guns as a little detail that would settle itself; he spoke with calm confidence of our offering our services to the Republic in the autumn; his clear brain found even the materials for a fife-anddrum corps among the German boys in the back streets. It was true that I myself seemed to play but a small part in these great projects: the most that was said about me was that I might make a fair third corporal. But Fate had thrown in my way such a wonderful chance of becoming intimate with Billy, that I made sure I should swiftly advance in rank the more so as I could see in the background of his thoughts, as it were, a grim purpose to make short work of Tom Hemingway's lofty claims, once the funeral was over.

We were forced to make a circuit of the park, on our way down, because Billy observed some half-dozen rough boys at play with a cannon, whom we knew to be hostile. If there had been only four, he said, he would have gone in and thrashed them. He could whip any two of them, he added, with one hand tied behind his back. I listened with admiration. Billy was not tall, but he possessed great thickness of chest and length of arm. His skin was

so dark that we boys spoke from time to time of his having Indian blood. He did not discourage this idea, and he admitted himself that he was double-jointed.

The streets of the business part of the town, into which we now made our way, were quite deserted. We went around into the yard behind the printing-office, where the carrier-boys were wont to wait for the press to get to work; and Billy displayed some impatience at discovering that here too there was no one. It was now broad daylight, but through the windows of the composing-room we could see a few of the

a few of the printers still setting type by kerosene lamps. We seated ourselves at the and

selves, at the end of the yard, on a big, flat, smooth-faced stone, and Billy produced from his pocket a number of what he called "em quads," with which the carriers had learned from the printer's boys to play a game called "jeffing." You shook the pieces of metal in your hands, and threw them on the stone; your score depended upon the number of nicked sides that were turned uppermost. We played this game "only for fun" for a little while Then Billy told me that the

carriers played it for pennies—and that it was unmanly for us to do otherwise. He had no pennies at that precise moment, but would pay at the end of the week what he might lose; in the mean time there was my twenty cents to go on with. After this Billy threw so many nicks uppermost that my courage gave way, and I made an attempt to stop the game; but a single remark from him as to the military rank which he was saving for me if I only displayed true soldierly nerve and grit, was enough to quiet me once more, and the play went on.

Soon I had only five cents left.

Suddenly a shadow came between the sunlight and the stone. I looked up, to behold a small boy, with bare arms and a blackened apron, standing over me, watching our game. There was a great deal of ink on his face and hands, and a cold, not to say sly, expression in his eye.

"Why don't you jeff with somebody of your own size?" he demanded of Billy, after having looked me over critically.

He was not nearly so big as Billy, and I expected to see the latter instantly rise and crush him, but Billy only laughed and said we were



THE BOY REAPPEARED, WITH A LONG STRIP OF PAPER IN HIS HAND "

playing for fun; he was going to give me all my money back. I was glad to hear this, but still felt surprised at the wish to be friendly shown by Billy toward this diminutive inky boy. It was not the air befitting a side-captain—and what made it worse was that the strange boy loftily declined to be moved by it. He sniffed when Billy told him about the military company we were forming; he coldly shook his head, with a curt "nixie!" when invited to join it; and he laughed aloud at hearing the name our company was to bear.

"He ain't dead at all — that De Witt Hemingway," he said, with jeering contempt.

"Hain't he, though!" exclaimed Billy, scornfully. "The news came last night. Tom Hemingway had to go home—his mother sent for him—on account of it!"

"I'll bet you a quarter he ain't dead," responded the practical inky boy. "Money up, though!"

"I've only got fifteen cents. I'll bet you that, though," rejoined Billy, producing my torn

and grimy shin-plasters.

"All right! Wait here!" said the boy, running off to the building and disappearing through the door. There was barely time for me to learn from my companion that this printer's-apprentice was called "the devil," and could both whistle between his teeth and crack his fingers, when he reappeared, with a long narrow strip of paper in his hand. This he held out for us to see, indicating with an inked forefinger the special paragraph we were to read. Billy looked at it sharply, for several moments, in silence. Then he said to me: "What does it say there? I must have got some powder in my eyes last night."

I read the paragraph aloud, not without an unworthy feeling that the inky boy would now respect me deeply because I could read:

CORRECTION.— Lieutenant De Witt C. Hemingway, of Company A,—th New York, reported in earlier despatches among the killed, is uninjured. The officer missing is Lieutenant Carl Heinninge, Company F, of the same regiment.

Billy's face visibly lengthened as I read this out, and he felt us both looking at him. He made a pretense of examining the slip of paper again, but in a half-hearted way. Then he ruefully handed over the fifteen cents, and, rising from the stone, shook himself.

"Them Dutchmen never was no good!" was what he said.

The inky boy had put the money in the pocket under his apron, and grinned now with as much enjoyment as dignity would permit him to show. He did not seem to mind any longer the original source of his winnings, and it was apparent that I could not with decency recall it to him. Some odd impulse prompted me, however, to ask him if I might have the paper he had in his hand. He was magnani-

mous enough to present me with the proofsheet on the spot. Then, with another grin, he turned and left us.

Billy stood sullenly kicking with his bare toes into a sand-heap by the stone. He would not answer me when I spoke to him. It flashed across my mind that he was not such a great man, after all, as I had imagined. In another instant or two it had become quite clear to me that I had no admiration for him whatever. Without a word, I turned on my heel and walked determinedly out of the yard and into the street, homeward bent.

All at once I quickened my pace; something had occurred to me. The purpose thus formed grew so swiftly that soon I found myself running. Up the hill I sped, and straight through the park. If the rowdy boys shouted after me I knew it not, but dashed on heedless of all else save the one idea. I only halted, breathless and panting, when I stood on Dr. Stratford's doorstep, and heard the night-bell inside jangling shrilly in response to my excited pull.

As I waited, I pictured to myself the old doctor as he would presently come down, half dressed and pulling on his coat as he advanced. He would ask eagerly, "Who is sick? Where am I to go?" and I would calmly reply that he need not alarm himself, but that I had a message for his daughter. He would, of course, ask me what it was, and I, politely but firmly, would decline to explain to any one but the lady in person. Just what might happen next was not clear—but I beheld myself throughout master of the situation, at once kindly, courteous, and firm.

The door opened with unexpected promptness, while my vision still hung in mid-air. Instead of the bald and spectacled old doctor, there confronted me a white-faced, solemn-eyed lady in a black dress, whom I did not seem to know. I stared at her, tongue-tied, till she said, in a low, grave voice:

"Well, Andrew, what is it?"

Then of course I saw that it was Miss Stratford, my teacher—the person whom I had come to see. Some vague sense of what the sleepless night had meant in this house came to me as I gazed confusedly at her mourning-dress, and heard no more than the echo of her sad tones in my ears.

"Is some one ill?" she asked again.

"No; some one—some one is very well!" I managed to reply, lifting my eyes again to her wan face. The sight of its drawn lines and pallor overcame my wearied and overtaxed nerves with sympathy for her. I felt myself almost ready to whimper. Something inside my breast seemed to be dragging me down through the stoop.

I have now only the recollection of Miss Stratford's kneeling by my side, and thus unrolling and reading the proof-paper I had in my hand. We were in the hall now, instead of on the stoop, and there was a long silence. Then she put her head on my shoulder and

wept. I could hear and feel her sobs as if they were my own.

"I—I did n't think you 'd cry—that you 'd be so sorry," I heard myself saying, at last, in disappointed self-defense.

Miss Stratford lifted her head and, still kneeling as she was, put a finger under my chin to make me look her in the face. Lo! the eyes were laughing through their tears: the whole countenance was radiant once more with the light of happy youth, and with that other glory which youth knows only once.

"Why, Andrew boy," she said, trembling, smiling, sobbing, beaming all together, "did n't you know that people cry for very joy sometimes?"

And as I shook my head she bent down and kissed me,



The Beetroot met the Celery—

"Good morning!" said the sweet root; Crisply the Celery replied,

"How are you, Mr. Beetroot?"

"I 'm weary, sir," said Mr. B.,

"Of living near to posies;

I 'm *always* hearing people praise The lilies and the roses. "That lily 's white and rose is red,

I know by observation,

But why don't folks give us our turn Of ardent admiration?"

"Surely because," snapped Celery,

"They scarce see past their noses;

I'm whiter than the lilies, sir—
You're redder than the roses!"

WATERSPOUTS AT SEA.

By J. O. Davidson



HO has not noticed, during a sultry summer afternoon, the little whirlwind in the middle of the dusty road, caused by two breezes com-

ing down streets that come together? First there will be seen a column of light dust revolving upward; next, moving here and there, it picks up stray bits of paper and leaves; then, as its whirling grows stronger and covers more ground, it adds to its strange collection of objects small sticks and tufts of grass; at last away it goes, whirling and dancing its elfin waltz until some immovable object interferes with its freedom of movement, when, like a spoiled child, it ceases its wild play, the whirling stops, and - pouf! - down come the sticks and leaves and paper, and the whirlwind is gone. In the Western States the same kind of whirlwinds grow to such proportions that through the thickest woods great tracks are mown as if cut by a giant scythe. But these big storms very appropriately receive the more dignified name of tornadoes.

On the ocean, these whirlwinds or tornadoes have, of course, no dust or trees to toss about in their giant hands, so they seize upon and suck up the water as the only plaything they can find, and, twisting it into a long glittering rope of trembling liquid, lift it up to the clouds, whence it is soon dispersed again in the form of rain. When performing such antics as these, the whirlwind or tornado is known as a waterspout.

The ship's crew which has so patiently steered its craft by treacherous rocks, over dangerous shoals, and through all kinds of storm and stress at sea, is often confronted by a new and

unexpected danger—the waterspout. It most often makes its appearance beneath a black and lowering sky; but sometimes they start up mysteriously in clear weather to move along the ocean's rim in queer fantastic attitudes, looking for all the world like captive balloons dancing up and down, and tugging at their ropes—now near the sea, now near the sky.

In the Straits of Malacca, and among the many islands in the China Sea, they are greatly dreaded by the peaceful fishermen, who must often pull up anchor and race for the shore to avoid the unwelcome approach of these giddy visitors, who fly hither and yon at their own sweet will, minus rudder or pilot. I have seen a waterspout make for a large fleet of ricejunks, and the scattering of the queer-looking craft under their brown sails and dashing sweeps looked comically like the flight of a flock of startled qualit.

Sometimes a spout can be broken by the firing of a cannon close by; and then the singular spectacle will often be presented of the upper half of it going up into the clouds, while the lower part subsides into the sea. As most Chinese junks carry a number of guns and gongs, the waterspout often gets the worst of it in the uproar that is certain to salute one.

The great four-masted American sailing ship "Shenandoah," while coming home from Liver-pool last March, had a lively experience with waterspouts. When within five hundred miles of Sandy Hook, the wind suddenly changed, a great bank of clouds just ahead parted, and there, coming down, driven before the gale, appeared six great waterspouts at one time.

One rushed by, just clearing the bowspit and head-sails by a few yards. Another came at her amidships, threatening to carry the main-mast away, and the captain just avoided by quickly turning the ship toward and around it. There were two more near ones, and as they

was "luffed" up and steered right between them. The ship was saved, but what her fate would have been had she been struck by one can only be imagined from the captain's description of the waterspout that passed astern. He says it seemed to be fully twenty feet in diameter, and of solid water reaching to the clouds.

"Piqua" had a still more uncomfortable ex- of foam and spray, and for some time she perience with these wandering giants of the could make no headway,

were too close to run away from, the big ship away, two of them made a rush, headed him off, and struck the starboard side of the steamer's iron bow a tremendous blow. Then there was a commotion indeed. The broken columns of water dropped in tons on the forward deck, smashing the pilot-house and bridge-ladder, tearing down thirteen ventilators, and dashing to the deck two sailors badly wounded. The ship staggered and rolled as the weight During the same month the steamer of water poured over her sides in a Niagara



ocean, near the Bermuda Islands. There she met a cyclone upon whose outer edge there hung a great number of spouts - all dancing and pirouetting here and there, twisting and turning and balancing to partners as if engaged in an elephantine quadrille.

The captain became bewildered, for whichever way he turned his steamer, he was headed off by the surrounding waterspouts. At last, just as he imagined he had steamed safely the beautiful light known as "St. Elmo's fire."

While the two spouts were having their frolic with the sorely beset steamer, the others were whirling about as if dancing in glee at the commotion they had caused. From the black clouds above there shot down blinding streaks of lightning, which, although they missed the ship, so filled the air about her with electricity that it settled upon the metal tips of all the spars, glowing and sparkling there steadily with

CHICAGO.

By JOHN F. BALLANTYNE.



VIEW ON STATE STREET, TOOKING NORTHWARD, FROM MADISON STREET,

most wonderful city on earth. No other can compare with it. There is no tale in the "Arabian Nights" half so marvelous as the story of its change from a frontier fort into the second city on the continent. And all this has been accomplished within the memory of men who are alive to-day.

Let me tell briefly what has taken place on this spot where Chicago now stands. In 1673 Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, discovered the upper Mississippi, having reached it from Lake Michigan by way of the Fox and Chicago soil.

In enterprise and growth, Chicago is the Wisconsin rivers. He followed its course southward as far as he dared go, then turned to retrace his steps. He was told by the Indians that there was an easier route to the lake than that by which he had come, and, heeding their advice, he paddled up the Illinois River to the Desplaines, and up the Desplaines to a point where it flowed close to a stream which the aborigines called Checagow, or Eschecagow. Here he made a portage, and, following up the Checagow, reached Lake Michigan again.

He was the first white man to set foot on

CHICAGO. 659

Several years afterward La Salle went to the Illinois River by way of the Chicago portage, and later it became the regular route from Canada to the country of the Illinois Indians.



FORT DEAKBORN.

No settlement was made there, however; it was merely a resting-place.

In 1804 the United States government, for strategic purposes, built and garrisoned a fort on the south bank of the Chicago River. John Kinzie accompanied the troops, or followed them, and established a trading station. He was the first white settler. In 1812 the troops, as they were preparing to leave the region, were set upon by the Indians and massacred. Some of the settlers perished with them, but Mr. Kinzie and his family escaped. In 1816 the fort was rebuilt, and a new garrison put in charge, and Mr. Kinzie returned and resumed his operations in furs. Nothing of moment occurred in the next fourteen years, except the occasional arrival of settlers, most of whom passed on and found homes farther west or south.

In 1831 the commissioners of the Illinois and Michigan canal surveyed and laid out the town, naming it Chicago. Prior to that time the cluster of huts had been called Fort Dearborn settlement. It is not likely that the commissioners were aware of their own wisdom in selecting this site, or they might have been more generous in allowing it room for growth. As it was, they gave it only three eighths of a sourar mile.

In 1833 the town was formally incorporated, and a board of officers elected. The population was then about 350. In 1835 it had increased so greatly that it was found necessary to take in enough new territory to swell the area to two and one half source miles.

In 1837 Chicago became a city. It had

grown beyond all expectations, and its people were becoming ambitious for something more than township organization. A charter was secured from the State legislature, and the corporate limits were adjusted to inclose an area of ten and one half sourare miles.

Peck's "Gazetteer" of Illinois, published in the latter part of 1837, made the following reference to Chicago:

"Its growth, even for Western cities, has been of unparalleled rapidity. In 1833 it contained five small stores and two hundred and fifty inhabitants. . . . There are now about sixty stores, thirty groceries, ten public-houses, twenty-three physicians, forty-one lawyers, five ministers, and about five thousand inhabitants. The natural position of the place, the enterprise and capital that must concentrate here, with favorable prospects for health, must soon make it the emporium of trade and business for all the northern country."

Mr. Peck seems to have had a glimmering conception of Chicago's future greatness, but neither he nor anybody else dreamed of such a future as has been realized. In 1838 a public meeting was held to listen to a joint debate on the political issues of the day, between Stephen A. Douglas and his competitor for the honor of a seat in Congress. It was a great occasion



HOUSE OF JOHN KINZIE, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER

for the Chicago of that day, and the meeting was a large one. Judge Henry Brown presided. In introducing the speakers he referred to the city's progress. Then, warming to his subject, and giving the rein to his imagination, he uttered these historic words:

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"The child is already born who will live to see Chicago with a population of 200,000!"

The people who crowded the hall were as loyal to Chicago, and as hopeful of its future, as could be expected in that early day, but-200,000! He might as well have said 200,-000,000. It was absurd! Shouts of derisive laughter drowned the judge's voice.

Nevertheless, a child born that day was only twenty-eight years old when the 200,000

To-day, careful estimates place the population at 1,400,000, and the probability is that it is above rather than below that figure. The area within the city limits is 181 square miles. There is over \$200,000,000 invested in manufacturing industries, producing annually upward of \$550,000,000 worth of goods, and paving employees more than \$100,000,000. The wholesale business of the city aggregates more than \$500,000,000, and its commerce more than mark was passed. There were men at that \$1,500,000,000. Its meat products alone are



meeting who lived to see a population exceeding 1,000,ooo. Here is a table

A STREET BOODGE ACKOSS THE CHICAGO RIVER, SWENG OUTNION THE PASSAGE OF BOATS.

showing the population, at different stages of the city's growth, from that time to this:

1862 138,186
1864 109,353
1866 200,418
1868 252,054
1870 306,605
1872 367,396
1874 305,408
1876 420,000
188 503.185
1890. 1,098,576

ooo. The bank clearings are nearly \$5,000,000,000 1 year. Over \$60,ooo,ooo has been

invested in public schools, whose maintenance costs from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a year. There are 800 private schools, 350 seminaries and academies, and four universities. The public library contains nearly 200,000 volumes, and has a circulation greater than that of any other in the United States. The other libraries of the city are estimated to contain over 3,000,-000 volumes. There are over 900 daily and weekly papers and periodicals, and 700 literary organizations. There are about 600 churches.



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1871.

Over \$300,000,000 has been expended in the system all things gravitated. Curiously enough construction of buildings since 1876, and the annual expenditure for this purpose is between \$45,000,000 and \$55,000,000.

I have said that there is something like lakes; to the destiny in this unexampled development. So there is; but destiny is merely another name of it the rivers; for natural law.

Here was a continent, vast in extent, rich in tage, the conresources, inhabited only by savages, unknown necting link, beto the rest of the world. A daring navigator, inspired by faith in a theory, sailed from Spain into the unexplored west - sailed until he found land. Then came the adventurous of all civilized nations, hardy men who left their impress wherever they set foot. The natives were killed, driven away, or subjugated, and the soil became the prey of the invaders. These new lords of the land warred and negotiated, and warred again over the division of the spoils, and in the end the continent became Anglo-Saxon. Its future was then assured.

In the center of this continent was a great half of a great inland water-system, with limitless possibilities continent. Its existence was to become a com-

nature had made it also the terminus of another water-system. To the east and north

of it lay the west and south it was the portween the two highways. Here there was bound to be some day a city, and its increase bound to keep pace with the growth of the territory around it-that territory more than



for commerce. To the terminal point of this mercial necessity; its development was to be

At this central point, therefore, in obedience to a power beyond the control of the sturdy men who were its instruments, Chicago arose. There it stands to-day. It has been prostrated by war and by fire, but calamity was powerless to check its progress. The same power that gave it life and a purpose gave it citizens endowed with the courage, strength, endurance, energy, enterprise, and nervous force needed for the maintenance of that life and the accomplishment of that purpose. There came to it only the daring among men, the Norsemen of business. They were capable of giving it the position in the commercial world that the race of the old Vikings held in the world of warriors. This is the whole secret of Chicago.



OST OF THE GREVE WHOLES ME STORES OF CHICAGO

the city is the magnitude and magnificence of were built in the next four years, in the expecthe buildings in the business districts. The fire history, was not without compensating features. It gave the world an opportunity to

the necessary result of the development of the that lay at the bottom of all their undertakings; and, finally, it cleared the way for a better class of structures. For a time, it is true, buildings were thrown up regardless of appearances, of stability, or of anything except speed. They were in the nature of sheltersheds. Winter was approaching, and business could not be carried on in the open air. Neither could it be conducted to advantage at points remote from the natural center of commerce. It was necessary to provide stores and warehouses and offices, and to do so at once. Before the debris was cool, while the bricks and stones that lay in confused heaps all over the burned district were still so hot thousands and thousands of men set to work to rebuild the city. There was no dearth of laborers, for in the absence of more congenial The first thing that impresses a stranger in employment, or in the desire to aid in hasten-

ing the restoration, an army of clerks, bookkeepers, cashiers, salesmen, school-teachers, and others who had never known the use of their muscles, armed themselves with saws and hammers and trowels, and gave their services to the master-builders. Besides, every train that entered the city from the East brought reinforcements of skilled artisans. Buildings rose like magic, the owners or lessees moved in and business was resumed. Gradually these temporary makeshifts were torn down and replaced by more substantial edifices, and it is doubtful whether a single block that was pushed to completion within the three months succeeding the fateful oth of October now remains standing. Indeed, many that

tation that they would serve for several decades. of 1871, the most disastrous conflagration in have also disappeared, and the rest are fol. lowing in their wake.

It was in 1876, when the people had reshow its generosity; it gave the people of Chi- covered in a measure from the effects of the fire, cago a chance to show the world the clear grit -or rather of both fires, for there was another

than \$350,000,000 has been expended in buildings. With this enormous sum of money at masonry, as is the case with numbers of the

serious conflagration in July, 1874,-that the terra-cotta or brick, which serves to keep out new era began to dawn. Since then more the weather and presents an attractive appearance. Even where the walls are of solid



Residence of Mr. George M. Pullman.

CHICAGO'S HISTORIC TREE, ON THE SITE OF THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE

their disposal, architects and engineers had an incentive to study and work such as they had never had before, and they evolved methods of construction far superior to any that had been followed in the past. Under the new system wood has been discarded wherever iron can be made to serve the purpose, and iron is rapidly giving way to steel. In the best buildings all beams and supports are now made of steel, which is manufactured into all the shapes needed for the framework. No metal is used until it has been thoroughly tested by experts; in fact, this is true of all the material used. The frame is erected entirely independent of the walls, which are expected to contribute nothing to the strength of the structure. In

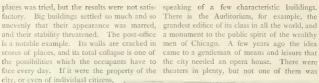
finest buildings, the same frame-plan is adopted. Architects now say that there is no such thing as an absolutely fire-proof building; but our large structures are made as nearly fire-proof as is practicable. Every iron or steel pillar, every support, every floor-beam, everything, in fact, that can be injured by heat is inclosed in a covering of terra-cotta, from which it is separated by air-chambers. No ordinary fire would be likely to do serious damage to a building so carefully guarded.

The foundation problem used to be a serious one. Chicago was originally a low, marshy tract of land, and although it is now dry enough and raised an average of twelve feet above its old level, it does not everywhere afford submany cases these are merely a thin mask of stantial support. Driving piles into the soft

004 CHICAGO.

places was tried, but the results were not satisand their stability threatened. The post-office is a notable example. Its walls are cracked in scores of places, and its total collapse is one of the possibilities which the occupants have to

it would be torn down. Unfortunately it belongs to the United States; therefore it stands, a menace to life, and an offense in the sight of all beholders. However, so far as local buildings are conbeen solved. The present plan is to make a sub-foundation of steel rails and concrete. The rails are





THE CITY HALL CHICAGO

(From photographic prints. By permission of C. Kopp & Sons, Chicago.) laid side by side, and close together, until a sufficiently large surface has been covered, and the spaces between them are filled in with concrete. Then another layer of rails and concrete is placed crosswise on top of the first. A third layer is placed on the second, and so on until in the opinion of the engineers it will bear the required weight. The foundation proper is built upon this underground structure. Some of the tallest "sky-scrapers" in the city rest upon steelrail beds, and none of them has settled to an

It is not desirable in a general article of this kind to deal very largely with details, yet it would be a pity to leave this subject without especially adapted for the production of grand opera. He laid the matter before the members of the Commercial Club at one of the monthly dinners; and it was favorably received. Three years later the Auditorium was opened to the public. The building consists of five departments, so to speak. First there is the Audi-

torium, or opera house, capable of seating 4000 people, with an enormous stage, and the best mechanical appliances that human ingenuity has devised. The acoustic properties are simply perfect. Second, there is Recital Hall, a lecture or music room with a seating capacity of 500. Third, the Auditorium Hotel, with 400 guestrooms, and the most elaborate appointments that money could procure. Fourth, the observatory tower, from which, on clear days, a fine view of the city can be obtained; and finally, the stores and offices, consisting of 136 rooms and suites. The main building is ten stories high, and the tower ten higher. The total height is 270 feet. The street frontage, on three



MICHIGAN AVENUE AND CONGRESS STREET.
(From a photograph by J. W. Taylor.



THE ART INSTITUTE,
MICHIGAN AVENUE
(I rem a photographic print, By permission of C. R. pp. c.
Sons, Chargo.



THE WOMAN'S THMPLE

LA SALLE AND MONROE STREETS.
(From a photograph by J. W. Taylor.)



MASONIC TEMPLE.

STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS.

(From a photographic pint. By permission of C. Ropp & Sons.

streets, is over 700 feet. The first and second stories are built of granite, and the remaining eighteen of building-stone. The interior material is iron, brick, terra-cotta, marble, and various kinds of hard wood. The floors are of mosaic, made up of 50,000,000 pieces, each put

possessing. It has been said that this building "is representative of Chicago as a city, where art, beauty, and utility are so strongly defined, though nearly always blended, on every

The Masonic Temple, whose twenty stories

seem to reach up into the clouds, owes its existence to the desire of the various masonic bodies to get together under one roof. The idea of a grand temple had been talked of for twenty years or more; but no beginning was made until four years ago. One day, about the close of 1889, a meeting was held to consider the subject, and a committee was appointed and authorized to "go ahead." It did go ahead, and in the spring of 1892 the temple was dedicated. Like the Auditorium. like most of the finer buildings in the city, its interior is rich in marble and mosaic. Exteriorly, the first three stories are built of red granite; the others of gray brick. A peculiar feature of its construction is that the first eleven stories are fitted up for shops, a new arrangement which the high rentals of ground-



THE ROOKERY

THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

in place by hand. The cost of the building was floor stores has brought about. Between the \$3,500,000; of the ground on which it stands, \$1,500,000.

Its immensity, the richness and beauty of its interior decoration, the wealth of marble, and bronze, and rare woods, the luxuriousness of its furnishings, all combine to make it a palace such as no Oriental monarch ever dreamed of

eleventh and sixteenth floors it is arranged for offices. Above the sixteenth story everything is devoted to masonic purposes except the roof, which has been converted into an observatory.

Among office buildings, of which there are a great many, the Rookery takes the highest rank. Its name is reminiscent. Shortly after the

fire the city erected a two-story brick building for temporary use as a city hall and courthouse. It was a cheap affair, and soon

reporters called it a "rookery," and the name stuck. Its site was leased to

the owners of the present building, and the name seems to have gone with the lease. And, by the way, this is not the only instance of the kind. The "Chamber of Commerce" building, an office building that rivals the Rookery both in size and beauty, derives its name from the fact that it stands on the site and is partly constructed out of the material of the old Chamber of Commerce. The new Chamber of Commerce is now known as the Board of Trade building, and is one of the finest grain markets, if not the finest, in the world.

The Rookery is an imposing edifice, in which granite, marble, mosaic, and oak have been used to the very best advantage, for both durability and appearance. It is eleven stories high, and contains 600 offices.

It must not be supposed that these few structures represent all the types that are to be found in the city. By no means. I have said nothing about the mammoth wholesale and retail stores,

nothing about the warehouses, the social clubs, the newspaper offices, the hospitals, the railway stations, the schools, colleges, and seminaries; nothing about the churches or the dwellings; I have not even breathed the names of the World's Fair buildings. When the readers of St. NICHOLAS come to Chicago, as they surely will come, and look upon the miles and miles of stately monuments to human industry and enterprise, they will understand how



utterly impossible it is to do more than refer to them in

But the crowning glory of Chicago is its park system.

been encircled way, smooth as floor, thirty or ful parks. Then, suppose that the beyond and all about this encir-



that exists in Chicago to-day.

I do not know who devised this remarkable system. The curious thing is that

cling belt and its green oases. Something like curred to the right man at the right time, and that it should have met with the popular favor and support needed to make its realization a success. When the system was still in its



THE LAST SHORE DRIVE

its youth now,-it seemed impossible enough, and there were many blind mortals who complained that the parks were too far away from the city to be of use as "breathing places for the masses," as the newspapers called the parks. No such complaint could be made now. The park that is most remote from the center of the city is still more remote from the city limit that lies beyond it. The most extensive park and boulevard system known threatens to become, at no distant date, altogether too small for Chicago,

the West Park Board obtained 566 acres which they divided into Douglas Park, Garfield Park and Humboldt Park. At the time, Lincoln Park was in the extreme northeastern corner of the city, Jackson and Washington Parks at the southeastern, while a line drawn from Humboldt Park through Garfield Park, and terminating in Douglas Park, defined the western limit. A dozen or more smaller parks, varying in size from half an acre to twenty acres each, and scattered throughout



VIEW ON MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO,

The original plan, which has never been the city, bring the total area of park lands up departed from, was to establish large parks in the outlying region to the north, west, and south, and connect them by a series of boulevards. The requisite legislation for the creation of three park boards - one for each division of the city-and for the levying of an annual tax was secured, and the work was begun. On the North side, the Lincoln Park Board got possession of the old city cemetery and enough contiguous property to make up the

to about 2000 acres. This does not include the boulevards, which are about thirty miles long. These are now completed, forming the finest driveway in the world. With a good team of trotters a person may start from the Lake Front Park, in the center of the cityand opposite some of the best hotels-drive south on Michigan Avenue Boulevard to Thirty-fifth street; thence to Grand Boulevard, which leads to Washington Park; 250 acres now known as Lincoln Park; the through Washington Park, westward, to Gar-South Park Board purchased 1037 acres field Boulevard, and thence to Gage Park; which they converted into Washington Park, through Gage Park and north on Western Jackson Park, and the Midway Plaisance; Avenue Boulevard and Douglas Boulevard to

Douglas Park; thence along the western and Garfield Park; along Central Park Boulevard to Humboldt Park; north and east by Humboldt Boulevard and Diversey Avenue Boulevard to Lincoln Park; and south along the Lake Shore drive, Rush street, and Michigan Avenue to the starting-point. He may make this circuit in an afternoon, and return his horses to the stable in good condition. The roadway is so smooth, and the going so easy, that the same team might make the trip twice a day and be none the worse for it.

It is not unlikely, however, that a stranger would have to make several attempts before he could accomplish the entire distance in the specified time. There is so much on the way that is worth seeing, and the parks are so interesting and attractive, that the temptation to make long stops at short intervals would be too great to be resisted. Broad, velvety green fields, beautiful shade trees, artificial lakes which afford facilities for boating in summer and skating in winter, ornamental beds of rare flowers, greenhouses filled with tropical plants, serpentine walks and drives, combine to lure people from the noise, and dust, and worry of a crowded city. The conservatories are especially rich in their variety of plants. Among the specimens to be seen in that at Lincoln Park are a sago palm more than a century old, brought from Mexico, a tree fern fifteen feet high, and a date palm. Much attention has been given to the cultivation of water lilies, and almost every known variety is now to be found in the ponds. The Victoria regia, whose leaves spread out to a breadth of six or seven feet and turn up at the edges, giving them a tub-like appearance, has been very successfully grown. Garfield Park has the largest collection of orchids.

I have no hesitation in saying that with the young. Lincoln Park is more popular than any other, or, indeed, than all the others. It is not so much its beauty, although it is unsurpassed in that respect, as its fine collection of wild animals that forms the attraction. The members of the Lincoln Park Board seem to understand children, and for their benefit have acquired

it has a small herd of buffaloes,-one of the northern extension of Douglas Boulevard to few bunches left to remind us of the countless thousands that once roamed the Western plains. There are also deer of several kinds, bears, wolves, lynxes, wildcats, rabbits, prairie-dogs, guinea-pigs, and even white rats and mice. It once had a large drove or school of sea-lions, which made night hideous to the entire North side with their peculiar and incessant barking. Some died, others made their escape to Lake Michigan, and now only two or three specimens remain. Two large African lions occupy one of the cages.

Another attraction in this park, to grown people as well as to children, is the electrical fountain. This fountain usually plays for two or three evenings a week during the summer, and it draws thousands of spectators. In this park, also, is the equestrian statue of Grant, which was erected by popular subscription. A large bronze statue of Lincoln occupies the most prominent position near the southern entrance. Statues of Shakspere, Schiller, Linnæus, and La Salle, and one of a group of Indians, are also to be found there. Others intended for this park are now in the hands of the sculptors.

It may interest some of the boys who read St. Nicholas to know that Lake Michigan teems with perch, which seem not only willing but anxious to be caught. The entire lakefront of the city, for a distance of about twenty miles, is protected from the waves by a line of breakwater, upon which, when the wind is westerly or southerly, thousands of men and boys, and sometimes women and girls, may be seen with rods and lines trying to lure the little fellows from the watery depths. I do not know whether perch-fishing is a sport or an industry; it partakes of the nature of both. If you wish to get the best fishing, take passage on one of the little pleasure-steamers that lie opposite the Lake Front Park, and go out to the government pier, or breakwater, a mile from the shore. You need not encumber yourself with fishing tackle, for you will find on the pier men who make their living by renting rods and lines, and selling minnows for bait. The charge is trifling. It is not an unusual thing for boys to catch, in a few hours, strings of fifty or sixty perch each. quite a large menagerie. Among other animals Sometimes men are as fortunate, but not often;

boys are always luckier than men in fishing. I remember one day seeing a very nice old gentleman sitting on the pier with his grandson, a little boy not more than seven years old. The gentleman was an expert angler, knew all about trout and black bass and maskalonge, and had gone out to give the boy his first lesson in sport. It was sport—for the boy, and also for the

water that are well stocked with bass, pickerel, and pike. The State line which divides Indiana from Illinois—from Chicago, in fact—runs through the middle of Wolf Lake. These lakes used to be famous breeding-grounds for wild ducks, and some still breed there, though the numbers have greatly diminished. In the spring or fall, however, ducks stop there on their



FISHIN, FOR ISSUE FR M. THE BREAKWATER, CHICAG-

spectators. The boy caught a fish at least once every minute or two, but his grandfather never got a bite.

Chicago, by the way, is very favorably situated for sport both with rod and gun. One need not go beyond the city limits to get either game fish or game birds. I have said that the area of the city is 181 square miles, but it must not be supposed that all this territory is covered with buildings. The open spaces are rapidly diminishing, and in time will disappear, but there still remains a large unoccupied tract to the south and southeast, in which are located Calumet Lake, Hyde Lake, and about one half of Wolf Lake, three small inland bodies of

northern or southern flight, and furnish good shooting for a few days. The only drawback is that the place is too accessible; a street-car or any one of half a dozen suburban trains will take the sportsman within easy walking-distance of the lakes. The consequence is that there are too many shooters, and the lakes are "burnt out"; that is to say, the birds are frightened away from the country by the noise and smoke. The lands near to these lakes are low and marshy, and make good feeding-grounds for the jacksnipe, so called; really his name is "Wilson's snipe." There is no finer sport than snipe-shooting, and good bags are frequently made on these grounds. In this advantage Chicago is

probably unique; it is not likely that there is of the continent, then it is also destined to be another large city that can furnish duck- and snipe-shooting, and occasionally goose-shooting, within its corporate boundaries,

Thus far, except for this digression into the lakes and fields, I have spoken only of the material development of the city. But there is a higher development, the intellectual and moral, the progress in literature, art, and science. Just as the material growth of the city is the result of the material growth of the continent, so this intellectual growth is the result of the material growth. One follows the other as naturally as day follows night.

A few years ago Charles Dudley Warner visited Chicago, and after a stay of several weeks wrote his impressions. He praised the enterprise and energy of the people, but confessed that they lacked the culture of their brothers and sisters in the East; they had been too busy to devote much time to polish. However, he said that if Chicago ever gave its mind to that subject it "would make culture hum."

I suppose Mr. Warner, by this jest, meant to imply that if Chicago people sought to acquire culture, they would acquire it with a rush. More recently, discussing the future literary center of the United States, Mr. Warner said:

Boston cooks better than it once did; it also is rich, and more than half of its population is foreign. Is its it about to pass on the torch of literature to New York? Why not to Chicago? This is an imprudent question, for if the attention of Chicago is attracted to this opening, if it is convinced that literary supremacy is a good thing to have, it will snap it up in twenty-four hours.

It is likely that Mr. Warner had written more wisely than he knew. Chicago moves, and has always moved, by impulse. Its career has been a series of impulses. The commercial impulse gave it being, and made it the second city in the country in a period briefer than the lifetime of an ordinary man. The building impulse made it in less than twenty years the best-built city in the world. Now there are unmistakable signs of literary, art, and scholastic impulses. They are surely coming. If, as its citizens believe. Chicago is destined to be the metropolis

the center of literature, of art, of education, of science.

There has sprung up in the city within a year one of the greatest universities in America, endowed with millions of money, and equipped with instructors selected from the world because of their especial fitness for the work in hand. wealthy men conveyed to a board of trustees a building which he had just completed at a cost of \$1,500,000, and with it gave his check for \$1,400,000 with which to equip and maintain it as an industrial and scientific institute. Libraries have been founded and endowed, and have grown with a growth that has nowhere else been seen. The Chicago Public Library, founded little more than twenty years ago, has acquired a circulation greater than that of any other in the country. The Newberry Library, endowed by the bequest of a citizen, is becoming one of the great reference libraries of the world. The Crerar Library, endowed by the will of another deceased citizen, is in process of formation. The largest single purchase of books that was ever known-300,000 volumes-has just been made for the library of the Chicago University. The private libraries of the city are little known to the public, but they will compare favorably with the finest collections of New York, or Boston. The largest and most complete bookstore in the world is in Chicago.

The newspapers have been as marvelous in their development as the city itself, and from these newspapers, from the ranks of their reporters and editors, are coming writers whose strong and virile work will make a lasting impression upon the literary world.

Chicago has a way of attending to a great many things at once.

All things are possible in a city situated as Chicago is situated. Impelled by the force of natural law, it will become the center of industry, of commerce, of art, of literature, of science, and of education. Not one century or two centuries hence, but to-morrow, in a year, in ten years - when the impulse shall be feltall this will come to pass.

ABIJAH'S FOURTH OF JULY.

By JACK BENNETT.

ABIJAH STONE strolled off alone While yet the morn was hazy; The neighbors' boys made such a noise, They almost drove him crazy.

"I love my country well," said he, "But think it is a sin, sir, To spoil July's sweet jubilee

By making such a din, sir!"



So, in a nook beside a brook, Serenely sound asleep, sir, Abijah lay the livelong day, Curled in a little heap, sir; While in the town the brass bands brayed,

And cannon boomed like thunder, Until a very small boy made A most tremendous blunder.





TOINETTES PHILIP.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison, Judy Colon In 1

Begun in the May number 1

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Dea reached the small cottage on Villeré street, where she had passed most of the years of her sad little life, she pushed open the creaking gate impetuously, and, closely followed by Homo, ran swiftly up the grass-grown brick walk to the door.

"Papa, Papa," she called, placing her lips to the key-hole, "it's me—it's Dea. Do let me in—quick!"

After a few moments of impatient waiting, the child heard a slow, listless step approaching, and a hand that seemed weak and trembling turned the key and opened the door cautiously. In the aperture appeared a wan, bearded face with hollow eyes and tangled hair.

"Papa, oh, Papa, just see what I 've got!" cried Dea, darting through the narrow opening. "I 've sold Quasimodo, and I 've brought you something to eat."

The man looked at her silently, in a dazed, helpless sort of way, pressing his hand to his head as if he were trying to collect his thoughts and awaken his memory.

The child was breathless and exhausted from her running; but she closed the door, set down her basket, and then hastened to open one of the blinds, for the room was nearly dark. Then, drawing a chair up to a large table which was covered with books and papers, as well as a number of small wax figures in different stages of progress, she cleared from one corner of it the numerous articles of her father's craft, and spreading out the napkin containing the food that Seline had given her, she turned to her father, and putting her arm around him, led him to the chair and gently seated him.

For a moment he looked at the food silently, while the tears rolled slowly down his thin

cheeks. "Is it for me?" he whispered, at length.

"Yes, Papa: it is for you—it is all for you."
"No, no. You must eat it, Dea; you are

hungry."

"I have had my breakfast, Papa. This is for

"I have had my breakfast, Papa. This is for you. Eat it, and see how nice it is," urged the child, as she selected a tempting morsel, and held it toward him.

"I'm not hungry; I can't eat. I'm too ill to eat."

"Dear, dear Papa, do try! I brought it for you. And I have sold Quasimodo; look, cher, look at the money." She put her arm around his neek, and held the note before him. "Is n't it lovely? Just look; five dollars—twenty-tive francs. We sha'n't be hungry again. Oh, dearest, sweetest l'apa, wake up; try to forget your poor head—try to eat and get well"; and Dea pressed her anxious little face against his hair, and caressed him fondly.

For some time he sat staring at the money, his weak frame shaking with a tearless sob. "It is gone," he groaned at last. "I worked day and night on it. It was the best thing I ever did, and this little piece of paper is all I have for it."

"Oh, Papa," cried the child, with a sharp note of sorrow in her soft voice, "don't think of that! You can do another as good. Think of me, be glad for me, get well for me. I love you, I love you! Try to eat; do try. This is nice bread, and this is the cheese you like." And as coaxingly and as tenderly as one would treat a sick child, she broke the food, morsel by morsel, and put it to his lips.

He did not resist, but ate with pitful deadity, and evidently with little relish. When he would take no more, Dea gave the fragments to Homo, who was watching the result with great interest, as though he was wondering in his dog's heart why his master had to be urged to eat. Then

of the food on it, she covered it with the napkin, and set it away for another meal. After that, she went to her small room, and slipping off her kerchief and scarf, she put on a long apron that entirely covered her frock. The was very careful of it. Then she proceeded to

tidy up the small neglected chambers. She was so little and frail that the broom in her hands seemed out of all proportion, yet she handled it with wonderful dexterity. She swept and dusted and arranged everything with the utmost care; then she returned to the room where her father sat with his hollow eves still fixed on the note. his face full of pain and disappointment.

"Let me put the money away, Papa," Dea said cheerfully, "and to-morrow I will get you everything you want. Now I will arrange your table and dust your books."

There were books bound in leather, and books bound in cloth; some had paper covers, and some had no covers at all; they were large and small, thick and thin, old and new; but, strange to say, every

book bore on its title-page the name of Victor Hugo. Some were beautifully illustrated Paris editions, and their illustrations had suggested certain figures and costumes to the artist in wax, while other studies had been designed and colored entirely by himself, and were the very careful and correct work of no common talent. Under glass cases on a side table were some exquisite groups, and on the wall hung several medallions of a lovely female head in

she brought a plate, and, putting the remainder different positions, as well as a number of studies of a child all of which bore a remarkable resemblance to Dea; and it was not difficult the model for the medallions.

While Dea arranged the table and dusted frock had been one of her mother's, and she the books, she talked incessantly in a low, coaxing voice. At first her father paid little atten-



tion to her; then gradually his eyes brightened and his face showed an interest, while from time to time he passed his hand over his forehead and eves as if he would brush away some object that clouded his vision.

It seemed as though Dea, by repeating what she said, at last impressed the subject on his wandering mind, and claimed his attention almost by force and in spite of himself.

"Do you understand, cher?" she said, im-

pressively. "To-morrow the kind monsieur will painter come here and see your groups. He buy Esmeralda; then we shall have fifty francs, and fifty francs will last a long while. We can have a cutlet and salad for dinner, and old Susette can come and work for us again."

"Fifty francs! Are you sure, Dea, that we shall have fifty francs?" he interrupted with some interest. "Then I can buy some colors. My ultramarine is all gone, and I need some rose-madder. I have to color some more wax, and I must have some colors."

"You shall, Papa; I'll buy you some tomorrow. You can have everything you want," returned Dea, proudly.

"Can I, my child? Do you think I can? Can I have the Hachette edition of 'L'Homme qui Rit?'* There are some fine illustrations in it that I should like to copy."

Dea's little face fell, and her soft voice faltered. "I don't know, Papa. I 'll see. I 'll ask at the shop on the Rue Royale. If it is n't too much I 'll try to get it."

"It ought to be had for fifty francs," said the artist, dreamily.

"But Papa, dear, we can't spend the money for books when we have no bread."

" Fifty francs, fifty francs," he repeated complainingly -- " and I can't have the Hachette edition."

"Yes, you can, some time. We are going to be rich. Listen, Papa, while I tell you. The good monsieur who bought Quasimodo is an artist; he paints pictures instead of modeling en cire, t and he will pay me to go to his house and sit for him while he paints a picture."

"But you are not strong enough to stand that. Dea: you can't!" exclaimed the artist.

"He will pay me, Papa, and then I can buy the book,"

"Oh, well, if you can buy the Hachette, perhaps you may go."

Dea turned away her head and smiled faintly. "Pauv' papa!" she thought, "he will consent to almost anything for one of Victor

"But, Papa," she continued entreatingly, as she took one of his long, thin hands in hers and stroked it fondly, "I wish you'd let the

might buy one, and they will bring so much more than the little figures. Can't he come here and see them?"

"Here, Dea? - here in this house, where I am buried? - a stranger here, and I so ill, so poor? No, no, child; you are thoughtless, you are cruel. I will never open my door to any one but you." And he glanced around restlessly and anxiously, as if he feared that the stranger was about to effect an entrance.

"Well, never mind, cher," said the child, soothingly; "he sha'n't come here if it displeases you. I will take them to him. You can pack them carefully and I will take them."

"Yes, you can take them to him; and I will go to work now and finish something."

In nervous haste he arranged his lamp with its thick shade, selected his wax and small tools, and seated himself at the table with a magnifying glass adjusted over his eye. He was a tall man, and handsome in spite of his illness; his face was intellectual, and his manners refined and gentle; and as he worked swiftly and skilfully, Dea leaned over the table and watched him with fond pride.

After a while, when the room was quite dark, the child arose and closed the blinds softly; then she went into her father's room, which was next to hers, turned down his bed-cover, drew his mosquito-bar, and placed a carafe of fresh water on the little table. "Pauv' papa," she thought, as she went about the room in a gentle, womanly way, "I hope he will sleep to-night, and not groan and walk as he did last night. I must try to get the book; he will be so happy if I get him the book."

When she had finished her preparations for his comfort, she went to say good night to him; and as she kissed him she whispered anxiously, "Don't sit up late, dear Papa; try to sleep to-night, won't you?"

"You 're a good child, Dea," he said absently as he tenderly returned her caress; "go to your bed and don't worry about me. I must work now, and later-later, perhaps, I will try to get some rest."

Some hours after, when Dea was sleeping the peaceful sleep of childhood, her father entered her room sofily, glanced at her tranquil little face, and at Homo stretched before her bed; then going to his room, he took his hat, with a band of rusty crape around it, and went quietly out into the sweet moonlit night, closing and locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "CHILDREN" OF PÈRE JOSEF.

THE next morning, when Philip, rosy and fresh after a long night's sleep, ran to Père Josef for his lessons, he found the gentle little priest already seated at his books and with his empty coffee-cup before him.

"Mammy thought I 'd be late; I did n't want to wake this morning," said Philip, after the usual salutations were exchanged.

"No, my child, you 're in good time; the clock is just on the stroke of six," replied Père Josef, closing his book with an air of preoccupation; "and I 'm glad you 're punctual, for his reverence the archbishop has sent for me to come to him at nine o'clock. I could not sleep this morning, wondering what such a message betokens. I was up long before dawn, and I thought that idle boy would never bring me my coffee."

While Père Josef was speaking, with some signs of irritation in his usually placid voice, Philip's bright eyes were glancing around the plain little room as if they were looking for something; at length, failing to see the objects of his search, he asked eagerly: "Where are they, Père Josef? where are the white mice this morning?"

"Mes enfants? Oh, they were so troublesome, so really wicked, that I was obliged to put them in prison. 'Blanche' would sweep the dust all over my books, and 'Boule-de-Neige'* covered herself with coffee. Instead of taking her lump of sugar properly,—would you believe it?—she jumped into my saucer to help herself, and came out with her silky white coat quite soiled. Oh, dear, dear! it was because I was worried that they behaved so badly. They thought I was not noticing them."

"But, Père Josef, where are they? Can't I see them a moment before I begin my lessons?" asked Philip, coaxingly.

"They are locked up in my cupboard, in the dark. When their spirits are too turbulent, darkness is the only thing that subdues them. Perhaps I have to blame myself for their wickedness, and I don't wish to excuse myself for my folly; I don't want any one to follow my example." Here Père Josef leaned toward Philip and whispered mysteriously, "I should n't like any one to know it, my child, but I 've been teaching them to dance!"

"Oh, Père Josef, how funny that must be! Do let me see them dance."

"I can't; I can't make them dance now"; and Père Josef glanced around furtively. "They won't dance without music, and—and I could n't play the flute in broad day with the windows open."

"Do you play the flute, Père Josef?" asked Philip, his blue eyes full of mirth. "How pretty it must be to see your children dance while you play the flute!"

"Yes, it is very amusing. I feel young again when I play the flute for them. It was long ago, when I was a boy at the seminary, that I learned to play, and I was enchanted with it; but when I took orders, I had to give it up."

"But why did you have to give it up, Père Josef?" asked Philip, with gentle sympathy.

"Because, my dear child, when we give ourselves to good works we must resign many things that only amuse us. I loved my flute; it came between me and my duties, and I gave it up. For years and years I never saw it. Now I am an old man, and I take it out again; I confess it with shame"; and a flush of contrition passed over Père Josef's pale, narrow face. "My child, I confess it with shame, I love it as well as I ever did; and, strange to say, I am secretly glad because I remember all the old tunes, and I 'm playing them to teach my children how to dance. You're a good, discreet boy, and you won't repeat my confidences. While I'm speaking of it, I may as well tell you of my fears which prevented my sleeping last night. It seems strange, this summons from the archbishop. Do you think he can have heard of my folly - my levity, and has sent for me to reprove me?"

"Oh, Père Josef, you 're so good!" cried

Philip, warmly: "the archbishop won't reprove you for a little thing like that."

"I trust not; I hope not. Still I am anxious. His reverence may have heard of it, and he may think that I am not attending to my duties; but, my dear boy, I have been very careful not to allow my children to interfere with my work, and I have never played on my flute except late at night or very early in the morning when others are sleeping."

"If no one heard you," said Philip, wisely, "no one could have told the archbishop; so I would n't be unhappy about it, Père Josef."

"Eh bien.' I shall know soon. In the meantime, I think my poor children have been punished enough. I will let them out for you to have a little glimpse of them before you begin your lessons. They are charming this merning."

As he spoke, Père Josef went briskly into his little sleeping-room, and presently returned, bringing a small wire cage in which were a number of tiny white mice. As he set the cage on the table, the lively little animals began to scamper and scurry from one side to the other of their small house, their little upright ears and pink eyes looking very alert and mischievous.

"Oh, look, look!" cried Philip; "they are playing Colin-Maillard."*

"The little rogues!—their punishment has not done them the least good!" said Père Josef, standing off and looking at them admiringly.

Suddenly one of the finiest seized a small broom, made by cutting short the handle of a brush for water-colors, and began sweeping the floor of the cage furiously, making a great fuss and confusion as she scattered her companions to the right and left. When she had finished this domestic duty to her satisfaction, she shouldered her broom and trotted off on her hind legs to stand it carefully in one corner.

"Is not Blanche amusing this morning?" said Philip, as he hung enraptured over the cage. "And look at poor Boulesde-Neige, with her little coat all coffee-stained! How unhappy she seems! Now, Père Josef, can't you drill them for just a minute? I have n't seen them drill for ever so long."

Père Josef could not resist the temptation to show off the accomplishments of his chil dren, so he seated himself, and, with his thin, dark face close to Philip's rosy checks as they pressed near the cage, began in a clear, distinct voice an exercise which they followed exactly—marching in single file, closing up, and facing to the right or left as they were ordered, standing erect on their little hind legs and going through their maneuvers with the greatest gravity and precision.

Philip was almost beside himself with delight:—they were wonderful, they were enchanting! And while he and Père Josef watehed
their anties, they paid no heed to the flight
of time. After they had finished their miniature drill, Père Josef sofity, and with several
nervous glances in the direction of doors and
windows, whistled an old waltz; and straightway the tiny sprites began to step and whirl
in time to the tune. And never did Pan in a
sylvan dell pipe to merrier little elves than
these; and while Pan piped and the elves
danced, Philip's books lay neglected, and Père
Josef had forgotten the summons of his reverence the archbishop.

Suddenly the little priest started up, and looked at his clock in dismay; he had spent nearly an hour amusing himself with his "children." Taking a red-and-yellow silk handkerchief, he threw it resolutely over the cage, and turning to Philip he said, "Come, come, my child!—we are wasting our time, and that is wrong. The little rogues are so fascinating that I forget where I am when I wateh them. Perhaps, after all, the archbishop would do no more than his duty if he reproved me for such a foolish infatuation."

Philip took his books reluctantly, and as he tride to study he seemed to see the pets of Père Josef dancing and whirling among the letters. When the clock struck eight he was obliged to leave: so he hurriedly picked up his books, and went away without ever thinking of the question he had intended to ask Père Josef.

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE MODELS.

Mr. Ainsworth was sitting at his easel in his improvised studio on an upper floor of the high house on Rue Royale. Although it was only a temporary arrangement, the room was really lovely. On the walls, which were artistically draped with rich foreign stuffs, were a great many charming sketches. About the room, on tables, on brackets, and even on the floor, were bright-colored jars and pots filled with palms, ferns, and various slender-leaved graceful plants, which gave the place a cool

unhappy; from time to time she coughed and moved restlessly. The sofa was drawn up to an open window, through which the soft spring air entered, gently rustling the slender spikes of the palm that shaded it.

Mr. Ainsworth was putting the finishing touches to a pretty bayou scene; he was working very busily. At length he looked up and said anxiously, "Is n't there too much draft from that window, Laura?"

"No," she returned in a weak, fretful voice; "I can't live without air. As it is, I can scarcely breathe indoors."

> "Are you feeling worse this morning, dear?" questioned Mr. Ainsworth, gently, still touching his picture carefully and deftly.

> > "I don't know, really, I feel so ill all the time. It seems as if my weakness increased."

> > "My darling, you are fretting yourself to death. Try to rise above

your sorrow. Try as I do. I try to forget; I try to work."

"I can't forget, Edward, I can't forget," was the reply. "I don't wish to forget, It is six months to-day since we lost him - our boy! Oh, what have we done to be so afflicted?" she cried mournfully.

"Dear Laura, don't speak of it so bitterly. Cheer up for my sake, this heavenly spring morning. Listen to the birds singing in the court below, smell the perfume of the orange blossoms, the jasmine, the roses. Look at the sunlight on the roofs, see how the golden rays burnish that royal magnolia in the garden opposite."

"There are no singing birds, no perfumes, no sunlight for him!" she cried with a passionate burst of tears.

"Think of life instead of death; think of other children who live, and only live to suffer; think of the sad life of that child I bought the wax figure from yesterday." And Mr. Ainsworth glanced at Quasimodo standing in state on a bracket, with a piece of royal purple velvet behind him. "The little girl interested been handsome had she not looked so ill and me, Laura, but not so much as the boy did.



"PÈRE JOSEF SOFTLY WHISTLED AN OLD WALTZ."

bowery effect. There were pictures on the easels, old china and bronzes on the shelves, books and magazines scattered about in the negligent fashion affected by artists. On a low sofa, covered with a Turkish rug, lav his young wife; she was slender and dark, and her thin cheeks had a feverish flush. One hand was under her head, the other held a book at which she did not even glance. She wore a loose white woolen gown heavily embroidered with black, and a rich black shawl was folded over her feet. She would have Don't think I 'm fanciful, but it seems to me that he looks remarkably like our boy. He is about the same age; and, strange to say, his name is Philip."

"The same name: that is a singular coincidence," said Mrs. Ainsworth, rising languidly, and looking slightly interested; "but I don't see how a little gamin can resemble our boy."

"My dear, he does n't seem a little gamin; he seems singularly gentle and refined; but you will see for yourself. I think they will come this morning. The poor little girl is so anxious to sell Esmeralda, and the boy was so interested when I told him about my pictures. You should have seen his blue eyes light up."

"Has he blue eyes?"

"Yes, that deep, violet-blue like our boy's, and the same thick, curling brown hair; of course his clothes were plain, but they were clean, and he looked so fresh and sweet,—a child that any one could love."

Even while Mr. Ainsworth was speaking there was a timid knock at the door; and when he answered it, there stood the two charming little models, shy and tremulous, but with a determined expression on each small face.

"You see, I 've brought Dea," said Philip, sweetly elated at his success. He looked very handsome: he was warm and rosy, and the heavy curls lay in damp rings on his white forehead. Toinette had dressed him in his best suit—a white linen shirt and new blue trousers; he held in one hand a straw hat, and with the other he clasped Dea, as if he feared she might escape even then.

The little girl's softly tinted face was very expressive, her eyes were full of expectation and surprise, her lips were parted in a faint shy smile. She looked healthier and happier, and altogether very lovely. With one hand she clung to Philip, and with the other she carried the small basket in which Esmeralda's fanciful costume and the gilded horns of her goat made a bright bit of color.

Mr. Ainsworth's face beamed with satisfaction as he led the children to his wife. "Here, Laura," he said, smiling—"here are my little models. What do you think of them?"

Mrs. Ainsworth did not notice Dea, but her dark eyes rested on Philip with a strange bewilderment of pain and surprise. She did not speak, but after a moment of silence turned away her head and, covering her face with her thin hands, began to cry passionately.

"She sees the likeness as I did," thought Mr. Ainsworth, as he led the two children to another part of the room: he did not wish them to be distressed by the sight of his wife's sorrow. With great tact he first sought to amuse and interest them by friendly little attentions. He showed them his curios, his pictures, his flowers; he gave them fruit and bonbons; he slipped a five-dollar note into Dea's basket, and installed Esmeralda on the bracket beside Ouasimodo; and, after a while, when they were quite at home, he put a fresh canvas on his easel and posed them for a study. Philip was a little restless at first; he wished to see the actual picture-making, and would have preferred to watch Mr. Ainsworth at his work. But Dea stood like a small statue; she was accustomed to it, she had patiently sat many an hour for her father.

While Mr. Ainsworth painted, completely absorbed in his fascinating little subjects, Mrs. Ainsworth drew an easy-chair near the children and sat silently looking at Philip. Mr. Ainsworth wished to make their first visit so agreeable that they would like to come again; therefore while he worked he chatted pleasantly to them and encouraged them to talk freely to him in return. He was interested to know by what means the artist in wax had been brought to consent to his proposal. After several discreet questions he drew from Dea the shy avowal that she had come to earn the money to buy the Hachette edition, and that her paux' papa had allowed her to sit for the painter in the hope that she would get him the much coveted book.

While Dea told her touching little story, Mr. Ainsworth glanced at his wife; she was looking at Philip, but she was listening to Dea. There was a softer expression on her face.

At last, after a fairly long sitting, the artist told his little models that he was done with them for the morning.

"We must go now," said Philip, with lingering and longing looks at the canvas, on which there already appeared a fair sketch of himself and his little companion. "I 'd like to stay and watch while you paint, but I can't to-day. Seline is taking care of my flowers, and I must go and sell them."

"And Homo is asleep under her table," joined in Dea. "I told him to wait for me."

"But you will be sure to be here to-morrow?" said Mr. Ainsworth, looking from one to the other. "Here is your pay for being such good little models," and as he spoke he handed a bright silver dollar to each.

Philip smiled delightedly. "Thank you, monsieur," he said; "I would have to sell flowers all day to make as much."

Dea's little face was a study; she turned the dollar over and looked at it as though she doubted her senses. "A dollar—five francs!" she said joyfully. "Oh, monsieur, is it enough to buy the book?"

"No, my dear, I think not; but when you come to-morrow I will see what can be done."

"And, monsieur, may I—may I bring one of papa's groups for you to look at?" asked Dea, hesitatingly. "There's one of the 'Toilers of the Sea.' It is very pretty. May I bring it?"

"Why, certainly, my dear. I should like to see it. If I don't buy it, some friend may."

"But, monsieur, it is very dear; papa says it is worth a hundred francs. It is large, you know—as large as this"; and Dea held her small hands apart to give some idea of the size.

"It 's too large for you to bring, is n't it?"

"Philip will help me," she said confidently.

"Yes, I'll help you, Dea. It's too big for a girl like you, but it's not too big for me." Then, turning politely, he held out his hand to Mrs. Ainsworth. "Good-by," he said sweetly.

Mrs. Ainsworth took the little brown hand and drew the boy close to her; for a moment she looked into his eyes, then she put her arms around him and kissed him. Dea came forward and also received a kind caress. It was kind, but it was not like the kiss she had given Philip.

"They are charming," she said, looking at her husband with a smile—the first he had seen for many a day.

"Au revoir, monsieur," said Dea at the door. Philip was half-way down-stairs in his impatience to show his dollar to Seline. "Au revoir. I will bring the 'Toilers' to-morrow."

(To be continued.





STRANGE EFFECT UPON THREE CAITAILS OF THE PRESENCE OF A COMMON VELLOW CUR.

FESTIVAL DAYS AT GIRLS COLLEGES.

By Grace W. Soper.



The Lodge, Wellesley College.

clear, joyous, and energetic. went down to the farthest alcoves of the library. Then all the readers at the tables

looked up and smiled; but the hint was taken, and in a moment there was a rush of girls through the library doors into the hall. College students though they were, all the girls talked at once.

"The refreshment committee say that we are to have ice-cream this time." "Oh, how delicious!" "Who 's to pour chocolate?" "What are you planning to wear?" "Have the rugs been placed in the halls?"

"Oh, girls, the decorations are lovely! All the riches of the Orient are there - curtains, bric-à-brac, and screens. Even the Fräulein's elevators are gorgeous!" The girls laughed, for it was funny to be reminded of the mistake of the dear little German professor, who insisted upon becoming warm at her "elevator," meaning "radiator." "Oh, I hope it will be a success!" sighed one girl anxiously. "Of course it will," another assured her. "In social affairs, system is necessary; so we have our committees of refreshment, of decoration, and of reception." "And an obliging faculty to make sure of a good time!" "Good-by!" "Good-by! And sender chen! which, being interpreted, meaneth 'See you later!'" they called back in gay banter.

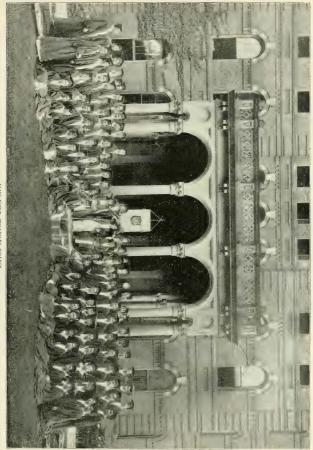
You might have known, listening to the talk,

"ENOUGH of which was chiefly exclamation and laughter, that there was to be a party, or a reception, or some other kind of festival in the great college that day; and if you are to be a college girl, you will like to hear what happened, and what is likely to take place when you are living the happy life at Vassar, or Wellesley, or Smith, or Bryn Mawr, or at any other college which affords to girls the blessed privileges of learning.

The festival about which the girls were talking was an afternoon reception offered by the faculty to the junior class. Standing in the hall, which was bright with decorations, the president and some of the professors met their guests, and then presented them to the juniors. It was a great privilege for the girls to meet the visitors. In happy little whispers, they would now and then say to one another that they could never forget that afternoon, "Just think! I have been talking to a real live bishop!" "I have met one of the greatest scientists in the country." "A famous poet has been telling me about her girlhood." All their lives these girls would be proud to remember conversations with famous men and women.

One of the prettiest college festivals that I ever saw was the celebration of Tree Day at Wellesley College. About the class-tree seats were arranged upon the greensward. One seat, higher than the rest, was marked by a beautiful purple banner embroidered in gold with the motto and date of the class. This was to be the seat of the class president, or, as it was called, the "Throne of the Princess." Soon the seats were filled by the college students. First came the "specials," who were dressed as gay Japanese girls, in loose robes and big bows bunched behind. How their fans fluttered, and how bright were their parasols! Then followed the sub-freshmen in dark blue, the college color,

The sophomores appeared as nuns, robed



in black and white, with cords of clover blossoms about the waist. A horn was heard blowing clear over the campus. Soon a merry band of girls in green came running forth at the summons, and this was joined by another band and then another. These were the juniors pretending that they were Robin Hood's famous hunters. The freshman class were Greek maidens, clad in loose, white robes such as Nausicaä wore at that famous game of ball about which all college girls like to read. The

the rôle of Tennyson's "Princess," and would hold court. With much ceremony, gifts were offered, after which speeches were made. I confess that I do not remember all that was said, but there were these words spoken: "We are to give now rather than receive. We are to be, by doing. We are to grow stronger by helping the weak; to grow more courageous by encouraging the faint-hearted; to grow nobeler by lifting up one high ideal in the sight of all the world."



THE MAIN BUILDING, WELLESTEY COTTEGE.

seniors appeared finally, robed in purple gowns and caps, as dignified as one would expect girls to be who are about to say farewell to college days. The senior president seated herself upon the throne. Lively little heralds called the names of the classes, and then the responses came in cheer after cheer of clear, ringing voices,—such hearty college cries of English, Latin, and Greek words and letters dancing together, with one grand end to each cheer — "W-e-l-l-e-s-l-e-y!"

After the tumult had died away, it was announced that the senior president had taken

Farther down the lawn was a newly planted tree for the freshman class; it was only a bundle of twigs with a leaf or two at the top, but the Princess gathered her court about it with as much ceremony as if it had been the noblest oak of the forest. There was again much speech-making, followed by the transfer of a spade from the sophomores to the freshmen. The exercises ended in a graceful dance about the tree. Whatever the court etiquette, there was no doubt that all the girls had a "royal good time."

Nearly all girls' colleges celebrate a Tree Day,



RADNOR HALL, BRYN MAWR

though not always in fancy dress. Many colleges have other special days which are much enjoyed. Miss M. Carey Thomas, the Dean of Bryn Mawr, writes me of "an annual entertainment offered in the autumn, about the middle of October, by the sophomores to the entering freshman class, in which, with appropriate ceremonies, a lantern is given to each

freshman. This lantern is supposed to light her through the 'group system' of studies! Very soon after, the freshmen invite the sophomores to an entertainment." How much more reasonable is this pleasant greeting from sophomores to freshmen than were the rude hazing customs of old days in young men's colleges!

The day which brings the pleasantest memo-



GENERAL VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE - FROM THE ROOF OF THE MAIN BUILDING,

ries to Smith College graduates is Mountain Day, celebrated, as its name implies, by drives and walks to the beautiful hills and mountains about Northampton, Massachusetts. A Smith girl tells how the festival is enjoyed every October: "It was the custom, at first, for each class to form an excursion party, but as the classes increased in size, this plan was given up. Now, the students form parties from four to twenty in number. Walking parties are nearly as numerous as the driving parties."

The Annex maidens, who dwell in Cambridge

mers have a custom of sitting up all night, it was evident that something more unusual and even livelier had happened. The pretty recitation-room held odd groups of chairs; Professor Maria Mitchell was a little fatigued, though as witty as ever, and Professor Whitney, who has since taken Professor Mitchell's place, had a manner of pleasant reminiscence, as if she enjoyed "talking things over." I soon learned that a "Dome Party" had been held the day before, given to the junior and senior members of the astronomy department by the professors.



THEORY OF HARVARD ANNUA

near Harvard College, have many clubs. Chief of these are the Idler Club, the English Club, the Music Club and the Glee Club, and the Emmanuel Society. In the pleasant parlors of the Fay House, the home of the Annex, many learned questions are discussed amid light gossip over curs of tea.

Once, during a visit at Vassar College, in the lovely month of June, I noticed an air of festivity in the little building devoted to the astronomical department. Although astronoAll who had been fortunate enough to be present were glad to tell how they had been the most envied of mortals.

For several days before the party, an air of preparation had hovered over the Observatory. The guests had been invited to contribute poetical morsels for a feast of original verse, and the professors had had the rapt air of poets. At half-past eight on the eventful morning, juniors and seniors, with faces as bright as the June sunshine, walked eagerly to the Observatory.

There they were welcomed warmly by Professor Mitchell and Miss Whitney, who invited the guests promptly to a breakfast in the dome and the meridian-room. At first there was a hush. The religious dimness of the dome, the

When the breakfast was finished. Professor Mitchell made a little speech in which she said that a literary feast would follow. Then, amid good-humored laughter, each student heard herself praised in poems written by her beloved



THE OBSERVATORY, VASSAR COLLEGE

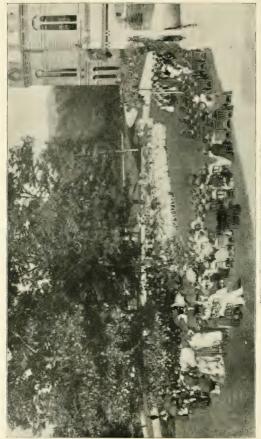
fact that the great telescope was over their heads, and the presence of the distinguished and good woman who was the honored hostess and professor, gave a strangeness to the social festival. But a look at the dainty tables soon dispelled all restraint, and the girls' subdued tones grew louder and more confident, while many merry laughs echoed under the vaulted roof. At the plate of each girl was a bouquet of fresh June roses from Professor Mitchell's garden. How often had the girls proved the beauty of the garden's flowers and the generosity of the giver! Once, when the complaint had come that flowers had been picked in the college gardens, and the students had been reproved, Professor Mitchell had come with a warm-hearted invitation: "My apple-tree is in bloom, girls. Take all the blossoms that you want." These roses, souvenirs of a delightful occasion, would be held more precious than all the college flowers, and would be kept for years in love of her who gave them. Besides the roses, there were strawberries and many delicious viands, well relished by the groups of girls at the little tables.

professors. There were epigrammatic sonnets on those whose names would rhyme, and bright essays on those whose names could not be put in verse by any possibility of twisting and turning. Music varied the poetry, as a choir, seated on the steps by the great telescope, sang songs written for the occasion, and made the dome resound with selections on many kinds of musical instruments.

At the close of a delightful morning came the "Maria Mitchell" song, famous among all Vassar students, ending with the refrain, "Good Woman that She Is!" Although the "Dome Party" still remains a bright festival at the close of the college year, the gracious presence of Maria Mitchell no longer is the inspiring force of the happy day.

The "Dome Party" was called the "Mecca" of the Vassar student in astronomy.

A festival equally unique and famous at Vassar College takes place in the middle of the sophomore year, and celebrates the end of the course in trigonometry. The girls are so glad to be through with this branch of mathematics that they present an original drama or opera



in which the death of "Trig" is duly noticed. Such a play was the "Mathematikado." "Trig Trig" and "Ayty Ayt" were the chief people in a funny romance. "Bot Ah Nee" carried on a philosophical courtship, and "Three Little Ayty Nines" were dear little maids at school. A glimpse of college life is given in a song describing the offenders "who never would be missed":

ing to learn what girls, far from their homes in quiet college walls, did for costumes. Those who acted men's parts wore men's coats over short velvet skirts, and looked as boyish as possible. "Dr. Faustus," in the play written for the ceremonies, was a tall girl with a deep voice, and she looked stately and dignified in a student's gown bordered with fur, and in a becoming cap. The bad angels wore pink gauze with



A CREW AT WELLESTEY.

There's the pestilential nui-ances who did n't come for work,

Who cut their classes every one, and all their duties shirk:

All tender invalid students who half their classes miss; All persons who, in taking ex., take exercise like this; All friendly ones whose lengthy calls we hardly dare

They 'd none of 'em be missed — they 'd none of 'em be missed.

All girls who speak so low in class you can't hear what they say;

All who propositions twist, I 've got 'em on the list; All girls who bring their shawls to class, yet shiver every day,—

They never would be missed — they never would be missed.

On one occasion, a long dramatic piece called "Dr. Faustus" was given. It is interest-

pink wings, and the good angels wore white gauze with white wings, and nobody could tell which were prettier. "Algebra," an important personage, wore black embroidered with white algebraic signs, with x y z and their equations. "Geometry's" black gown was ornamented with white geometrical figures—squares and circles. There were many harrowing scenes in "Dr. Faustus," and the audience was duly terrified, except when the thunder (immense dumb-bells), came rolling across the stage, and every one laughed.

The Philalethean Society at Vassar is a source of delightful social life, and its various Chapters are active in literary, dramatic, and other exercises.

The festivals about which I have told you,

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take place on dry land, but there is a fête celebrated on the water, which is one of the loveliest of all. It is the "Float Day" of Wellesley College. Each class has a boat-crew distinguished by a picturesque uniform. At about seven o'clock in the evening, the crews march down the college steps and across the lawn to the

As it grows dark, lanterns are lighted round the lake, and calcium lights illumine the courses of the boats. Soon two boats shoot out from the circle, and the cry is heart: "A race! 'gr!'93! '93! '91!" Then again there is quiet, and over the water comes the sweet song: "Good night!" At all colleges, the great festival of the year



TANCE OF DIES IN THE HAY CELEBOARNO THE COMPLETION OF TREGONOMERY BY A CLASS IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

lake. They then take their places, one by one, in the boats, and as they pull off from shore, each crew gives its yell. A star and circle are formed by the boats upon the lake, and then comes the college cheer, which, as one girl says, "is echoed in the heart of every Welbesley student, and is rivaled only by the frogs." With sweet music on the water, the crews enchant all their hearers. A song, called "I Doubt It," has a popular college version, of which the following is a stanga:

If you were a freshman, and plied a great car.
Which had nothing spoony about it,

Do you think you would row like a practised senior? Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

is Commencement, when the seniors receive the approval of the college at the end of an honorable course of study. Even the pretty new gowns, or the caps and gowns which are worn at Bryn Mawr, fail to take away the sadness of this occasion. The festival is as stately as possible. The baccalaureate sermon first teaches the graduating class the solemnity of the Commencement time, and charges all who go forth into the world to hold fast to the pursuit of what is noblest, highest, and best. Then comes the Commencement concert, and finally the great day upon which degrees are conferred. The Dovodogy is sung with fervor, but there

are tears in the eyes of many of the graduates, for they realize that in the world festivals may be hardly earned, and must be very different from the careless, happy days at college.

Much might be said of the smaller parties which cannot be described under the name of " festival," yet which are enjoyed by the students even more than the larger and more elaborate entertainments. In one week of October there were at Smith College a sophomore reception, which "went off in a blaze of

Other colleges have many bright evenings of entrance examinations.



lights, banners, and pretty costumes," a musi- recreation, about which you would like to hear, cale, and a large number of Hallowe'en par- perhaps; but some day you will enjoy them ties, masquerades, germans, and flower-parties, for yourselves, after passing those dreaded

RAIN.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

It'll rain! It'll rain! Says the peacock's shrill refrain, Ere the heaven shows for sign E'en a single leaden line. See! a silvery shudder now Runs along the poplar bough, And recurrent ripples pass O'er the reaches of the grass. Low the swallows circle over Rosy fields of scented clover: Willows whiten in the lane -It'll rain! It'll rain!

It'll rain! It'll rain! Watch the shifting weather-vane Veering from its dreams of drouth Toward the veiled and showery south! Now the eye of day is hid Underneath a lowering lid, And the heaven feels the lash Of a goading lightning-flash. Peals a bell with soft insistence Clearly down the darkening distance, And the peacock cries again -It'll rain! It'll rain!

SAIDIE'S FLOWERS.

By Lida C. Tueloch.

EVERY morning through the summer.

From her little garden spot,
Saidie brings me pretty clusters

Of the flower forget-me-not.

But the name seems hard to Saidie,
Or does not her fancy please,
For she always says: "Good morning!
Here are some remember me's."



AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

By Marian Gehring.

Boom, boom, boom, boom, from the bassdrums. R-r-r-r-rata-tat-tat, rolled the snares. Crash! from the whole great military band; and the long lines of blue-uniformed Swiss soldiers swung in fours through

the narrow streets of Lucerne, and climbed the hill leading to their daily parade-ground, where the mountains stand forever on guard over the lovely blue lake below.

The music beat against the mountains, was echoed from the city's broken walls, and floated upward to the houses on the hill, till suddenly the sound reached an open casement window and acted as an electric battery upon a boy of eleven years, who was lying stretched upon a couch, with his head buried in a magazine.

A bound from the sofa was the response to the musical message. A bewildered whirl around for his cap, a rush from the room, a clattering assault of the stairs,—five minutes later a downward plunge, and there shot from the door an elastic figure in dark blue. The boy had a clanking sword at his side, a cartridge-box strapped upon his back, and a pistol in the leather belt. In his right hand was an air-gun, the staff of a small American flag was in his

left, and a soldier's cap upon his round, blond head, which was carried with military erectness.

This much-accoutered figure made its way up a steep path, through a gap in a wall, leaped a low fence, squeezed through a narrow opening in the hedge, and found itself in the rear of a gray, stone villa, which with closed blinds stood quite vacant and deserted, high above the lovely little city clinging to the shores of Lake Lucerne.

The paths were overrun, the shrubbery neglected; but the flying feet were not impeded by the tangled grasses on the unshorn lawn, and made their way quickly to a strip of greensward close beside a wall which barred the encroachments of neighboring invaders.

Upon the other side, Swiss regiments were quickly forming into position for their daily drill. Mounted officers galloped over the field, officers upon foot with waving swords were marshaling their men, the band stood in readiness for the bugle-calls, and the daily discipline had begun.

On the villa side of the wall the American flag had been carefully given into the charge of a small tree—as standard-bearer; the gun, cartridge-box, and pistol had been deposited beside a great ivy-grown rock; and a gallant boy-officer, with lifted sword, was drilling an imaginary company, with the aid of constant glances at the other drill over the wall.

The sun crept high in the heavens, and the long, monotonous din of drilling went on and on, through one of the summer's hottest days.

The men's faces were flushed and expressionless; the officers' brisk movements were evidently conscious efforts. But on the further side of the wall, though the boy-soldier's pink cheeks became crimson and perspiration had reduced the linen collar to abjectness, spirit and courage held the day, and military discipline was being rigidly maintained.

A group of officers suddenly came upon the field, making their way where a clump of trees against the wall cast a welcome shadow. The trees also concealed their approach from the patient little soldier, who was at that moment, with desperate stiffness of bearing, going through the manual in unison with the glittering line of soldiers just beyond.

The group suddenly stopped as they came upon the little figure, which presented to their eyes a very comical appearance. The commanding officer, with a warning gesture of silence, stepped quietly from behind the trees, and as the boy wheeled, facing the wall, he was met by the most astounding situation of his life: for there stood the colonel of his favorite regiment and a whole group of officers, in shining uniforms, looking sternly down upon him.

His hand went instinctively to his cap, in the long-practised military salute, and in a dizzy whirl of proud rapture, which turned his crimson cheeks pale for a moment, he saw his salute gravely returned!

"Halt!" exclaimed the colonel, in German.
The little figure stood motionless in soldierly attention.

"Zu welchem Regiment?"* came from the gray mustache, and with the intoxication of this bewildering experience thrilling every nerve, there came in quick response from hurried lips:
"I = 1 am = an American citizen."

The colonel coughed violently as he beckoned

The colonel coughed violently as he beckoned his officers nearer, saying in excellent English:

"What then have we here? Is America

"what then have we here? Is America sending her citizens to learn our military tactics behind walls? Sometimes we call such people spies. Do you know what happens to spies?"

The boy stood very erect, with tightly compressed lips, but replied fearlessly:

"You shoot them. I have drilled here with your regiment three weeks!"

"Ach so!" † ejaculated the colonel gravely.
"A bad case! Shall we shoot him on the spot, or court-martial him?"

"Put him through the manual," suggested an officer, whose laughing eyes sent a reassuring message to the boy's wide-open and somewhat startled gaze.

"Selv gud," Tassented the colonel. "Attention!"
The boy grew cold with apprehension. He felt, for the moment, that shooting would have been a merciful plan in comparison. Then something within him, perhaps a drop of inherited courage from heroes of his race, rose to rescue him from entire humiliation. Placing himself in position, he gritted his teeth, and with a cold moisture stealing on his brow, held himself in readiness for the commands.

A nightgown drill with a walking-stick in a soldier-uncle's bedroom in far-away New England, coupled with an unusual aptitude for all things military, had produced quite remarkable results under the three weeks' drill; and the officers, at first merely amused, became deeply interested in seeing how much accurate knowledge had been retained by the mind of so young a boy.

"Ach! I wish half my company would listen as well," growled a young captan; and the colonel's face forgot to be military, and grew fatherly, and the drill closed with a hearty salute from the officers.

"Well, my young American citizen, I suppose you think you will bear arms for your country some time?" said the colonel, leaning upon the wall and drawing the boy kindly toward him.

"I hope so," replied the boy; "we have only a very little regular army; and I try to learn all I can over here so I can go right ahead when the time comes."

"Well, what do you mean by keeping so few soldiers ready to defend your country? What would you Americans do if a great force should come over to fight with you?"

"Why, beat 'em — as we 've always done," replied the boy, serenely.

"Of what regiment?" | t "Indeed!" | t "Very good."



"THE DRIFT CLOSED WITH A HEARTY SAFCTE."

A mighty laugh gurgled and rumbled under the big mustaches. The bugle sounded, and as the colonel turned away he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying solemnly. "I promote you to the position of Chief American Citizen in my regiment."

No honor was ever more proudly borne! The initials "C. A. C." were braided upon the breast of the small blue jacket by an indulgent nother, and few days passed during the long, happy summer without the faithful drill behind the wall.

As they rode from the parade-ground, the colonel and the group of officers learned to expect the parting dip of the American flag from the little color-bearer stationed at the gateway, and they never failed to respond with a grave salute.— Chief American Citizen in a Swiss regiment was indeed an unparalleled honor.

A week after that day of days, when the C. A. C.—as he preferred to be called—went leaping through the hedge, as usual, he nearly fell into the arms of the very tallest and largest lady he had ever seen. His first thought was of a possible giantess; his second, of his cap.

which flew briskly off as he begged her pardon in very boyish German.

"Ein Soldat!"* ejaculated the lady, with a smile of growing amusement, as she viewed him from head to foot.

"Ja, Madame," † he murmured confusedly, seeing suddenly that the closed villa had come to life. Windows and doors were wide open, draperies were fluttering, rugs and couches were vigorously beaten by a busy group of servants. A gardener was attending the lady, as she overlooked her neglected premises, when the sudden apparition of the little soldier startled her from her peaceful mood.

The invader looked up at the imposing figure before him with a sudden choking in the throat, realizing that he no longer had any right in the beloved old garden; and, face, he quite forgot his embarrassment. By her questionings she soon drew from him the use he had made of her grounds; and he was soon eagerly telling about his promotion, and the great necessity of keeping up his drill, lest the colonel should think him ungrateful, or maybe even a deserter.

The conversation was a long one, for she led him upon the piazza, and the situation was discussed over a dainty luncheon of *Kuchet*;—a conversation begun on one side in imperfect German, and ending on the other in imperfect English, but through which a perfect understanding was secured; and after his name



"THE SITUATION WAS DISCUSSED OVER A DAINTY LUNCHEON"

with a murmured apology, he was turning to reand residence were ascertained, he was distreat when the lady spoke again with such a missed with the promise that his privileges winning kindness that, gazing into the gentle, should not be withdrawn if he would consider himself detailed as "special guard" over the lying flat on the ground, wormed his way

But when, as he was just ready to bound from the steps with an unburdened heart, a servant addressed his companion as *Baroninn*, he felt as though the world brimmed over with surprises, and fell a-wondering, as he turned homeward, if a baroness were of that size, what must a queen be like!

From that hour the great lady had a devoted sentinel. Stray dogs, cats, and urchins were driven from the newly cleaned lawn at the point of the sword. Visitors at the villa were curiously amused at the sudden appearance, now and then, of a pygmy "guard" at the baroness's gateway. Upon seeing her at her morning coffee on the piazza, he always appeared to receive the orders for the day; and the lonely, childless old lady, whose heart lay buried in a soldier's grave, found her days brightened by entering heartily into this vividly enacted child-experience.

They held long military discussions; the situation in Germany was carefully reviewed; and when the baroness told the lad of her only son's gallant death at Sedan,—of how he had fallen in ignorance that the hour of Germany's triumph had come,—the boy felt that he had almost been there himself, and shaken the old Kaiser's hand!

And then it happened one day that a chance came really to serve his gracious lady. It came in this way. The baroness often wore in the garden on afternoons a very beautiful and costly shawl, dear to her as the last gift from the ever-mourned hero of Sedan.

As she rose hastily one day to return to the house, it had softly fallen to the back of her chair in the arbor, and was lying there quite forgotten.

The C. A. C., book in hand, but, as usual, with his soldier's cap and sword, reclined on the grass in a favorite nook near by, where low-hanging branches quite concealed him from view. Suddenly he heard voices, and peering under the branches, saw two villainous heads rising above the wall. He saw them quickly duck down, cautiously rise, and go down again, while a muttered conference went on.

Suddenly, one fellow leaped the wall, and

lying flat on the ground, wormed his way toward the shawl, whose beautiful folds draped from the chair promised a valuable prize to the rogues.

The watcher under the trees, leaning far forward, following the thief's movements, suddenly saw the object of the stealthy advance, and his heart stood still. He knew the shawl's history, and how dear it was to his kind friend the baroness.

What should he do? Could he reach the house and return with help before it would be gone? Such a little boy! Two such ugly-looking thieves!

The man's hand was already outstretched to grasp the booty. Something must be done. Creeping softly from beneath the branches, the little fellow suddenly drew his sword from its scabbard, and leaping high in the air, crashed the screening branches with the shining blade, shouting with all the force and gruffness he could command:

"Hi, there!"

"Das Militär! Das Militär!"* screamed the startled rogue, scrambling to his feet as he caught a flash of the gleaming blade and heard the clank of the dangling scabbard.

Running desperately to the wall, he threw himself headlong over it, scrambled frantically upon his feet, and dashed after his already flying comrade in a frantic retreat across the paradeground. The shouts and crashing of branches followed them as they ran with every nerve strained to escape the armed force they felt in hot pursuit. In one convulsive backward look, to see if escape was wholly hopeless, they saw a sight that suddenly arrested their desperate flight, and caused a torrent of abuse to pour forth in deepest gutturals; for there, perched upon the wall, waving his sword in frantic triumph, dancing in a perfect frenzy of delight, and shouting: "Das Militär! Das Militär!" with peals of derisive laughter-stood their small outwitter!

They gave one lurch toward him, as though to resume their attempt; then, shaking their fists with vengeful emphasis, slouched quickly down a narrow alley leading into the lower city. A moment later the boy victor, with quickened breath and very red cheeks, after the other city.

The soldiers. The soldi

vainly trying to fold the rescued shawl, proudly marched across the lawn, up the steps of the villa, and directly into the baroness's presence. After telling his story, which was received with a burst of German ejaculations, fervent hand-claspings, and head-shakings, he presented the rescued trophy, with a grave salute, as "the spoils of war."

The entrance from the glare of the sunshine into the baroness's shaded parlors, coupled with his intense excitement, made the eager boy overlook the fact that his hostess was not alone.

After warmly thanking him for the service, and heartily praising his courage and presence of mind, she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and walked beside him down the long room. saving:

"Captain Enderby, allow me to present my 'special guard.' Mein junger Freund, George Bourne Ainsworth, von Amerika." *

A tall figure rose from a deep loungingchair in the soft gloom, a fine soldierly-looking old man, with white hair, and a thin, dark face, who extended his hand to the lad with kind cordiality.

"Captain Enderby," continued the gracious hostess, "was for many years in her Majesty's service in India."

"So that's what they call an Anglo-Indian," thought the boy, with visions of elephant- and tigerhunts whirling through his brain. He placed his hand in the extended one, and looked wonderingly up into the benignant face.

and interested listener to the dramatically re-

lated adventure, kept the boy's hand in his, and drawing him beside his chair asked how an American boy could leave his republic to come among the kingdoms of Europe.

"It was hard," George admitted, "but I don't mind being in Switzerland, because it 's an older republic than ours, anyway. But I was very glad we came over in a German steamer, for I don't wish to see England till we have a bigger navy."

"Why-is n't your navy a first-class one?" asked the old officer, with a twinkle in his eyes.

George looked at him with a touch of suspicion. The small size of the American navv compared with England's was a source of deep mortification to the C. A. C., and he was almost sure he was being laughed at,-but he answered respectfully:



* My young friend from America.

"Perhaps we don't need a large navy, because we can always do our beatings on the land."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old man. "Are you quite sure you are not one of General Gage's troublesome Boston boys left over from the last century? Come here, Alice, and make the acquaintance of an American boy, who evidently knows about some differences of

soft laces upon her corsage, she pinned it on his jacket with a tiny silver arrow, saying, as she snapped the pin:

"There! I never give flowers I 've worn—unless my whole heart goes with them!"

Ah, Alice, Alice Enderby! little did you think that those lightly-spoken words of yours

And then there entered. through a swept-aside portière, the very loveliest young lady George had ever seen. She was slender and very graceful, with lovely dark eyes and reddish brown hair; and as she came sweeping forward in her soft lace dress, and placing her hand upon the old man's arm, said gently, "I shall be very happy, Grandpapa, to know American an boy." George felt that if they should tell him she was an angel, it would n't seem very surprising in this mysterious house, which already held a baroness and an Anglo-Indian officer! He did n't sav that. however, but clicked his heels into soldierly precision. and bowed low.

After the young lady had heard the story from her grateful hostess, she said, very sweetly:

"If I am to be honored by living in a house with such a brave 'special guard,' I cannot allow his deeds of valor to go unrewarded. I bestow upon you my own private mark of honor"; and, drawing a beautiful rose from the

"I SHAD IN YERS HAPEN, GRANDFALL TO KNOW

were soon to become the key to a great situation!

Very rosy, very erect, and very proud was the figure in blue bearing on its breast the decorations of bravery and beauty, as it walked across the lawn with a soldierly swing which broke into a run as it neared the pension* in which the father and mother of this distinguished American citizen had found a delightful summer-home. The run became a wild gallop as, seeing the good Fräulein busy among her roses, he rushed to tell her the wonderful adventure of the day.

This delightful Swiss landlady, of excellent family, and finely educated, was an old friend of the baroness who owned the neighboring villa; and, having been greatly pleased at the baroness's kindness in allowing her grounds to be used as the boy's parade-ground, she was now vastly proud that the favor had so soon and gallantly been returned.

George was the only child in the house, and he had quite won her heart by boyish kindness and attentions; so she warmly entered into his various absorbing interests, which from time to time arose and claimed attention. The latest were the plans to be made for the celebration of the coming Fourth of July—the day of days for an American boy.

It so happened, as things sometimes do in this world of ours, that George's papa joined forces with his country, and had a common birthday'. George thought his father very lucky to have been born on the national holiday. To celebrate these two events properly had been the greatest yearly event in the boy's life before leaving America.

George had foreseen difficulties in the way, when thinking of how he should celebrate the day in a foreign land, and with foreigners all about him; but until the rose was pinned upon his breast by those fair English hands, nothing had seemed wholly insurmountable. Now he pondered deeply over the matter, grew silent and abstracted, ceased to speak of the coming event, and as he saw Miss Enderby daily, growing more and more charmed with her winning kindliness, it grew impossible to think of celebrating the Independence of America next door to that vision of English loveliness.

But what would papa think if his birthday was deprived of its triumphant character? So, moodily pondering these perplexing questions. George sat one day with his arms resting on the balcony railing and his eyes hardly seeing

the exquisite panorama of mountain and lake. There the kind Swiss landlady found him when, having in vain questioned the boy's father and mother as to the sudden loss of enthusiasm over the rapidly approaching day of celebration, she had resolved to ask George himself about it.

As to a fellow-citizen of a sister republic, he confided to her his conflicting views of his duty, with such carnestness that her smothered laugh was changed into an expression of tenderness; but she had only time to say, "You dear, thoughtful boy!" before a maid called her into the house. An hour later, however, her best bonnet was seen nodding dramatically in the parlor of the villa, and her kind old face under it was full of mirth and mystery as she parted from the ladies at the door, who seemed equally amused and interested.

An earnest consultation with Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth followed this visit at the villa, but nothing further was said in George's moody presence about the coming, long anticipated, but now deeply shadowed event.

The morning of the Fourth dawned upon a city which, but for the American flags floating here and there, gave no sign that across the sea millions of human beings were joyously celebrating their holiday.

George lounged down through the garden: he had almost decided to "cut" drill, take his story-book, and go off in the woods, as the most absorbing occupation he could devise, when Mr. Ainsworth came suddenly around the corner of the path leading up from the city. Upon seeing his son, he instantly drew back: but it was too late.

"Papa!" exclaimed George, reproachfully, "fire-crackers, when I have n't asked for one!" He lowered his voice, and pointing at the villa continued in an explanatory and warning whisper, "British,—over there!"

"To be sure!" ejaculated his father, stepping back with a pretended expression of surprise. "Well, we can save them for next year."

"But you are quite sure you don't mind about your birthday, Papa!" he anxiously asked, twisting one arm affectionately within his father's.

"Of course not," answered his father gravely.

"Delicate consideration for the conquered is the only position a generous victor can take."

George heaved a deep sigh of relief. "Supposing," his father continued, "we celebrate the day by going in a rowboat, with an American flag at the prow, down the lake to 'Tell's Chapel,' lunch at the restaurant, and get back about five to-night?"

That plan seemed to fit the spirit of the day to perfection, and the smiling mother and relieved landlady watched them off with mysterious nods and smiles. As they turned the corner Mrs. Ainsworth called down:

"Five o'clock then?"

"To the minute," replied her husband, with a backward and meaning wave of the hand.

The afternoon shadows were falling across the lake, and the mountains were of a deeper blue, when the two "celebrators," as George had joyfully called his father and himself, toiled up the hill at the close of that long, happy summer's day.

It had been a great success — this patriotic pilgrimage to the very rock upon which the beloved though uncertain William leaped from the tyrant's boat.

George's mother met him at the door and urged him to hurry and dress for dinner, and he was too much absorbed in telling her of the day's events to notice her extra care over his appearance; but he did exclaim with delight when he found that the cherished initials were fastened upon his very best suit.

And when he saw a knot of red, white, and blue ribbon nestled in the laces of his mother's corsage, he gave a little bound of delight, exclaiming:

"Ah, that 's fine! No one could expect us to act as though we were ashamed of the day, could they, Mama?" and he pranced up before the long mirror, gazing with great pride at the combination of military and civilian attire reflected therein.

"Papa! where did you get that?" suddenly rushing up to his father, whose coat-lapel bore a tiny American flag.

A tap at the door, and in rustled Fräulein, resplendent in her very best dress; and, behold, she wore a tiny Swiss flag!

"I think we are quite ready," she remarked, taking George's arm, which he gallantly held at its highest possible angle; and followed by Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth they slowly marched from the house, to the melody of "Yankee Doodle" softly whistled by papa, across the street, and up the driveway to the villa.

By the time they were at the gateway, George surely knew that something delightful was happening, but was determined to maintain a soldierly composure. His friends proved too much for him, however, and his Spartan bearing was broken by a wholly unmilitary bound in the air, as rounding a great clump of shrubbery he saw a sight that at once made him forget the lady on his arm, the initials on his breast, and ejaculate:

" Great Scott!"

For there stood the pavilion-like summerhouse, one lovely expression of American patriotism!

Red, white, and blue buntings wreathed its pillars and festooned its sides. Little American and Swiss flags made a fluttering fringe from its cornice, and from its pointed roof floated a lovely silk "Flag of our Country."

The baroness, the lovely English "angel" and her grandfather, together with a strange gentleman, tall, dark, and handsome, stood in a little group at one side, and moved forward to greet the approaching guests.

George could never remember what he said or did the next few minutes. The baroness seemed dressed in the American flag, and the "angel" to float up and down in a white cloud, waving flowers; but what he really saw was the knot of national colors on the baroness's bosom, and Miss Alice in a lovely white dress, with roses and forget-me-nots on her corsage, for the colors of the day.

Then he saw that a beautifully bedecked teatable was standing in the pavilion, toward which the baroness soon led them.

George observed, with some uncalled-for indignation, that when seated at Miss Enderby's side, the French gentleman at her other side wholly claimed the lady's attention, and the boy was mentally arguing the justice of the situation after this fashion: "Let 's see him give up his Fourth of July for her, as I s'posed I was doing!" when the beautiful being at his side turned to him, and said:

"I hope you see I am wearing your colors very gladly to-day," pointing to the flowers upon her bosom-"as gladly as I hope you wore mine lately as a medal,"

"How did she find out about it?" wondered

"But," she continued, "there are so many things about America I cannot understand: for instance, why do you have so many Georges in America when you told George the Third you

would much rather 'play alone'?

is your father. It really seems to me you must rather have liked the old king, after all, to

> said the mischievous girl, who expected to draw fire.

The words seemed fairly to tumble over one another as the boy eagerly replied: "George Washington. Miss Enderby! George the Third. All our Georges have Washingtons understood in their names. Don't you see?"

"Of course! How stupid of me!" she re-

plied, "So when I think of rou, it must always be as George

(Washington understood) Bourne Ainsworth. Is that it?" looking at him with admir-

"Yes," replied the boy, with twinkling eyes; "just the same as when

"I 've got it in a box," was the answer, at an English lady is named Victoria, she really is Miss Victoria (Guelph understood) Brown; or when a German boy is named Wilhelm, you must always think of him as Wilhelm (Hohenzollern) Schmidt. That 's the way it 's done."



"THE PAVILION-LIKE SUMMER-HOUSE WAS ONE LOVELA EXPRESSION OF AMERICAN PATRIOLISM."

which the lady laughed merrily.

"I see you value your rewards of merit," she went on. "I am very glad to be one of those helping in this double birthday celebration."

laugh in which his companion joined.

"I hear you think the English navy ought to be large, so as to be ready to pick us out of the water when we fall off our little island," said the old Indian officer.

George blushed furiously, and looked reproachfully at the landlady, to whom he had once confided that humorous theory. The old man went on.

"You and I must discuss that matter some day, my boy; I can't let American citizens get false impressions to take back to their native land," and lifting the glass of lemonade, which did duty for wine at this American banquet, the old Indian officer rose slowly, and standing very erect, said:

" I propose the health and happiness of the whole world!"

All sprang to their feet, glasses were raised, merrily clinked, and lifted to their lips.

Then the baroness followed with:

"To the brave of every country!" which was gravely received with the thought in every heart of the hero of Sedan.

The Swiss Fräulein next spoke, and said:

"The old republic" - waving her tiny flag with the Maltese cross-" salutes her younger sister!" which was received with tumultuous

Miss Enderby, with a roguish glance at George, raised her glass, saying:

"I drink to the reign of the two American Georges -Washington understood!" which was received with a burst of laughter.

Last of all, the gentleman beside Miss Enderby held his glass high, and speaking with a marked French accent, proposed that all should drink to the future prosperity of "the Chief American Citizen of the Swiss Regiment," and all broke into a gay little cheer.

George's cheeks were very red, but he made a creditable bow in response, and was much relieved when these unwonted table ceremonies were ended, and they strolled out upon the lovely lawn to watch the glow fade from the mountains and the cold gray blue steal over their majestic crags.

The evening shadows were falling as they finally adjourned to the piazza, when the old

he explained, bursting into a hearty boyish man drew the child beside him, telling him such wonderful stories of life in India that George did not see that while the other ladies chatted together, the young English girl strolled across the lawn attended by the French stranger, and was lost in the shrub-bordered walks, nor that his father had disappeared.

The darkness fell in soft gloom, but the balmy air charmed all into content, and no one cared to enter the house. George, keyed to the highest pitch of excitement, was helping the old soldier kill a tiger in a jungle, when whizz, whir-r-r ! - a rocket hissed over their heads, leaving a lovely golden shower to flutter down and slowly disappear in the darkness.

George sprang to his feet with a shout, and like a shot was off across the lawn to help solve the mystery of those forgotten packageswhen he stopped short.

Just before him stood Miss Enderby and Monsieur Videaux. They had not heard his light step on the soft turf, and these two sentences were spoken in his hearing:

"Miss Alice, do you think you could be converted from the monarchical system and learn to love a republican of France?" asked Monsieur Videaux very eagerly.

"I think it would depend entirely upon the republican," Miss Enderby replied hesi-

By that time George was beside them, and was passing by, when his quick eye took note of a transfer which had been made since he was last in their presence.

The roses then worn on Miss Enderby's dress now decorated the lapel of Monsieur Videaux's coat.

A great wave of injured disappointment surged high in the boy's heart, and, borne on its crest, he was swept quite beyond his own control, and impulsively burst forth with:

"Oh, Miss Alice! you said you never gave any one your very own flowers to wear, unless your whole heart went with them!"- and then dashed off like a human rocket, leaving a long trail of consequences following this explosion.

An hour later, as the guests were taking leave, and George was enthusiastically thanking one and all for "the very gloriousest Fourth" he had ever had, he was probably the least mystified of all the party at an unex- bent his tall figure to shake George's hand pected burst of grateful appreciation from Mon- with great warmth, and said with emphasis: sieur Videaux, who, standing beside him with "I zhall all my life be deeply grateful for ze Miss Enderby's hand resting upon his arm, assistance of - an American Citizen."



His shaggy coat must make the bear In winter time as warm as toast, But when the spring is in the air Why I should think he'd simply ROAST.



THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

[Begun in the November number]

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT DINGO PACK.

It seemed to Ned Wentworth as if the caveman vanished, so suddenly did he disappear among the shadows, after his warning. Ned's own idea, however, was that Beard had not at all exaggerated the peril they were in. When he took out the bark door, to go in, it occurred to him that the ground in front of it was plainly foot-marked.

"That's dangerous," he said to himself.
"All of us but Beard wear boots and shoes
and leave tracks. There will be a regular
path made, and the blackfellows will find it.
We must get away from this place before they
do; so must Beard. I don't think he is crazy
exactly, but then he is the queerest kind
of fellow. I wonder if he has n't been a
convict?"

Meanwhile Ned pushed along through the burrow.

Suddenly there came a low growl, very close to his face.

"Why, Yip!" exclaimed Ned, "I hope you and the other dogs remember me!"

The dogs did remember him, for the growl was followed by whines of eager welcome. All the test were sleeping soundly.

the rest were sleeping soundly.
"I'll go to sleep, too," said Ned. "I am

glad I did n't waken them."

He put more wood on the fire, and lay down near the other sleepers, and the dogs also lay down again.

All were asleep there, but not everybody under that mountain-side was asleep.

The cave-man was then in a kind of cellar, with a flaring torch in his hand, looking down at something on the floor. It was not a large room, and it was ruggedly irregular, with no entrance to be seen excepting a wide opening

at the top. On its flat rock floor lay rows and rows of just such little bars of yellowish metal as he had cast at his fireplace with his crucible and his sand-molds.

"They 're all pure gold!" he said aloud. "Heaps of it! But of what use is it, to me or anybody else? I took pleasure in gathering it. There was danger, too, and plenty of good, hard work. It kept me busy, and I used to dream of ways to get out into the world and spend it."

He was silent for a little, and then he went on talking to himself.

"It is of no use. I see how it is. I shall never get out of the bush. I must stay here. Perhaps I can save them, out there. Perhaps not. There are almost too many robbers and blackfellows, and I don't see exactly how to dodge them all."

He continued to stare at his ingots and to consider their possible uses.

"If I could get out into the world," he said, "and carry them with me, I could have houses, and lands, and friends, and have a home again, and not live and die like a wolf or a savage. Burrowing in a cave, like an animal, with nobody but wild beasts and cannibals for neighbors!—and yet, for all that, I am a very, very rich man!"

He said the last words slowly and sarcastically, while he turned over some of his ingots with his foot.

He turned away from the ingots, clambered up through the hole at the top of the cellar, and the light of his torch showed that he was in one of the many wide cracks of that honeycombed limestone rock. He walked along as if he were thinking.

At length he said, "I'll let them all sleep until they wake of themselves. They were all up late, and they need a long rest. They have plenty of hard work before them. I would better go and water the horses. They will have work sociable, and love company. And, anyhow, it enough to do before they get to the Grampians - must be almost daylight now." He went and took a look at the sleepers if they ever reach there.'

The passage he was in led into the main cave not far from the chasm. He left his torch there, and the dogs paid no attention to him when he came noiselessly to get the tin kettle. Yip and his two friends knew it was his kettle, and that he was the man of the house.

Beard poured some water down in a hollow of the rock for the dogs to lap, and then he went out. Next he went up the long, swaying ladder, almost as easily as a sailor climbs into the rigging.

Though fastened at each end, above and below, it was loose, and it swayed about in the half darkness left by his torchlight. Close at hand was the yawning chasm, full of the roar of the torrent below, and few would have dared go up or down. Beard did not seem to mind it, but went up and down several times to bring water. Each time he came up, he was absent for a while. He must have visited the horses, for at last he remarked:

"There! They will get along well enough,



"'THEY 'RE ALL PURE GOLD!' HE SAID ALOUD."

wander away from one another. Horses are past them, and soon returned with a rifle. He

now I've herded them together. And they can in the cave, and he gazed long and earnestly at be found, too, when they 're needed. They won't them, but said nothing. He stepped lightly

"There 's danger in opening it," he said, "but it's safer now than it will be an hour or so

He pushed very gently at first, and then harder, but the door seemed to resist him.

"Something's the matter with it," he thought, "but I can't hear anything. Somehow or other, too, the peep-hole is plugged up, and I can't see out. It is n't so dark but I ought to see at least a gleam. I'll widen it a little."

He drew his long, keen bowie-knife from its sheath, and put the point of it into a slit of the door that he had felt for with his fingers.

"Yow! What's that?" exclaimed a voice on the other side of the door.

"Keep still, Jim! What on earth's happened to you?"

"I must have backed against somethin' with a p'int to it. Somethin' on the bark," said Jim. "It did n't hurt much, though,"

The point of Beard's knife had barely scratched Jim as he leaned against the door, but he was not hurt enough to draw his attention long from something in front of him.

"Bill," said he, "we were fools to come out so early, but who 'd have thought of dingoes?"

"This is a good enough place to face them in," said Bill. "They 'll only watch us till daylight. But it 's a small chance."

"We've got to shoot," said Jim, "even if the blackfellows hear us. They 're not near us, or the wolves would n't be here."

"It 's a wandering pack," said Bill, "and they scented us. Here are more of them!"

Beard lay still and listened, and he heard enough to understand the matter. The robbers were too uneasy to remain in their camp, and this pair had ventured out in the first faint twilight of dawn, to have a hunt after him and his

They had found nothing yet-not even the blackfellows; but a pack of the dingoes, which infested that forest because of its plentiful game, had found them. The men had backed down into the hollow between the tree roots as a good corner to fight from. There they crouched while all the bushes around the hollow became full of snapping jaws, lolling red tongues, fierce

went toward his front door, but when he had eyes, and sharp scratching paws that tore the earth, in eagerness to get at them.

> "Give it to them, Iim!" said Bill. "They're coming too close,'

> Crack, crack, crack! followed, and Beard knew that there were no misses made at such close quarters. Three of the nearest wolves tumbled over, and the two fellows in the hollow felt safer, for they could be attacked only in

> "We 've killed some of them," said Jim. "It's getting lighter, too. Keep it up, Bill. Steady, boy! There are not so many as there were."

Beard could see through the slit now and then as Jim's body moved, and he was listening

"If it 's the big pack," he whispered to himself; "it 's all over with Bill and Jim. I don't want to watch what 's coming."

"Bill," said Jim, "there are more dingoes than I reckoned on. Quick! Give me the cartridge-box!"

"I did n't bring along any cartridge-box," replied Bill. "I did n't suppose we 'd need any more."

"That's my last shell, then!" answered Jim, despairingly.

"And mine, too!" said Bill, as he fired once more, and then drew his knife.

Beard hurried back through the burrow as fast as he could go, remarking:

"It 's enough to make one's blood run cold! I 'm afraid none of us in here will ever get back to the Grampians!"

None of the sleepers had been disturbed. Even the dogs lay still, unaware that anything strange or new was occurring outside.

"The big dingo pack seems to have thinned out a little," said Beard to himself, as he stepped silently on through the darkness of the cave. "I hope so. Luckily, they never stay long in one place. They 'll go away as soon as the sun is up. It 's the only big pack I ever heard of.

He disappeared, and another hour went by, and another, and then at last Sir Frederick Parry awoke and sat up.

"Hugh, my boy," he said, "are you awake?"

"Yes, Father," said Hugh, as he sprang to his feet. "And there's Ned. He's sound asleep—"

"Let him sleep,—he's tired out," said Sir Frederick; looking up, he added suddenly, "Why, there's a coffee-pot!"

The voice of Lady Parry answered:

"Coffee? I 'm glad there is coffee. I was just wondering what we should do about breakfast. Helen, dear—"

"I'm awake, Aunt Maude. I've been awake quite a while. Are we all really here in a cave, or am I dreaming?"

"Here we are," said her uncle, standing up; "and as for breakfast—"

"Put the kettle on," said a voice from the dark. "There's plenty of coffee, but no milk or sugar. The cups are by the fireplace. Come this way, Hugh, and we'll get the kangaroo. Bring a lighted torch with you."

"Kangaroo!" exclaimed the baronet. "Where can he catch kangaroos, down here, underground?"

"Why," said Hugh, as he held the end of a torch to the fire, "don't you remember? It's the one we shot at our camp, when the dingoes drove them into it. We brought it here, and hung it down in Mr. Beard's refrigerator, as he calls it."

"That's it, is it?" said Sir Frederick. "I had forgotten all about the refrigerator."

Hugh went with Beard, and in a few minutes he returned, carrying a good supply of fresh, nice-looking cutlets, all ready to broil. In the meantime Lady Parry had given attention to the cooking, and the coffee-pot was steaming over a bed of hot coals. Suddenly Lady Parry called out:

"Where is Mr. Beard? I wish very much to see him."

She spoke so earnestly that she awakened Ned, and he sprang to his feet, rubbing his eyes. Hugh replied:

"Why, Mother, he has gone on another errand, and he said nobody was to go out at the front door on any account."

"Did he say why?" asked the baronet, hastily; but something that he saw in Hugh's face made him add, "All right. I suppose he knows why. Now we will have our coffee. He made his own coffee-cups, apparently."

Sir Frederick picked up, one after another, several rudely shaped earthen cups that lay near the fire, and examined them.

Beard himself needed breakfast as much as anybody; but, for some unknown reason, he had decided to eat it alone, without coffee. At that very moment he was cooking for himself over a fire he had kindled in the roofed cranny of the rocks at his side door. The sun was well up in the sky before he had finished his meal.

"I think it is time now," he said, "for me to go and see how things look under the big tree."

He went cautiously, scouting from rock to rock and from tree to tree, all around the broken angle of the hillside. He proceeded more and more carefully as he approached his own front door, although he remarked to himself, "Of course the dingoes are gone,—and so are the men."

He reached the spot at last, and glanced rapidly around.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed. "Well, the whole pack must have been here. But the rifles are gone, and even the knives! Nothing left! Have the blackfellows come here? Or have the four other rascals been spying about? Somebody must have finished what the dingoes began."

That was evident. Only human hands could have left his yard entirely clear of some proofs of what had taken place; yet there were only scattered cartridge-shells.

"It must mean blackfellows," he said. "They never leave behind a strip or rag of cloth. I don't think either they or the robbers are likely to come back to this place, but the wolves will be sure to come. Our chances are about as bad as bad can be. I must have a talk with Sir Frederick, but I won't see the others."

He opened the bark door as he spoke, and disappeared in the burrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

WILD COMPANY IN THE CAVE.

It was a blue morning, in spite of the sunshine, at Sir Frederick Parry's river-side camp. The men were all up, but no two of them were of the same mind as to what they were to do next.

"We can't go back to the Grampings without them," said Marsh.

"I 'd spend the rest of me life here a-huntin' for them," said Bob McCracken with energy, "before I 'd give it up they were gone."

The other two men had nothing to say.

"Boys," remarked Marsh, after a long silence, "we'll see to the hosses and mules, and then we'll have another day's hunt. There's no telling but we might find them, somewhere."

They had much to say about blackfellows, while they were getting ready, and they were a gloomy, downhearted set of men. Again and again they regretted the absence of the dogs.

Yip and his two comrades were very busy at about that time. Without orders the three dogs had undertaken an exploration of the cave, but the mystery of it had seemed to be too much for them. They came back from the edge of the chasm with drooping tails, and, sitting down, they all barked and howled in that direction.

"Maude," said Sir Frederick, "it is very remarkable how the echoes of that howling multiply. It sounds as if there were a hundred dogs."

At that moment something new caught his eye, and he arose and walked to the other side of the cave.

"I declare!" he said, as he picked up the crucible. "A regular smelting-pot. Slag, too. Maude, this fellow has been melting down metallic ore of some kind or other. It is curious. There is no metal to be found in rock of this character. No mine of any description can be around here—But, then, this is an extraordinary country."

He studied the crucible and the slag a moment, and then said:

"I hope Beard will return soon. He said he could easily guide us to the camp. I'd like to know what the men are doing."

"We may be thankful indeed if we ever find it again," said Lady Parry. "Even at best it may take a week to reach the Grampians — perhaps two weeks."

"Aunt Maude," said Helen, with a face beaming with courage, "now that we are all together

again, it seems to me I can endure anything. Last evening, there I was, all alone in the woods, worn out,—oh, how glad I was to see Ned and the dogs come! Hear those dogs, now!"

They were indeed making a great noise, and the sound seemed to be echoed back in peculiarly mournful howls, pitched in different keys, vastly increased in volume, and very much confused and mingled.

"It's queer," remarked Sir Frederick,—
"it is really extraordinary that the noise of
those dogs should separate and multiply, and
change so in being echoed. I must ask Beard
if he has noticed anything of the sort. I
thought, a moment ago, that I almost recognized Yip's how! among them."

It was very curious, certainly; but everybody has noticed what odd effects echoes will have at times. Everything about the situation of the Parry family was uncommon, as Ned and Hugh were even then saying. The main point which they were arguing was whether they should venture to disobey Beard's injunction and take a look out into the open air.

Meanwhile a very different series of conversations took place elsewhere. The men in Sir Frederick's camp were talking much of him, and wishing he were there to give them fresh orders.

The four bad fellows, in the camp by the waterfall, were discussing the fate of their two comrades who had gone out so early and had not returned.

"What on earth has become of them?" was asked again and again; but there was no answer.

But Jim and Bill had not fallen victims to the wild dogs. While they stood at bay with drawn knives, resolved to die fighting, and hopeless of rescue, the band of blackfellows came running through the woods.

They knew how to frighten dingoes, and at once set up a chorus of wild yells. This diversion, together with the stout resistance made by the white men, was too much for the pack. With one accord they turned and made after the blackfellows. No sooner were the besiegers gone than Jim and Bill ran into the

woods, and climbed trees. The blackfellows had previously adopted the same plan.

The savages did not know that the white men were so near. The rattling reports of their shooting had first attracted the quickeared blackfellows, while now the fact that the white men were not firing led the savages to take it for granted that they had gone to their camp.

The sun arose, and another very natural resolve came to the dingoes. They had watched men in trees long enough, and enough of them had been slaughtered to satisfy them for one morning. They came to a howling decision of that sort, at last, and the entire pack set off upon an easy gallop along the mountain side. Not one of them had been in sight when Beard came out at his side door that morning and went to examine his front yard.

At the foot of each of the trees which contained the forlorn white fellows lay an empty, useless rifle which seemed to look up mockingly at its helpless owner.

"Bill," exclaimed Jim, suddenly, "look yonder! If that does n't beat me!"

"There he is," said Bill. "That's the man! He's as unconcerned as if nobody was after him!"

"Could n't we pepper him, just now!" said
Jim.—"if we had cartridges."

"But we have n't a cartridge," said Bill.
"Besides, we don't want to pepper him till
after we 've made him tell us where he 's hid
his pile of nuggets."

"That 's so," replied Jim; "but we 've got something to tell the boys, now."

So they sat there in the tree-forks and talked about Beard and of what they meant to do to him, long after he was hidden from their sight by trunks and foliage. He, on his side, had no idea that he had been seen, although he knew it was quite possible. He was studying the wrecks and relics of the fight between the dingoes and the two white men.

"How those brutes will devour one of their own kind, as soon as he 's knocked over!" he remarked, just before he went into his house. "There seems to be nothing eatable that they won't eat." Ned and Hugh were still busy with the question of whether they should venture out, when they were startled once more.

"Ned, come this way," exclaimed a voice which Ned supposed to be at that moment far away.

"I 'm coming," Ned replied; and then he added, speaking in a low voice to Hugh, "How that man does get around!"

"Well," said Hugh, "he knows the way. The dogs are out yonder, and yet they did n't hear him."

"Ned," said Beard, as soon as they were together among the pillars, "I want to have Sir Frederick come in here, and nobody else. Do you know what 's the matter with those dogs?"

"They are scared at the chasm, or at the dark, I suppose," said Ned.

"No, it's not that," said Beard, anxiously.
"Tell him to come here, right away. I know dogs, my boy. There 's something in that cave that 's alive and moving. What can it be? Tell Sir Frederick to come here! Ouick!"

Ned sprang back to the baronet and gave his errand, in a swift, excited whisper, adding:

"Don't scare Lady Maude and Helen, nor Hugh, either. Come!"

But Sir Frederick Parry was not easily frightened. He rose, and answered:

"I'll go, my boy. You and Hugh put more wood on the fire. Call in the dogs."

In a moment more, he stood face to face with Beard. The two men were of nearly the same size, but there was a marked contrast between the long-bearded, roughly dressed man of the woods, and the elegantly dressed, closely cropped English gentleman.

"What is it, Beard?" he asked; and Beard told him rapidly all there was to tell about the blackfellows and the white men outside the cave. "Now, Sir Frederick," said Beard. "Do you hear your dogs?"

Ned and Hugh were vainly trying to quiet them, and Yip and the hounds were barking furiously.

"Remarkable echoes," replied Sir Frederick;
"yery extraordinary, indeed!"

"Echoes!" exclaimed Beard. "Don't you recognize that howl? How they got in I can-

not imagine, but the great dingo fack is in this cave! It comes into these woods every few months. It comes and goes. It's here now!"

"Wolves in the cave!" gasped the baronet.
"And there are cannibals and ex-convicts outside!"

"I've had to face such things, year after year," said Beard, bitterly: "but I've been

"I'm ready," said Sir Frederick. "You're a brave fellow."

Beard was truly a brave man, but the beads of perspiration came out on his broad forehead, as he stood and listened to the clamor, which seemed to be momentarily increasing. Sir Frederick's face, also, betrayed his feelings, and now they both darted forward.

> "We must have torches!" said Beard, quickly. "All of you gather up pine-knot sticks and light them. Boys, bring all the wood you can carry. Load your guns. Let the ladies help, too. They can light torches and carry wood. I'm glad there 's plenty of firewood."

"Helen," said Lady Parry, "I don't know what it is for, but some danger threatens us. We must do as he

"I can carry wood," said Helen. "I have found a splendid torchstick. My revolver is loaded, too."

The dry pine-knot at the end of the stick kindled swiftly and threw a strong glare of ruddy light over her excited face, and she looked very resolute.

her excited face, and she looked very resolute.

Ned and Hugh sprang to their work with but a dim idea of what it was for, while Yip and the hounds redoubled their barking; the noise from the other end of the cave also grew louder and more hideous, helped as it was

"Bring the wood here, Sir Frederick," said Beard, and they quickly halted at the very edge of the chasm. "We'll kindle our fire here," he went on. "41's odd, but I never made much



"" THAT 'S THE GREAT DINGS TACK," SAID PEARLS," ISSUESING

alone. I never had to take care of women or boys. I 'm glad we have so much fuel right here. That will help. So will one thing more—if we dare do it!"

"What 's that?" asked the baronet.

"Why," said Beard, "we must build another fire further down the cave. It will keep them off, perhaps with some shooting to help, until we dare venture out of the front door and try to reach your camp."

of a fire here before. I never brought anything bigger than a torch,"

Down went the wood, in a growing heap. It was dry, a great part of it was resinous, and it kindled fast. Up sprang the dancing blaze, throwing a bright fire-glow upon the vaulted roof, with its glittering white stalactites, and upon the stalagmite-dotted floor, strewn with fragments. Down into the mysterious chasm went the new illumination; but all the party were staring across the chasm, not into it, as Beard exclaimed:

"It 's not nearly so wide as I thought it was, but still they can't jump across. Look!"

They looked, and they all drew short, shuddering breaths, though they could not see much, after all. It was only a darkness, into which array of greenish, gleaming eyes, clashing teeth, and shadowy shapes of heads and legs,

"That 's the great dingo pack," said Beard. "No doubt about it. How they got there puzzles me entirely. I never was over on that side of the chasm."

"Do you think they can find any way to get around to this side?" asked Sir Frederick, uneasily.

"Not that I know of," said Beard. "There they are. The cave must go to the river-bank on the other side of the mountain. It runs all around it, you know -

"Ned! Hugh! Hold on! Don't shoot!" suddenly shouted Beard, as the boys were lifting their guns. "You'll bring down a shower of stalactites on our heads! There comes one! Back to the front of the cave!"

Crash! And then a thunderous roar followed the firelight streamed, flaringly, showing an the fall of that stalactite, mingled with the mournful howling of the dingoes and the yelps of the terrified dogs.

(To be continued.)





GOOD-DAY and a merry Fourth to you, my beloved—a merry, happy Fourth, containing, as Deacon Green says, ninety per cent. of true patroism to five per cent. of racket and bluster, leaving only five per cent. residuum for casualties! That is the chemistry way of looking at it. As for your own Jack, all he need say about it is to remind you, one and all, that the American Eagle is not a crowing bird. He takes a high view of things; and sometimes, indeed, he may hug himself complacently with his ample wings,—but he never crowz. Remember that, my friends.

Here comes something fluttering upon my pulpit! It is from one who has been looking into holidays generally, and especially into the Fourth of July. It is a brief paper, so let us open our simple out-of-door service by reading it. Glancing at the document hastily in a Jack-in-the-Pulpitty sort of way, it strikes me as being rather scholastic in tone, though simple in character. Of course it is entitled.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

NOTED as is this day in the history of the American people, it really was a day of feast and celebration many years ago—long before the signing of our Declaration of Independence. In Scotland it used to be called St. Martin of Bullion's Day, and was celebrated with great feasting and sporting, especially by the Scotch peasantry. It was a common proverb that if the deer lay down dry and rose dry on "Bullion's Day," it was an infallible sign that there would be a good gose harvest. Gose was the term for the latter end of summer, therefore gose harvest meant an early harvest. Throughout the whole of Europe, the peasantry (and, indeed, many other people) believed that rain on Bullion's

It is a remarkable fact, too, that the two men who were especially associated with the Fourth of July — Jefferson and the elder Adams, the first being the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the other its warm indorser — should have died on the fiftieth anniversary of the great day.

THE same good correspondent, Zitella Cocke, also sends you this breezy little song:

FOUR BROTHERS.

FOUR BROTHERS are piping o'er land and o'er sea —

Each pipes his own tune and with good-will pipes he,

And one like a clarion-trumpet doth blow,

And one plays a lullaby, sweetly and low-

And one wakes the waves with a blast wild and shrill,

And one murmurs softly to river and rill;— Pray who are the Brothers?—perchance you

have guessed;
Look Northward and Southward and Eastward

and West,
And listen — hark! hark! — through the wood
floats a strain —

The West Wind is piping his joyous refrain!

Now you shall hear of certain very

INTELLIGENT EMIGRANTS.

CROWN POINT, NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: Reading this evening in the February ST. NICHOLAS a story of the exploit of some red ants, I was reminded of an incident that occurred at our home last summer— not, indeed, so wonderful a display of intelligence as that told of in the verses, but still one that interested us greatly. We witnessed what was, undoubtedly, the emigration of a tribe of black ants.

On the side of a piazza at the rear of our house is a lattice. Upon a slat of this lattice one of us observed an unusual number of ants; and soon the attention of the whole family was called to their movements. The ants were certainly changing their quarters from some place in the roof or cornice of the piazza to a place under the floor. There were two lines of ants: one going down and transporting eggs the size of which differed little from that of the bodies of the insects, and another line going back to the roof—to reload, I suppose. All these evolutions were carried forward along the top of one slat, not half an inch in width. When the down-going ant reached the floor, he followed almost exactly the same path that the others had used. This moving continued until after noon. We did not notice the ants again during the summer. Who knows but this nugration is set down, in the annals of the tribe, as a most important epoch of their history.

CHIVALROUS PIGS.

My Dear Jack: I saw a very funny scene not long ago, an account of which may amuse the girls and boys who read St. Nicitotas.

Five of us were driving through the country, on top of a big coach, when a flock of been papeared on the tread betweens. One little lamb with its mother had lingered behind the rest; and, between we could step him, on manghity dog flow at the poor little lamb and began to bite and shake it cauchly. We could not get to the rescue, and the flightmed lamb was in great danger, when a very strange thing happened. From pages standing by the fence, suddenly rushed up as at Dento in rescuing the victim. For a moment there was confusion, indeed, Barks and squeals, and pigs, dog, and lamb had full possession of our faculties, but the pigs soon drove the dog away, and the baby lamb was saved. Now, did you ever think that a pig would do so kind a thing? A constant reader.

K. C. H.

THE ANGEL-FISH OF BERMUDA

HERE come a letter and a picture that surely will interest you - and as they both are true, it will be perfectly easy after this day for all of you who never have seen a live angel-fish to recognize one at first sight. The dear Little Schoolma'am has never been to Bermooda (as she calls it, though Deacon Green always says Ber-mew-da), but once she had the delight of seeing a fine specimen of this fish swimming about in a large aquarium-tank, and she assures my birds and myself that a more exquisitely, superbly beautiful creature - in the fish line - never crossed her vision. Mr. King's photograph of the scaly - or, I should say, radiant creature "fairly shimmered," as the dear Little Schoolma'am expressed it; and brother Drake of The Century Co. certainly has done well in having the photograph so clearly copied for you.

Now for the fish itself:

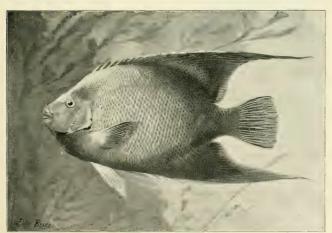
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Among the most beautiful of the fish that swarm in the waters of Bermuda is the angel-fish, a photograph of which is herewith sent you. This specimen was caught

in a fish-pot in Hamilton harbor, and photographed while alive. The angel-fish varies in length from ten to eighteen inches from nose to tip of fins; and a most striking object it is.

With the sides shading from a pearly opal to an intense purple; with spots of gobelin blue over each eye, at the junction of each fin with the body, and about the gills; with edgings of canary-yellow deepening at the tip of tail and fins to a glowing orange—as they swim slowly about in the clear waters of the islands, they seem like animated specimens of some skilled jeweler's art: one who has laid upon foundation-tints taken from sea and sky richer bues, using for his materials lapis-lazuli, opals, turquoises, sapphires, amber, silver, and gold. THOMAS WORTHINGTON KING.

A NOTICE.

THE dear Little Schoolma'am asks me to announce from this pulpit that the very best corrected version of A Misspelled Tail that had been received up to the third of May, or printing-time, was sent in by C. A. Burtch, of Brookline Park, Illinois. Even this fine version, however, is not absolutely perfect. The dear little lady therefore asks that others among my delightful crowd of young folks will try to write out Mrs. Corbett's pathetic story with absolute correctness of spelling. It is to be found in the April St. NICHOLAS of this year, page 475.



THE ANGEL-PISH OF LERMUDA

THE CHILDREN'S BUILDING OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

By CLARA DOLY BATES



THERE is an old fairy story about a king whose realm consisted of three beautiful cities, which were so near one another that from the walls of each you could see the walls of the other two. The first city was called "Lessonland," the second the city of "Confection," and the third the city of "Pastime."

The city of Lessonland was built of books. Maps of every country and pictures of every clime were upon the walls, and the motto of the place was, "Learn, learn, learn!"

In Confection the bricks used were not books, but gingerbread; the bridges and fences were of barley-sugar; and all the trees were Christmas trees loaded with almonds and golden nuts. All the people in this town were very fat and comfortable.

In the city of Pastime everything was on the toy plan—tops and hoops, bows and arrows, kites and dolls, goat-carts and all sorts of gigs

When the little people wished to learn, they went to Lessonland, when they were hungry they hastened to Confection, and when they wished to play they crossed over into Pastime.

This delightful fable has been realized and materialized within the grounds of the Columbian Exposition. Here can be found the fairy kingdom indeed, with all three cities under one roof—the roof of the Children's Building.

Never in the history of the world has there been a house like this. The idea, to begin with, started in the mind of a warm-hearted woman, who knew that during the long summer of wonder-seeing there would be so many tired little feet, so many little strangers who missed their gardens, their playthings, and their books. She thought if men were to have stately and magnificent structures, and women were to have a white palace devoted to their work and to their comfort, that the children might have their own building.

It should be just as beautiful, just as useful, and just as comfortable. She called into counsel other wise women, and presently the idea, which had been slowly growing, began to put forth sprouts and branches. Then, behold! it blossomed into a wonderful plan. The place for rest and home care should be there, and much besides. Everything pertaining to child-life should be exhibited. It should be a real child-kingdom.

But how was all this to be done without money? The men in charge of the great Exposition had their hands full. They had nothing to spare from their gigantic undertaking. So the Board of Lady Managers, with true courage, assumed the responsibility.

The cost was apportioned between the several States. An architect was employed to draw plans. But contributions came in slowly. The whole plan was likely to fail for want of money. Then a social and literary club, made up mostly of young women, in the north division of Chicago, came to the rescue. They held a bazaar, the like of which had never been seen in the city. It brought into the treasury \$35,000. Besides this, children from all over the land began sending in their contributions. Then there was no longer any lack of money.

Out of this small beginning came the Children's Building. In size it is 150 × 90 feet. It is built of staff—a material which gives elegant and substantial effects without the enormous labor that would be required in using ordinary materials.

It is decorated in colors, light blue predominating. Among other decorations are sixteen medallions of the children of all nations in their national costumes: Indian, Japanese, Dutch, French, Spanish—children of every clime.

The first floor contains the Crèche, a large, airy, cheerful room, where one hundred children can be cared for at a time, while their mothers are out sight-seeing. The Assembly-room is also upon this floor, and this is, perhaps, where more interest will center than in any other part of the house. It is furnished with chairs, like any audience-room, except that the seats are of several different sizes. There is a platform from which will be given to the older boys and girls stereopticon lectures about foreign countries,

their languages, manners and customs, and important facts connected with their history. These facts will be told by experienced teachers and kindergartners, who will then take groups of children to see the exhibits from the countries about which they have just heard. In the Assembly-room there will also be dramatic, literary, and musical entertainments carefully adapted to suit the intelligence of varying ages. Distinguished people who are visiting the Exposition, will be asked to give familiar talks about their special lines of work. Authors, artists, musicians, and scientists will all be called upon to minister to the happiness of the fortunate little people.

On the second floor, kindergarten and kitchen-garden departments will be in full operation for the benefit of mothers and others interested in the best methods of instructing children. Here will be also the cooking-school from the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. The Ramona School for Indians is to be brought from Santa Fé, New Mexico. There are thirty pupils, and they will bring all their furniture and decorations, and will do their native basket-weaving and other characteristic Indian work. There will also be a school for deaf-mutes, where the interesting process of teaching to speak and to read from the lips will be shown.

The Library is as nearly a model one for children as can be secured. Portraits of writers for children, with autographs whenever that is possible, are upon the walls. The favorite home papers and the familiar magazines are to be found, ready either to be merely glanced at or to be read at leisure. On the roof, above all this busy lesson-life, is the playground. This is a lovely garden, all inclosed with a wire screen for safety. It is full of flowers and plants, and live birds are flying about in perfect freedom. Toys of all nations are on exhibition here, from the crude child-trinket of the savage to the talking, walking, working playthings of France. And they are not for show merely, but for the children to play with.

I think the women who have done most to plan for and complete this Children's Building should be remembered. They are Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers, and Mrs. George L. Dunlap.

INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

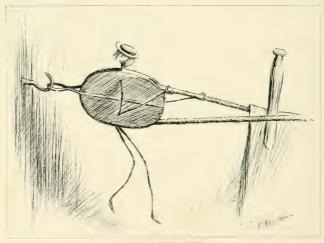
By P. Newell.



HEE: "Hello, Bubble! What's the trouble?"

BUBBLE: "Good-by, old fellow! I feel that I'm going to sneeze, and I'm teo fragile to stand that!"

A couple of Insoles who are suspected of being footpads.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIGORORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 1st of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST NABOLAS. Consequently, the set who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS, until after the last-named date.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is there any one among your many contributors who can give a clear description and directions for playing the charming and old-fashioned game of "Cat's Cradle"? It seems to have gone out so completely that no one can be found who can go farther than the fifth figure. I have a childish recollection of an old annt who could give us twenty or more moves, each with its proper name, and I think the game is worth reviving for this generation. Yours, etc. M. S—

Boston, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a boy of ten years old.

I live at Pride's Crossing in the summer, and sometimes I go to Europe, and in the winter time I live in Boston. I have a donkey and a little cart, and I go out to drive every day. One day the donkey was stubborn, and he would not go at all. Then all of a sudden he commenced kicking, and he knocked over the cart and I fell out, but I was not hurt a bit. He is always doing things like that. But papa says he is going to give me a pony, because he says the donkey is quite too dangerous for me.

PACHECO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are one of the best magazines I ever read. I do not take you, but the Pacheco school does. Mr. Sickal is the teacher. One of the best stories I ever read in you is "The White Cave"; it is a very interesting illustration of Australia; the kite, "Uncle Sam," is another good story. I make kites every year, but they are only two or three feet high. I make them the same shape as the Uncle Sam, out of sticks made of redwood shakes, about three eighths of an inch wide. Your affectionate reader, JOHNIE S—

ELIZABETH, N. J.
MY DEAR St. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for such
a long time now that I do not know what we should do

without you.

In the winter we live in Elizabeth, and during the month of September we are generally at Garrison's, opposite West Point. We often go over to see the flying artillery, or dress parade, and often the notes of the hymn, which they always play on Sunday evenings, float across the water so that we can hear quite distinctly. With much love, I am always your very faithful reader.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy thirteen years old last summer. My twin brother, Lionel, had a fall from his pony and hurt his back, and it has never been strong since. Papa had to go to Oregon on business, and he brought us to America with him, thinking the change would do Lionel good. He left us in New York with our aunt, and there we saw dear ST. NICHOLAS. We were very much interested in the Letter-box, and Lam writing

this letter hoping that it will be published, as I want to surprise Lionel. I like it very much in New York, for as Lionel is not strong enough to study, we left our tutor at home, and so we have all day to play. At home, in England, we had to study from nine until half-past one, winter and summer, besides preparing our tasks in the evening. However, we had the afternoons to ourselves, and before Lionel was hard we generally rode our ponies: but the control was hard we generally rode our ponies; but the control was hard we generally rode our position of the control was hard we generally rode our position of the control was hard was something to confident the control was a something to control was a something to the control was some

I shall send it home to mama and Mabel.

Your devoted friend, WALTER A—.

CAN EDANCISCO

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Being so pleased with the letters in your "Box," I Hought I would add to your list. I live about a block from the beach of San Francisco bay. From every window in the house we can see the Pacific Occan on the west, the city on the south, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley on the east, and Mount Tamalpais, San Rafael, Sancelito, and Alcatraz on the north. We see every steamer, ship, or vessel that comes and goes in the harbor. Last summer I went to Alaska. My sister corresponds with Indian girls at the Metlekatla Mission. Their letters are very well written (but very flattering).

I like * Polly Oliver's Problem "very much, as Mrs. Wiggin used to teach my brother and sisters when we were very small. I think she means our family when she says she went to amuse the four little Baer Cubs instructively, which is very true. I belong to a club where we assume names; and I take Mrs. Wiggin's name; another member takes the name of Louisa M. Alcott. From your constant reader,

EDITH L. B---.

JALLUNDAR CITY, PUNJAB, INDIA

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. We have had you for about nine years in our family, and I

enjoy reading you very much

The other day I received a letter from a lady, in which she inclosed a beetle about as large as my finger-nail. At first we did n't know whether it was real or only manufactured; but, after examining it for a long time, we concluded it was a real beetle. It looks like a very small turtle with a thin yellow disk like he shell of a turtle. The disk is transparent. At the front there are really all the shell of a turtle. The disk is transparent. The first might like the shell of a turtle, and the shell of a turtle and the shell of a turtle shell of the s

Our unusually long winter is just about over now. In the place where I live we have no snow or ice. In the summer it gets so hot that we go up to the hills for some coolness; there we get a lovely view of the snows. In the

morning they look very pretty. Sometimes, in the midmountains glitter so, and look so bright, that they almost dazzle your eyes; but they are prettiest in the evening when the sun is just setting; they have a purplish glow all over. Though this has been an unusually cold winter, the freezing-point. Last summer, once, the mercury

Frank H. N----.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of a little bantam hen my brother once had. the house, and one day mama called me to see something, and there, on the top of the sideboard, was an egg. The hen had gotten into the house somehow and laid the we found an egg on the parlor table. A few days afterward I went into the parlor and saw the hen running over the mantel. There was a little china cup on the corner of the mantel, and the hen had knocked it over and broken the handle in its hurry to get away. When I looked back of the cup I saw another egg. The hen also laid an egg in the middle of a bed. We were very sorry when it died, and missed it very much. We had Your loving reader, HETTY M. A-

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years seven years. I like your stories very much. I remember when you published the story "Juan and Juanita." While I was in America I made the acquaintance of some little girl- about my age, and I correspond with

I have not been in China very long this time. I am Have not been in China very long this time. I am going to tell you of my voyage. We started from New Haven, Conn., the 7th of September, and were in Boston, Mass., at eleven o'clock P. M. The next day my uncle, Lieutenant W. W. Gibson, took us for a drive; we saw the house where Longfellow used to live, and the old elm-tree where Washington first took command of the American army. The next day we started for Montreal, and arrived there in the evening and changed trains for Vancouver. To pass away the time I counted all the prairie-dogs I saw. At Vancouver we took the steamer "Empress of China." The third day out we struck a severe storm, and later encountered a typhoon. After two weeks we arrived at Yokohama and in a week more we arrived at Shanghai. Just before you get to Shanghai there is a river, and in the river there is a

steamer for Tientsin; on the way we passed through a to pieces every minute. A British mail steamer, the the same typhoon, and nearly all on board were lost; islands on which the ship struck, when she sank with all on board. We arrived in a few days at Tientsin and boatmen use very long poles, with which they push it; bottom of the river, they fasten a rope to the mast and draw it. We were on the boat a week, arriving here on WILLA CAREY N---.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since

when the Indians lived here, they believed that if they drank of that spring they were sure to return before tion. Lord Fairfax's remains are in the Episcopal church here. The author of "Juan and Juanita" lives about a

My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and

FINVOY RECTORY, BALLYMONEY, IRELAND. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little children, and have had St. NICHOLAS for a very long time, and love it very, very much. Our little brother's godmother has sent it to him ever since he could walk. We live not very far from the Giant's Causeway, and have often been there. There is a Lady's Wishing-Chair, and they say that if a lady makes a wish in it, the wish will be fulfilled within the year. We have a Causeway stone at the side of our drawing-room window. It has seven sides, and is very queer. A young lady was here from England when it came, and she christened it "The Lady's Wishing-Stone," and then we made a "freet" about it. You have to walk round it three times, sit down with your eyes closed, take a crooked pin from wish; and mother says ours is about as true as the other things they tell at the Causeway. The Bann is in our parish, and we often get salmon and trout that are caught in it. I hope ST. NICHOLAS will live as long as we do.

With much love from your affectionate readers, ELEANOR, DOROTHY, GEORGE H. F---.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Johanna T. T., Elizabeth B. and Ollie W., Alice K. H., Hamilton M., W. P. L., Grace W., Helen F., F. and A. S., Clarence G., Carl C. T., D. S., Walter F. K., R. S. F., James L., Hilda L., Clarence, Lillus S., Belle H., Arthur P. G., Jr., F. I. E., Stuart and Elbert B., Alice O., Ellen D. R. F., Bertha S., Edith S. D., Fred and Joe, Geraldine B., Avis K. B., Lucile J., Anna L., "Bertie," Louise G., Gertie T., Emily P. C., Agnes B., John B. D., Thos. H., D., Laucile V. P., Albert F. K., L. V. D. B., Marson V. R., J. E. M., George E. F., Edith M. H., S., M. E. L., Sussi P., May W., Jessie B. F., Maty M., Jenses M.V., Elizabeth H. W., Blanche B., Besse T., Vadebine J. P., Hettie, Frances C., Katharine M. A., Phellis N., N., Waldo C. J., Anna M. M., Adda W. G., L. West Rubon C., F. and M. M., Adda W. G., L. West Rubon C., F. and M. H., Alice and Mary, Dagmar F. N. K., Mana S., Ward J., "Feber, Tshift, C., Gussie B., Maude A. W., Vivian C., Madge L., Gerald A., Mary FitzG., A. W. O., Muriel D. E., and the following pupils of the Central School of Fresno, Calt. Della B., Grace S., Frank O., Allen G., Mary B., George S., Vivian R. W., Virda C., Cecilia E. W., Nellie S., and Roy A. B., Avis K. B., Lucile J., Anna L., "Bertie." Louise G., Roy A.



METAMORPHOSES. I Bland, blank, blink, slink, slick, slice, spice, spile, smile. II. Holy, hole, pole, pile, wile, wily, oily, only, inly, idle, isle. ——Anagram. George Washington.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Pasha. 2. Actor. 3. Storm. 4. Horse. 5. Armed. II. 1. Quota. 2. Umber. 3. Obese. 4. Testa. 5. Arear. III. 1. Dream. 2. Kondo. 3. Endow. 4. Adore. 5. Mower. IV. 1. Realm. 2. Ennui. 3. Anem. 4. Lunar. 5. Mirc. Worst-Su-Liubovic, 1, in. inn, nine, inner, dinner, rending, trend-

ing, tendering, pretending.

Cross-word Entom. World's Pair.
Do-GRUE AGROSTIC. Primals, Charles Kingsley: finals, Peter
Paul Kuhens. Cross-words: r. Crisp. 2. Handsome. 3. Anent.
4. Kapture. 5. Lemur. 6. Envelop. 7. Sofa. 8. Krang-su. 9. Instill 10. Neither: 11. Giu. 12. Sahib. 13. Lathe. 14. Effusion.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Adapt. 2. Opera. 3. Tails. 4 Raspo

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. z. Carat. 2. Atone. 3. Robin. 4. Anile. 5. Tenet. II. z. Straw. 2. Tribe. 3. Rider. 4. Abets. 5. Werst. INTERSECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, builder; from 3 to 4, sailors; from 5 to 6, Holland. Cross-words: 1. Bothers. 2. Humoral. 3. Wailing. 4. Stylish. 5. Broaden. 6. Drunken. 7. Soldier.

3 - Laming, 4, Stylasin, 5, Broaden, 6, Drinken, 7, Soldier, PRIMAL ACOSTIC. (City of the Sun.) Cross-words; 1, Callao, 2, Indus, 3, Tangier, 4, Yokohama, 5, Odessa, 6, Feejee, 7, Tripou & Himalaya, 9, Fibe, 10 Saguenay, 11 Utrecht 12, Naples.

12. Napres.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Corneille. r. Coral. 2. Doves. 3. Purse.

4. Crank 5. Slate. 6. Chair. 7. Rules 8. Album 6. Egret.

STAR PUZZLE. r. P. 2. An. 3. Paraded. 4. Nature. 5. Dunes.

6. Erects 7. Destroy 8. Soc. 9. Y.

To our Pizilers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the right of each month, and should be addressed to Sr. Nicrolas "Biddle-bay," care of Tur CENTUNY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Asswers for All, Tur Pizilers in Furl Value, Numer were received, before April 15th, from Paul Reese. "Uncle Mung"—
Isabel, Manna, and Jamie — Mabel Gardner — Helen C. McCleary — Mande E. Palmer — A. H. and R. — "The McG's" — "Alice Milder Blinke and Co"— Ida C. Thallon — Io and I — C. W. Brown — Carl and Paul Rowley — Chester B. Summer — Holen L. Bingay — L. O. E. — "Infanty" — Rosalie Bloomingdale — E. M. G. — Nessie and Fredite — Manna, Mand, and Ethel — "Leather Stocking"—
John Firekter and Jessé Chapman. "The Wise Five A. C. — Nessie and Fredite — Manna, Mand, and Ethel — "Leather Stocking"—
John Firekter and Jessé Chapman. "The Wise Five A. C. — Nessie and Fredite — Manna, Mand, and Ethel — "Leather Stocking"—

John Fleichet and Jessec (Lapman — 'The Woe Fve'.'

Asswars to PUZZERS is TRI AFRIL N'USBER were received, before April 15th, from Mary Makepence, 1 — Amy T. Hallett, 1—
Ethelind Swire, 3 — Geo. S. Seymont, 4— S. S. S. 3 — Richard N. Duffy, 1,1— Blein Schmidter, 1— Geil, "Shapkton, 1— G. B.
Weightman, 1,1— Mr. Micawber, 1,3— Lizzie A. Schlilling, 1— Nelle Louise Schling 1— Blanche and Free, 0— Mana and Sadie, 5—
Besse R. Crocker, 8—"010 Riddler, "3— Edwin Rutherford, 1— James A. Seddon, Jr., 2— Harry and Mann, 9— Char Mayer, 2—
Gia Ramond, 9—Toddy and Briggs, 9—Ida and Alice, 8—Charlotte A. Pabody, 9—A and 1, 8—Hornest Chegwiddler, "1— For the Charlotte Charlette, 1— "May of the Three, "9—"Suse, "9—Carris Chetter, 1—"Jink and Ray," 3—A. W. Rundquist, 3— Lotte and Maud, 1— Dorn F. Hersen, 1— "Suse, "9, "9—Josephus Schwiczod, 9—Manda and Dudley Stanks, 9—Grave F. Laverence, 1— Harrol R. Carrbedle and Rutis P. Spalding, 1 - Marjorie and Helen Hill, 1

CONNECTED RHOMBOLDS.

I. UPPER RHOMBOID. Across: I. Five hundred.
2. The joint on which a door turns. 3. To delay. 4. Spanish dollars. 5. General tendency. Downward: I. In tumblers. 2. An expression of inquiry. 3. An eyot. 4. A fastening. 5. The name of several species of herons which bear plumes on the back. 6. A dialect of the Celtic which is spoken in Scotland. 7. Yonder. 8. In such manner. 9. In tumblers

II. LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID: Across: I. A deep blue pigment. 2. A mental standard of perfection. 3. Ladies. 4. Slender, strong cords. 5. A step. Downward: I. In tumblers. 2. The third tone of the scale. 3. To augment. 4. Loyal. 5. Tammy. 6. A season of fasting. 7. A large body of water. 8. The seventh tone of the scale. 9. In tumblers.

III. RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID: 1. Aftermath. 2. Became delirious. 3. More recent. 4. To lay a second time.

5. A diseased person, Downward: 1. In tumblers, 2. A conjunction. 3. Pale. 4. Always. 5. The principal post at the foot of a staircase. 6. A word used by printers which means to take out. 7. To knock. 8. A pronoun. 9. In tumblers

IV. LOWER RHOMBOID. Across: I. An animal allied to the weasel. 2. Ponderous volumes. 3. Small silver coins. 4. Pertaining to the country. 5. To send back, Downward: 1. In tumblers. 2. A preposition. 3. Twenty-eight pounds. 4. An Arabian military commander, 5. A nocturnal animal found in Madagascar.
6. Dry. 7. A masculine nickname. 8. A Chinese
measure of distance. 9. In tumblers. "XELIS."

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In tense. 2. Aptly. 3. Emits. 4. A lizard. 5. A union of three. 6. Sorrowful. 7. In tense. II. 1. In lump. 2. A verb. 3. Lifeless. 4. An order of exercises. 5. Blunder. 6. A scafaring man. 7. In

III. 1. In marble. 2. To mimic. 3. A genus of tropical plants. 4. A marginal note on a letter or other paper. 5. To go in. 6. Atmosphere. 7. In marble.

WORD-BUILDING.

I. I. A LETTER. 2. An article. 3. Hurried. 4. An East Indian plant. 5. To filter. 6. Provoking. 7. Moving swiftly. 8. Trampling. 9. Impeding.

II. 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. To clear of seeds by a machine. 4. Accumulation. 5. Texture. 6. Classing. 7. Boasting. 8. Traveling on foot. 9. A kind of grouse which chiefly inhabit the northern countries of Europe, Asia, and America.



PL

Central letters, a signature; from 1 to 2, margins; from 3 to 4, lawful.

H. W. E.

I HEAV scodle vm skobo dan hinded vm teals Dan thornw ym clathes oscars het tage. Ym lochos si tou rof a sosane fo ster, Dan won rof eht closho-romo I vole eht steb. Ym clohos-moor slie no eth wadome wied, Wheer drune teh crevol eht seambuns hied, Rhewe eth glon siven glinc ot eth symso rabs, Nad teh sidisae winklet kile flanel ratss.

WORD-SOUARES.

L. I. TINDLE to touch. 2. Spoken. 3. A kind of

bird. 4. A feminine name.
II. 1. An edible fish. 2. Surface. 3. To give a sitting to, 4. To surfeit. FRANK BURGESS.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I vm composed of ninety-one letters, and am a quotatron from Emerson's works,

My 38-71-54 is a pronoun. My 30-16 is a conjunc-on. My 21-33-6 is to hasten. My 87-63-45-19 is a covering for the human foot. My 73-27-25-58 is to flutter. My 81-48-90-13 is an oilstone. My 10-66-3-61-50 is the central part of an amphitheater. My 69-78-75-83-47 is to annoy. My 17-41-60-43-1 is aside. My 23-14-68-56-29 is acting without deliberation. My 3 . . 5 . . 8

FROM 1 to 6, a covering for a carpet; from 2 to 7, a glove; from 3 to 8, rovers; from 1 to 3, a trifler; from 4 to 5, making a harsh sound; from 6 to 8, fresh-water tortoises; from I to 8, little songs; from 6 to 3, an idle talker.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed

CROSS-WORDS: I. The son of Odin. 2. A dull sound without resonance. 3. The company of seamen who man a ship. 4. That which feeds fire. 5. A sudden grasp. 6. Prodigious. 7. To swallow eagerly. S. Light, familiar talk. 9. To throw or give out. 10. A diagram. 11. A gesture by which a thought is expressed. 12. On. 13. The handle of a sword or dagger. 14. Placid. 15. Fo of a ship, to prevent leaking. To. The name of the ship which carried Jason to Colchis. 17. A barrelsshaped vessel made to hold liquids. 18. One without judgment. 19. What little Jack Horner picked out of the Christmas pie. 20. An old and intimate friend. 21. Extended. 22. A large animal.





EDISON AS A BOY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XX.

AUGUST, 1893.

No. 10.

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F I were to ask a bright boy or girl, fresh from the school-book study of geography, to tell me what Baltimore is famous for, I should expect this answer: "Baltimore is known as the Monumental City." So it is. But that

is only one distinction. Nevertheless we may begin our survey of the city with this phrase in mind, and see to what it leads us.

Baltimore has long been called the Monumental City. I do not know who first employed the term, nor when it came into use, but as far back as 1792 there was an obelisk on the outskirts of the town, commemorating Christopher Columbus. It was placed in an of his favorite horse. Recently its history has been published, and it ranks to-day as first in time, though not in art, among the American memorials of the Genoese navigator.

There are higher claims to the "monumental" epithet. In the very heart of the city, on an eminence perhaps one hundred feet above the sea-level, there stands a noble marble column, probably suggested by the well-known pillars of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius in Rome, though not copied from either of them. It rises to a height of 160 feet, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of George Washington, designed by Causici. Within the densely settled part of the city this is a most picturesque point. "I don't want to be out of sight of the monument," a little boy was heard to cry, as his nurse proposed to wheel his babyobscure position on private property, and by carriage somewhat farther than usual from the and by its purpose was forgotten, so that it corner of Mt. Vernon Place and Washington came to be regarded as a monument erected Place, where this column stands. "I don't by the owner of the property to the memory want to be out of sight of the monument" is the natural impulse of the true Baltimorean. Let him travel as widely as he will, he returns to the Washington monument, and all that surrounds it, with admiration and affection; and well he may, for such a column, in such a position, and surrounded by such dwelling-houses, churches, libraries, and works of art, would be an ornament to Berlin or to Paris.

Much nearer the water, close by the new Post-office, stands a trophy called the Battle Monument, because it commemorates the victory at North Point, where the British were repulsed on the 12th of September, 1814. It was by these structures that Baltimore gained its name of "the monumental city," long before Charlestown, Massachusetts, saw the obelisk completed upon Bunker's Hill: long before Crawford's impressive group was placed in the State House grounds of Richmond, Virginia. In recent years other monuments in memory of individuals begin to appear. A shaft in memory of Colonel Armistead, the commander of Fort McHenry during its bombardment, stands in the southern part of the city. The Italians have erected in the park a statue of Columbus, and a generous citizen of Scotch descent is soon to place there a statue of William Wallace. The bronze memorials of Taney and Peabody will soon be spoken of.

If the visitor goes to the top of the Washington monument he can survey a wide area that is occupied by the dwellings of more than half a million inhabitants. To the south, at the distance of more than a mile, he may see an arm of the Patapsco, which makes the harbor or basin of Baltimore; he may descry the shipping, the great elevators, and the innumerable manufactories sending forth their clouds of smoke. He may possibly distinguish Sparrow's Point, the site of new Bessemer furnaces, far down the river. All this resembles the activity of other great seaports. But there is in view one point of unique interest, and if the historic sense is on duty, the observer will be most interested in making out the outlines of Fort McHenry, where the star-spangled banner "still waves" as boldly in the breeze as on the morning when Francis Scott Key wrote his

Turning toward the east, the spectator may

cast his eve over a great industrial district known as Canton, and notice in the distance the trees of Patterson Park, where the ramparts are still standing that were thrown up in the war of 1812. In that direction, Bay View, the public almshouse of the city, is conspicuous. Nearer by, just a mile to the east of the Washington monument, there is an extensive group of buildings of which the central one is surmounted by a lofty dome. This group constitutes the hospital founded by Johns Hopkins, which is one of the most remarkable charities of the land. Every assistance that human ingenuity has devised for the relief of sickness and suffering has here been introduced. But in addition, here is a corps of renowned physicians and surgeons ministering to the needs of outdoor and of indoor patients; and they are assisted by a staff of qualified nurses who have been specially trained for such service, and are training others.

If the observer looks to the north, he may notice a turret at Clifton, the summer residence of Johns Hopkins, beyond the grounds of the Samuel Ready Asylum and those of the School for the Blind; likewise the conspicuous tower of Notre Dame, a Roman Catholic institution for the education of young ladies: but his eve cannot reach far enough to trace the succession of lakes or reservoirs - Loch Raven, Montebello, and Clifton-in which the water of the "Gunpowder" stream is stored up for the supply of Baltimore. He may discover in the distance, at the northwest, the beautiful groves of Druid Hill Park, the city's pleasure-ground, once a private estate, now a public resort, where lawns, trees, lakes, fountains, drives, and walks, in great variety, afford perpetual delight, in winter and in summer, to old and young, rich and poor, athletes and invalids.

Directly west, within a distance of two or three miles, are the highlands that extend from the Relay House, on the south fork of the Patapseco, many miles to the northward. Numerous country-seats are situated on these heights, commanding prospects that are wide and beautiful. Here also several of the hospitals and reformatories of the city have been placed.

Through the region thus surveyed two watercourses run — Jones's Falls and Gwynn's Falls, streams of rapid descent, the natural drains of a wide area. Over Jones's Falls many costly bridges have been constructed, uniting Waverlev and the districts of the northeast to the central part of the city. Many years ago, a clever citizen, half in earnest, half in fun, remarked that while Philadelphia and New York present flat surfaces. Baltimore has "found its increase 'an up-hill business,' and if the greatness of Rome

1864. This admirable work ranks among the best portrait-statues produced in this country, and some would say it is the very best with the exception of the statue of Abraham Lincoln, by St. Gaudens, in Lincoln Park, Chicago. It is the work of William Henry Rinehart, a Baltimorean, whose life was ended in 1874, just as he had acquired renown, at the age of forty-nine.



MOUNT VERNON PLACE AND THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

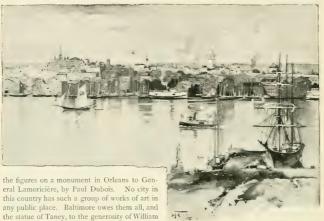
of Baltimore, that stands upon some seventy, may indeed defy anticipation!"

Let the visitor descend from the monument, having made himself acquainted with the lay of the land, and explore the city. He will at once be attracted by the works of art in the squares around the monument. On the north is a bronze statue of Roger B. Taney, of Maryland,

arose from its being on seven hills, the destinies The casts of his various works, and his marble statue of Clytie, may be seen in the Peabody Institute.

West of the monument is the superb "Lion in Repose" (so called in distinction from the "Lion Clutching the Serpent"), the work of A. L. Barye of Paris, - a masterpiece by one of the foremost of modern sculptors. Near by are four smaller pieces,- "beautiful allegories" Chief Justice of the United States from 1836 to they have been called, which were originally designed to decorate the pavilions of the new Louvre at Paris. They represent Peace, War, Force and Order. As a counterpart to the illustration of animal courage in repose, the western end of the park is adorned with a figure of a seated warrior, copied from one of of Johns Hopkins.—but for some reason, the mayor and common council have not yet fulfilled the purpose they have long entertained to pay a tribute of gratitude to the memory of a great benefactor.

The large marble building which stands on



GENERAL VIEW OF BALLIMORE FROM FEDERAL HIL

eral Lamoricière, by Paul Dubois. No city in this country has such a group of works of art in any public place. Baltimore owes them all, and the statue of Taney, to the generosity of William T. Walters, who resides near by. His famous collection of paintings includes choice works of the Barbizon school, and many other admirable works by European and American artists. His Oriental collections of bronzes, lacquers, and porcelains, the finest work of Japan and China, are equally remarkable. He has also a unique collection of the works of Barye, perhaps the most comprehensive in existence, including seventy or eighty pieces, bronzes and paintings in oil and water-colors. His galleries are often opened to the public, usually for several weeks in

On the eastern side of the monument is a bronze statue of George Peabody, by William W. Story, a copy of the one which stands near the Royal Exchange in the city of London. It is the gift of Mr. Robert Garrett. In Mt. Vernon Place there ought to be also a statue

the corner near the monument is the Peabody Institute, endowed by the philanthropist whose name it bears. It might be termed an athenæum for promoting enjoyment and instruction in the city where Mr. Peabody resided between 1815 and 1836. Here is a choice library, numbering more than one hundred and ten thousand volumes, and a gallery containing many casts, paintings, and statues. Here also is maintained a conservatory of music, which provides systematic instruction for those who wish to become skilled as musicians, and gives every winter many classical concerts for the entertainment and instruction of the public.

The corner-stone of this building was laid in 1859. The west wing was finished in 1861. The east wing was begun several years later,

and completed in 1878. When the library was ready to be opened to the public, Mr. Peabody came to Baltimore and was present at the celebration.

The gift of Mr. Peabody bore more fruit than he had any reason to expect. It is well known that his example had a strong influence upon Johns Hopkins, who gave the principal part of his fortune to found a university and a hospital.

Standing at the foot of the Washington monument, and looking eastward, the hospital, as I have already intimated, may be seen; looking westward, the dome of an astronomical observatory rises above a substantial brick building devoted by the Johns Hopkins University to the science of physics. Let the visitor walk in that direction, and he will soon come upon a group of plain buildings which will seem to him hardly worthy of the fame of the university for whose uses they were designed. Let him not judge, however, by the outward appearance. Let him inquire into their uses; let him examine their equipment. He will find a group of laboratories, devoted to physics, chemistry, biology, geology, mineralogy, and electricity, well provided with the instruments and apparatus needed for instruction and research. At the present time he will see the foundations of another large building which is to be devoted to the study of language, history, and philosophy. He may learn that these advantages are enjoyed by a company of more than five hundred scholars,three fifths of whom have already taken their first degree, and are now engaged in advanced studies under a corps of able professors. If he investigates a little more closely, he will discover that hundreds of those who have been taught in the university-since it was opened in 1876 - have been engaged as teachers in universities and colleges and high schools in widely distant parts of the country. He will perceive that the university spirit pervades the entire corps of students, who are aided and inspired by the learning, the devotion, and the renown of a distinguished faculty.

At a short distance farther west a large plat is devoted to the buildings of St. Mary's Seminary, where two hundred students are now training for the priesthood of the Roman Catho-

and completed in 1878. When the library was lic Church. In bygone days, St. Mary's mainready to be opened to the public. Mr. Peabody tained an academic department or college.

> The grounds directly opposite the university belong to a school for young ladies. At the head of Centre street stand the walls of the City College, a high-school for young men, which may well be called the crown of the public-school system of the city.

> It is a walk of five or six minutes from the Washington monument to the principal building of the Enoch Pratt Free Library—one of the four great institutions which are due to munificent gifts from Baltimore merchants. A fine building and an excellent collection of books may here be seen. In addition to this central library, there are five branches in distinct districts,—all of them freely open to the public. If the Peabody Library is likened to a storehouse and the Hopkins Library to a bee-hive, the Pratt Library may be regarded as a reservoir from which the streams are carried into every house.

Not far away from the Pratt is a social library called the New Mercantile, where the subscribers have the unusual privilege of direct access to the book-shelves, and where the freshest books and the current magazines and newspapers are to be found. In the afternoons, the comfortable chairs of this attractive room are commonly occupied by some of the brightest of the intellectual people of Baltimore.

In this neighborhood is situated the hall of the Maryland Historical Society, which owns an excellent collection of historical books, and has many manuscripts, archives, and relics, illustrating the history of Maryland. Special libraries of law and medicine are near by. These facts justify a remark which has repeatedly been made, that no city of this country has library facilities better than those of Baltimore.

The educational and literary resources of Baltimore may be illustrated by a simple diagram. Take a map of the city, and from the Pratt Library as a central point, strike a circle with a radius of half a mile. Within that circuit will be found libraries that include in all about four hundred thousand volumes, and a group of colleges and professional schools with not less than thirty-five hundred scholars, exclusive of those in attendance upon private

schools, and those of the "grammar" grade in the public-school system.

Special mention should be made of the institutions for the instruction of young women. In addition to the State Normal School, and the two Female High Schools, there is a Woman's College in the northern part of the city, which has had a remarkably successful growth during the last four or five years. The Bryn Mawr school for girls, which takes its name from the Bryn Mawr College for women, near Philadelphia, has a new and excellent building well furnished with many admirable appliances.

A few of the churches of Baltimore are fine buildings. Among them the cathedral is for many reasons the most famous. When the last great council was held in 1884, it was an impressive and memorable sight to see the archbishops and bishops of so many dioceses, together with the representatives of the historic orders, — Augustinians, Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, and others,—proceed in their distinctive robes, with their attendants, from the archbishop's residence to the chief portal of the cathedral before taking their places under its spacious dome.

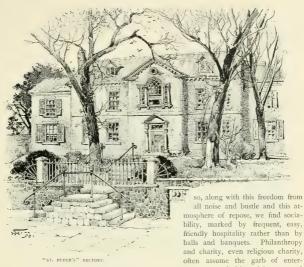
Two general conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church have been held in Baltimore,—the first at Grace Church in 1871, and the second at Emmanuel Church in 1892. St. Paul's Church, at the corner of Charles and Saratoga streets, is the mother church of the Episcopalians. All these buildings are noteworthy.

The Presbyterian Church was established in Baltimore soon after the Church of England, and the first ecclesiastical society of that denomination has a Gothic building on Madison street, with a lofty stone spire, which is one of the principal architectural ornaments of the city. In general the newer churches, in different parts of the city and of various denominations, are attractive buildings. Among the best are the Methodist Church on Mt. Vernon Place, the Associate Reformed Church, the Jenkins Memorial Church, and, close to the Woman's College, the Methodist Church with an impressive tower.

The City Hall and the United States Postoffice and Court-house, in the business center, are large, new, and well-furnished buildings; but there is a charm of quite a different sort in the old brick Court-house near by, with which the names of men distinguished on the bench and at the bar are associated.

This may be to the reader a tedious enumeration of the buildings of Baltimore; for, after all, they are not of extraordinary interest when compared with those of other cities. An intelligent visitor may derive more pleasure in discovering some good examples of modern domestic architecture, and some relics of colonial or at least of eighteenth-century architecture still standing in the older portions of the town. The rectory of St. Paul's Church, opposite the Hotel Rennert, is one of the best of these old dwellings. Next to it is a modern dwelling where Johns Hopkins lived. Other broad double houses, cube-shaped, built near the middle of this century, are models of domestic comfort, and it is a pity that they should have been superseded by the narrow fronts that afterward became the fashion. In the business parts of the city, large structures, admirably adapted to the wants of banks, trust companies, insurance companies, and the offices of lawyers, have multiplied greatly within the last ten years.

From this enumeration of the institutions of Baltimore, and this survey of its public buildings, let us turn to its society and personages; for, after all, people are more interesting than places. It is never an easy task for a resident of a city to point out its peculiar charms. Neither his praise nor his censure is likely to be quite acceptable. Yet one who has become acquainted with many cities, in different parts of the world, cannot but perceive that the Monumental City has its distinct characteristics, its attractive individuality. It used to be said that in Boston a stranger was asked, "What do you know?"-in New York, "What are you worth?"-and in Philadelphia, "Who was your grandfather?" I have never heard any such queries here, though before long it may be asked of young ladies as well as of young men, "Where did you go to college?" Mr. George W. Cable, after spending for the first time a morning in Baltimore, admired its "thoroughly Southern appearance." When requested to explain this observation, he said he



had noticed these peculiarities: the appearance of comfort in the dwelling-houses, the contentment of the colored people, and the aspect of leisure in the bearing of gentlemen whom he met in the street. He had hit upon three characteristics: comfort, leisure, and the ready and almost friendly service of the blacks. This was truth, but not all the truth. Certainly, when compared with the larger American cities (Brooklyn excepted), Baltimore has an air of quietness favorable to enjoyment. Neither fashions nor affairs have gained the ascendancy. When the Academy of Music was built as a place of refined entertainment to be owned and controlled by cultivated people, the key-note of the speaker (Mr. Wallis, the unequaled orator of Baltimore) was "leisure."

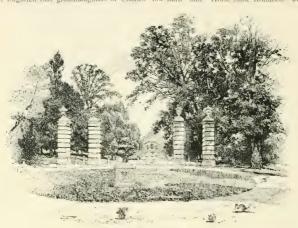
To promote the enjoyment of leisure was the purpose of Mr. Peabody's gift. The atmosphere of leisure has been favorable to the development of institutions of learning. And

tainment. Bazaars and fairs, pink teas and strawberry festivals, plays and tableaux, all have their turn. I write these lines midway between two exhibitions of the "Fête of Queen Louise"—a charming series of tableaux and pageants in which the belles and beaux of Baltimore are taking part (at a very considerable outlay of time and money), in order that funds may be secured for a free kindergarten. Not many years ago there were two exhibitions of works of art for the sake of charity. Like entertainments are of course given elsewhere, but I doubt whether they are usually such social events.

Southern courtesy and Northern vigor meet on this middle ground, "the most Northern of Southern cities, the most Southern of Northern." I have heard it said that English is spoken with unusual purity of tone and pronunciation by the ladies of Baltimore; and they are as celebrated for their beauty as for their

is it forgotten that granddaughters of Charles low Barn" and "Horse Shoe Robinson" were

graciousness of manner and excellence of speech. He was repeatedly called into public life, and Not a few have married distinguished foreign- as a member of Mr. Fillmore's cabinet signed ers. The romantic story of Miss Patterson, the papers that governed the Perry expedition whose husband was brother of Napoleon and to Japan, and the second expedition of Dr. King of Westphalia, has often been told. Nor Kane to the arctic seas. His stories "Swal-



Carroll of Carrollton became respectively Marchioness of Wellesley, Lady Stafford, and Duchess of Leeds.

Many men of Baltimore have won national fame. In the second quarter of this century (perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say in the thirty years before the opening of the war) here were merchant princes, brilliant lawyers, ready wits, skilful politicians, whose hospitality became famous throughout the land, and whose public spirit prepared the way for the intellectual life of the present day. Some of those who were then mature and influential are still living, and as one after another they go over to the majority, others take their places and

Among the literary men of that time, Mr. John P. Kennedy acquired a high distinction. widely read. His influence on George Peabody is well known. It is said, but I do not know on what authority, that an intimacy with Thackeray led to Kennedy's writing one of the chapters of "The Virginians" which called for accurate local descriptions.

Dr. Holmes once said that Maryland might claim the honor of having given to the world three poems, each the best of its kind: "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Raven," and "Maryland, my Maryland." Mr. Randall, the author of the verses last named, the favornot venture to speak of him; but of the others who were praised by the Autocrat, something more than mention may be permitted.

Francis Scott Key is chiefly famous, as a poet, for that stirring patriotic song, "The Star-Span-

gled Banner," which he wrote under circumstances of great excitement. The familiar story will bear repetition to the youths of every generation. After their successful attack upon Washington in the early autumn of 1814, the British undertook the capture of Baltimore. Part of their forces landed at North Point, some fifteen miles below the city, and were repulsed by a brave corps of volunteers. Meanwhile the fleet of sixteen vessels proceeded up the Patapsco and attacked Fort McHenry, a very short distance from the town. During twenty-four hours uninterrupted volleys of rocket and shell were thrown toward the fort, but in vain. Key watched the battle, through a night of anxiety, from the deck of a vessel which was near the British men-of-war. He had gone there to negotiate for the release of a friend made captive

in Washington. The commander of the fleet would not release the prisoner or the negotiator until the attack was over. Pacing the deck of this vessel while the lombardment was in progress, Key composed the greater part of his immortal song.

Edgar Allan Poe is a name of greater renown. This extraordinary genius, unquestionably one of the most brilliant of American writers, was a Baltimorean by family ties, though he did not reside here for any long periods. Richmond.

Boston, and New York were likewise the scenes of his short life. Yet it was here that his talents first received recognition and encouragement, when a prize of \$100. offered by the Satundar Visitor, was awarded to him, and he was thus brought to the notice of Mr. Kennedy and other literary men. Here his kindred resided. Here he died at the early age of forty years, and here his body lies buried. In 1875 the teachers of Baltimore erected a monument over his grave.

To the names of these two poets that of Sidney Lanier should be added: for although he was a native of Georgia, it was during his residence in Baltimore, from 1876 onward, that he acquired his fame. He was a musician, as well as a poet and critic. His brave spirit, con-

tending against many difficulties, attracted the admiration of devoted friends. His poems have been read with increasing favor ever since their publication. He died in 1881.

Baltimore is the only American city where a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church resides. Cardinal Gibbons follows a long line of distinguished, prelates. Arch.



VIEW INSIDE THE PORT

bishop Carroll, the Revolutionary patriot, and Archbishop Kenrick, famous as a scholar and writer, being among the most distinguished. Bishop Whittingham, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, bore a high reputation for learning.

and bequeathed to his successors in office a valuable library.

Baltimore used to be a favorite stopping-place for statesmen on their way to or from Washington, and when Barnum's Hotel gave place, a few months ago, to a new and different edition, the names were revived of many illustrious personages who had there been entertained.

The drama was always encouraged, and among the actors who won distinction here. the Booths are sure to be remembered.

The bench and the bar of Maryland have always held an honorable place in the respect of the profession throughout the land. When the names of those who have distinguished themselves as lawyers and statesmen come to mind, it is hard to determine which are most worthy to be mentioned. Not a few are eminent both as statesmen and as judges. Many have left behind them the reputation of learning, eloquence, and wit. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration, Robert Goodloe Harper, William Wirt, and William Pinkney were among those who acquired a national fame. Roger B. Taney and Reverdy Johnson belong to a somewhat later period.

At the present time the foreign commerce of Baltimore consists largely in the shipment of grain, tobacco, and cattle. Frequently steamers cross the Atlantic to English and German ports. The trade with Brazil, mostly by sailing vessels,

The bench and the bar of Maryland have ways held an honorable place in the respect the profession throughout the land. When e names of those who have distinguished emselves as lawyers and statesmen come to ind, it is hard to determine which are most orthy to be mentioned. Not a few are eminent that as statesmen and as judges. Many have

As a commercial city, Baltimore has had the advantage of its position, near the head of Chesapeake Bay. Early in the century it was at the eastern end of the national highway that crossed the Alleghanies. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was almost the first to put into service the steam-locomotive. It is now one of the great trunk-lines of the continent, contributing in innumerable ways to the welfare of the community. The Pennsylvania railroad system has also fixed upon Baltimore as one of its most important centers of operation. The first electric telegraph extended from Baltimore as the community of the properties of the state of the community of the properties of the community of the community.



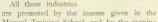
OVSTUR-BOATS IN TALLIMORE HARLOS

is also important. Formerly large quantities of sugar were imported, and at an earlier period the white wings of the Baltimore clippers were famous all over the world as they brought with fleetness the products of China to the harbor of the Chesapeake.

The oyster-beds are among the sources of the wealth of Baltimore. Immense quantities timore to Washington. Illuminating gas was, it is claimed, first introduced here.

Modern industry turns toward manufactures, and Baltimore has its fair variety of establishments which employ a large number of persons. Its silverware has been famous for three generations. Its porcelain has acquired a wide reputation; its bells chime in hundreds of

towers. The printer's craft is held in honor; thrives; furniture and clothing and manifold minor articles are produced in great quantities; ironfoundries, copperworks, oil-refineries, Bessemer furnaces, sugar-houses, and machine-shops employ large amounts of capital. The type-setting machine, one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism mankind has invented, is a Baltimore invention.



Manual Training School, and by the evening classes maintained at the Maryland Institute in its School of Design—the forerunner of the Cooper, Pratt, and Drexel institutes of other cities.

So I end my survey of Baltimore. As I look over what is written, I perceive that it presents the view of but one man, and one who is particularly interested in education. Even so. I believe that, in all such respects, Baltimore is to be the leader of the New South. Hardly



FIRE STREET - THE WALL STREET OF BALTIMORE.

conscious of its own powers, the acknowledgments of other communities come to it slowly. Time will bring changes, and the aspirations of Sidney Lanier, in his "Ode to Johns Hopkins University," may yet be fulfilled:

And here, O finer Pallas, long remain,— Sit on these Maryland hills, and fix thy reign, And frame a fairer Athens than of yore

Here, where the climates meet
That each may make the other's lack complete,—
Where Chesapeake holds frankly forth her hands
Spread wide with invitation to all lands.



ETTAN IDAMS, NE E DE DE DEN DEAL RESIDENTE STREETS

THEIR LITTLE JAR.



I. TWO BEARS ON MISCHIEF LOUND





3. REFORE THEY MADE A PETTER PLAN



BOTH TO EAT AT ONCE BEGAN.



5 WHITEV PLAFFD ON BRUIN'S CROWN.



O. BRUIN THEN PUSHED WHITEY DOWN.



7. THIS TO ROUGH AND TUMBER LUD,



S. THE THEY WERE HEELS OVER HEAD.





TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Author of "Lady Jane."

[Begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER XI.

PÈRE JOSEF'S SACRIFICE.



HEN Philip and Dea ran to Seline and showed her the bright dollars they had earned so quickly, the good woman was delighted. "Now, chil'run, you 's on der way ter git rich,"

she said, showing her white teeth in a generous smile. "I wish m'sieur would wan' ter paint my Lilybel; but he 's too ugly. Lilybel 's er fright, he is, an' I don't see how come dat boy 's so plain; his pa was a right handsome man, an' his two little sisters was as pretty chil'run as ver ever seed. Sometimes, when I gets ter studyin' 'bout Lilybel, I 's most outdone," and Seline's broad smile changed to an expression of great perplexity. "I ain't jes' sure ef dat boy means ter tell lies, er if he 'magines what he done tole; he 's got a powerful 'magination, Lilybel has, an' a awful weak mem'ry. Anyhow, I can't put no conference in dat chile; I 's done found out 'bout dat story he tole, chil'run ; he ain't never fall in der ruver! He jes' sot down with er pa'cel of triflin' chil'run an' stuffed heself with dem cakes an' pralines, an' forgot ter bring der basket home."

Philip and Dea expressed their opinion of Lilybel's too vivid imagination in a way that comforted Seline greatly; their happiness was hers, and very soon she forgot her own troubles in listening to their glowing account of the morning's adventures.

painted them himself. He wants us to come yourself-it's yours."

again, and madame kissed us both-did n't she, Dea? - and told us to come to-morrow."

"And I am to bring the 'Toilers," exclaimed Dea, her little face tremulous with excitement, "Monsieur is going to help me sell it for a hundred francs; pauv' papa will be so happy."

"My, my! a hundred francs! Yer is in luck, chile; yer goin' ter be rich, shore; an', Mars' Philip, I 's done sole all yer flowers while yer 's been gettin' yer dollar. I s'pose yer wants ter run home ter tell yer mammy all dem good newses; here's yer dimes"; and Seline dropped a handful of silver into Philip's outstretched palm. Then, as happy and blithe as two singing-birds, the children hurried to their respective homes to tell of their good fortune,

When Philip opened the gate and saw Toinette with folded hands and sitting very quietly on the little gallery, he was alarmed. It was so unusual to see her idle that he thought she was ill. "What 's the matter, Mammy?" he called out anxiously before he reached her.

"Nothing, cher," she replied, as she took off his hat and stroked his damp hair. "I had no orders for this evening, and I was tired, so I dropped down here to rest; I can't work so hard as I used to."

"Well, you need n't to, Mammy. I can earn lots for you. Just look at this." And he drew out his bright dollar. "All this for an hour or two!"

"The artist must be very generous," said Toinette. "Did he give Dea as much?"

"Yes, Mammy, he gave Dea the same. I wish you could see the picture of us he 's painting; he 's got Dea's red frock and my blue trousers just as natural! - when it 's done I 'm going to take you to see it."

"It's a long way to go, my child, and I may "Seline, it's the most beautiful place you not be able. I'm not so strong as I used to ever saw; and he has, oh, lots of pictures! He's be; but put your money away; keep it for "No, Mammy, you take it. It 's for you; all I earn is for you," said Philip, his eyes filled with love and generosity as he urged it upon her

"Well, we will lock it up in the box, and when you need it for something, you shall have it. And now, my child, I want you to help me. I must transplant these pansies this evening, and for some reason I felt as if I could n't begin until you came."

^a I 'll help you, Mammy, dear; just let me take off my best clothes," said Philip, cheerfully, as he ran to his room.

"What a good boy he is," thought Toinette,
"so gentle and obedient! Dear, dear child,
who will love him as I have?" And as she
went slowly down the steps to the garden, she
brushed away more than one regretful tear.

A half-hour later, Philip, in his every-day clothes, was working away busily at the pansies, while Toinette sat on a little stool beside him, directing him how to set them. The boy, with his brown head bent over the new earth, was whistling softly. Presently, a beautiful cardinal-bird flew down and began fluttering familiarly about his small spade. "Go away, 'Major,'" he said without stopping; "I can't play with you now, but there's a nice fat worm for you." The bird gave a low trill of thanks, seized the unwilling worm, and flew off to a near bush where he chirped contentedly to his mate.

"Hello, there's the 'Singer,'" said Philip, after a moment. "I knew he 'd come." As he spoke, a mocking-bird over his head burst into a clear, impatient song, circling rapidly around, and brushing the boy with his wings as if to attract his attention.

"It's strange," said Toinette, musingly, "how birds and butterflies come around you. They never fear you. I suppose it's because you never hut them."

"It's because I love them, and they know it; that's why they come. I 've lived here a long time with them. It's our home; we 're all one family; and, Mammy, you 're the dear old mother-bird."

He kept on working, with his bright head bent, and he did not see the tears in Toinette's eyes. It was very lovely and peaceful. The place was full of sweet scents and sounds. The broken white columns, covered with a profusion of roses and jasmines, looked like a bower in a sylvan nook of Arcady. The ruins of the Detrava mansion were mounds of green and bloom. There was nothing dreary, nothing unsightly; no suggestion of age and decay—but all spoke of youth, fresh eternal youth. Perhaps it was the strong contrast of the boy, the flowers, and the singing-birds that made Toinette feel so old and feeble as she sat there, her toil-worn hands folded on her lap, and her dim eyes fixed with a tender protecting love on the merry little fellow who worked in happy unconsciousness of the sorrows of age.

Presently the gate-bell rang, and its loud jangle startled Philip from his work and Toinette from her reverie.

"Run, child—it is some one in a hurry"; and Toinette left her seat and hastened to meet the newcomer. It was Père Josef. He walked up the path very hurriedly, brushing the obtrusive roses with the skirts of his worn black coat; his narrow dark face wore an expression of mingled surprise and sorrow. In one hand he carried a bundle tied up in a red-and-yellow handkerchief. Without glancing to the right or left, he hastened up the steps to the gallery, and set the bundle on the small table with an air of resolution.

"Toinette, my good friend; Philip, my dear boy, I 've brought them to you. There they are, mes enfants, mes chers petites enfants!" He spoke firmly, but in a sad, constrained voice.

Toinette and Philip looked at him astonished. "Why, Père Josef!—why do you do this?" said Toinette.

"Did his reverence tell you you must?" asked Philip, anxiously. "Did he know about your pets?"

"No, no, my dear boy; he had heard nothing. It was a matter of more importance. I was unwise to think the archbishop would trouble himself about such folly. He sent for me to give me instructions. I am to leave on a mission. I go to-night."

"Oh, Père Josef, to-night! Is it far? Will it be for long?" cried Toinette and Philip in the same breath.

"I can't say. I can't tell you anything. I 'm like a ship sailing under sealed orders;

work of a brother who is ill. When he recovers, ready sympathy. it is likely I shall return."

but from some remarks of the archbishop, I "And they have been so much company, think it will not be for long. I go to do the such a pleasure to you," said Toinette, with

"Yes, and that is just where I have done



PÈRE JOSEF'S SACRIFICE.

unhappy without them."

"My child, I might take them, and I shall be miserable without them. But it would hours teaching these pets folly, when I should scarcely be proper for a servant of the church have been teaching human beings something to start on a sacred mission carrying a cage of white mice with him"; and Père Josef smiled. "It 's a trial, but I must leave them."

"But can't you take your little pets with you, wrong. I have made companions of these in-Père Josef?" asked Philip. "You will be so nocent little animals,-I have grown to love them .- and now I see that I have neglected my duties. My good friend, I have spent many useful. Life is too short to waste any part of it, but-but they were so innocent, so charming, and really they seemed to love me." And Père Josef winked and coughed, and rubbed his nose vigorously with his coarse handkerchief.

"I'll be very good to them; I'll take good care of them; and when you come back you 'll have them again," said Philip, consolingly.

"I know you 'll be kind to them. They 're very affectionate, and I don't think they will forget me. When I return, perhaps I will take them again-that is, if I am not too fond of them. However, Philip, I leave them with you; I give them to you until I claim them. Good-by, my dear boy," and he held out his thin hand; "be obedient and studious while I am gone." And Père Josef turned away and walked hurriedly down the path, followed closely by Toinette.

So busy was Philip taking the covering from the cage, that he did not notice how earnestly Toinette and the little priest were talking as they stopped for a moment near the gate. With his hand on the latch, Père Josef was saying: "The papers will be safe during my absence. I leave them, with mine, in the care of a friend. If you need them before I return, he will give them to you"; and he mentioned a name and address.

Toinette replied: "I hope I shall not need them, and that when you come back you will find everything as it is now."

"I trust so, my good Toinette. We are in the hands of God. Au revoir-not adieu."

As Philip looked up he saw the black figure of Père Josef vanish through the gate, and again he thought: "I did n't ask Père Josef, after all, and now he is gone. Well, I must wait until he comes back."

CHAPTER XII.

USETTE, do you know

it is papa's birthday?" said Dea one morning to the old woman who often came to cook and do heavy work for the

"No, Ma'mselle, I

did n't know it," said the kind Susette; "but

birthday-and so much better than he was. Why, he 's like another man!"

"He smiled this morning when I wished him bon jour," said Dea, her own serious little face dimpling at the pleasant thought; "and it 's the first time for so long. Yes, he 's better and happier, and I want him to have a good birthday dinner. I want you to go to market. He must have some soup and fish, and a nice little chicken, some pease, and a salad; and I am going to surprise him with some fruit, because, Susette, we are almost rich now, you know, and it is his birthday."

"Very well, Ma'mselle; I will gladly do just what you wish," returned the old woman, with pleased alacrity.

"And, Susette, don't say anything to papa, I want to surprise him. You will cook the dinner nicely, and I will arrange the table. Philip has promised me some flowers, and Seline is going to make me a birthday cake. I will bring them when I come from monsieur's. Now don't disturb papa, because he is very busy; he is working on an order-he is making a medallion of monsieur's little boy, who is dead. He is making it from a photograph, and it is such a pretty face. Papa is so interested in it. When it is finished I am to take it to monsieur, and he will pay a great deal for it. Now please be very quiet and careful, Susette."

"I will, Ma'mselle, I will," replied the old woman, looking at Dea doatingly; "and I 'll do the marketing as cheap as I can. You won't be ashamed of your papa's birthday

"Pauv' papa, it 's so long since he had a birthday! I want this to be a happy one. Now I 'm going to hurry to Rue Royale. Give me my basket, and I will bring the flowers and cake."

Within a few weeks a great change had taken place in the small cottage on Villeré street. To the poor artist in wax a little success meant a great deal. At last he had found some one to appreciate his peculiar talent; and ill and suffering though he was, his beclouded mind grasped that fact and held to it. It seemed to give him new life and hope; he I 'm thankful your papa is here to see another saw before him the means of support for himself and the patient, tender little creature who clung to him so faithfully in all his trouble. One by one his beautiful groups and figures had disappeared from his dingy room, to find in Mr. Ainsworth's studio admirers and purchasers; and the careful, mature child, with all the burden of life on her slender shoulders, knew how to economize the generous sums she received for them. Therefore it was no wonder that when Dea, who a few weeks before had lacked a nickel to buy bread, looked at the little pile of bank-notes locked safely in her father's desk, she thought that she was rich and could well afford a birthday dinner.

They had not always been so poor. Some years before, when the artist in wax first came from France, he had quite a handsome sum of money. He bought the small cottage in Villeré street, and furnished it neatly for his pretty young wife, a gentle industrious girl who had been a governess in a rich family, and who eked out their small income by giving piano lessons to the little creoles in the neighborhood. The artist, always peculiar, with his strange worship for the great French writer, quietly studied and illustrated the books that he adored. Sometimes he worked with his pencil, but oftener with the plastic medium of wax. Now and then he sold some of his small figures, and occasionally he had an order for a portrait medallion, and in this way the quiet years passed until the young wife was taken away; after that his health failed, and the heavy burden of existence fell upon the frail child who was bearing it so bravely.

When Dea reached the studio in Rue Royale, she found Philip already there. He was seated at a table beside Mrs. Ainsworth, with a plate of delicious strawberries before him, and Mr. Ainsworth was working very busily on a charming little study he was making of the group.

These visits to the studio were the beginning of a new life to the boy, and every day the charm of it increased. Mrs. Ainsworth had become deeply interested in him, and treated him with the greatest affection, and Mr. Ainsworth encouraged the intimacy when he saw his wife more cheerful and in better health. Every day he planned to keep the boy with them as much as possible. After making a

great many studies of the little models, he had begun teaching Philip the rudiments of drawing. The boy had brought his rude sketches to the artist, who saw in them evidences of talent; and as Toinette was anxious to have him learn, Mr. Ainsworth found it a pleasure to teach the intelligent, docile little fellow.

Often when the artist and his wife were alone they seriously discussed the future of the child, and wondered to what destiny he was born. A vague wish was in the heart of each that neither liked to be the first to express. There was one thing of which they were certain. He was necessary to their happiness. The days were brighter when he came, and sadder when he remained away. They were very fond of Dea, but she had not grown into their hearts as Philip had. It was the striking resemblance to their lost boy, the eyes, the hair, a tone in his voice, in his laugh, a way of looking at them, that made them long to keep him always. The weather was very warm, and often they spoke of going north; but day after day they lingered, fascinated with this new affection.

When Dea's radiant face appeared at the door, Philip left his strawberries and ran joy-fully to meet her, crying, "Here are the flowers for your papa's birthday. Mammy sent them to you with lots of good wishes."

Dea thanked him with a tremulous smile as she took the beautiful roses and laid them carefully in her basket. Her little heart was very full, and she could not say much.

"Here are some strawberries for you, my dear," said Mrs. Ainsworth, making room beside her. "They were so tempting to Philip that I would not let him wait until you came."

"If you please, Madam, may I take them home and eat them with papa? It is his birthday."

"Certainly, my child, if you would rather"; and Mrs. Ainsworth filled a little basket and placed it beside the flowers.

"Have you a birthday present for your papa, Dea?" asked Mr. Ainsworth, who was watching the child's varying expression of delight. Her care for her father was half pathetic and half amusing.

"No, Monsieur," she replied a little sadly; "that is, I have n't much beside the flowers

and Seline's cake. I wanted to get the book, but—but it was twenty-five francs, and I could not pay so much."

Mr. Ainsworth looked at his wife and smiled. "Well, my dear, don't be unhappy. Your father shall have the book; he shall have it for his birthday. It is a present from you. You have been such a patient little model that I don't feel as though I had half paid you. I give you this to make it up," and he handed her the book neatly covered with tissue-paper tied with a narrow ribbon.

Dea took the package silently. Her softly tinted cheeks turned quite pale, and her eyes seemed to distend with surprise and delight. "Oh, oh!" she gasped at length, "how glad fauv' papa will be! I can't thank you now, Monsieur, I can't—I can't!" and bursting into sudden tears of gratitude, she took her basket and hurried away without another word.

When she reached home, her father was still bending over his delicate work, quite unmindful of everything, birthdays included. She said nothing to him. She was pale and excited, and her small face wore a look of great importance.

"Susette," she cried eagerly, as she entered the kitchen. "How is the dinner getting on?"

"Finely, Ma'mselle, finely. I got artichokes, the first in the market, and such a fat chicken, and all for so little, and a handful of meat scraps for Homo for lagritathy!"*

"And, oh, Susette, I have strawberries! Madam gave me strawberries. What will papa say when he sees it all? And the book, the book!"

She was so excited that her fluttering little fingers could scarcely arrange the few pieces of china and silver, the remnants of their better fortunes; but at last, when all was ready, and the book—the much-coveted book—was laid by her father's plate, with the fruit and flowers at each side of the table, and Seline's beautiful cake in the center, she could hardly wait for the dinner to be served. She flitted constantly back and forth between the kitchen and the little dining-room, discussing, inspecting, and directing everything, until she went to lead her father to the table.

" Papa, do you know that it is your birthday

to-day?" she said joyfully, as she smoothed his hair and arranged his carelessly tied cravat. "And I want you to look very nice, because I have a surprise—a real surprise!—for you."

The artist laid down his tools, removed his glass, and arose with dreamy indifference. "My birthday, dear child? No, I had not thought of it. All days are alike to me, now."

"You won't say so, Papa, when you see what I 've got for you. This is a lovely day, a happier day than we 've had for a long time."

Then she threw open the door impressively, and proudly seated her father at the pretty table. As he glanced from the flowers to the fruit, his face brightened with pleased surprise, and he said cheerfully, in a tone that enchanted Dea, "Why, my darling, you have indeed surprised me; I little expected such a feast." Then his eyes fell on the book, which he seized eagerly, and pulling off the wrapper, began to devour the contents, glancing greedily from the title-page to the illustrations.

"The Hachette edition, Dea! — where did you get it? Is it mine — mine to keep?"

"Yes, Papa, it is yours. Monsieur, the artist, gave it to me for keeping so quiet when I sat for him, and I give it to you. It is a birth-day present from me."

"You are a good child, Dea," he said, his eyes fixed on one of the illustrations. "Ah!—this is excellent; this will make a fine group!"

"But, Papa dear, look at the other things. Philip's mammy sent you the flowers, Seline made the cake for you, and madam gave me the strawberries. Are n't they all lovely?"

The artist's eyes wandered slowly over the table. "Yes, my dear, they are beautiful, and your friends are very good to us; but the book—the Hachette—it is the best of all."

During the dinner, Dea tried by every art to attract her father's attention from his book. He ate slowly of the good things set before him, with his eyes fixed on the fascinating pages. He was happy in his own way, and the child was satisfied, for she said in confidence to Susette when the feast was over:

"Dear papa, how happy he was! He enjoyed his birthday dinner so much. He ate everything I helped him to—strawberries and

cake, and everything. And fancy, Susette, he was looking at his book all the time; but the best part of all was the surprise. Oh, Susette, he was so surprised!"

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIP SAYS "NO."



HE next morning after Dea's birthday dinner, Philip sat on the gallery amusing himself with Père Josef's pets. It was quite early, and Toinette, who was within, attending to her house-

hold duties, thought the boy was studying. His books and slate lay on the table near the cage, but he was not looking at then; he could not get interested in his lessons with such merry little rogues scurrying to and fro hefore him.

"I must n't let them forget what Père Josef taught them," reasoned Philip. "It would be too bad if they could n't do their drill when he comes home. I must make them practise a little every morning." Therefore he was putting them through their exercises with quite an easy conscience.

The air was sweet and cool; the sun was just peeping over the pittosporums, which were white with blossoms; the dew lay in sparkling drops on the stars of the jasmine, and every little blade of grass was diamond-tipped; the spiders' webs, stretched across the rose-bushes, looked like spun glass as they waved daintily in the soft wind. Philip's bowl of hominy and milk stood beside him; the Major and the Singer had come to share it. He cared no more for his food than he did for his books; he was intensely interested by the indications of a serious misunderstanding between his pets.

The birds seemed jealous of Père Josef's "children," and fluttered and pecked viciously at the cage, whose tiny occupants scurried from side to side in order to get out of the reach of their unfriendly bills. At last, with a funny little show of bravery, the mice drew them-

cake, and everything. And fancy, Susette, he selves up in battle array, and presented a bold was looking at his book all the time; but the front to the enemy.

This so amused Philip that he burst into a hearty peal of laughter, which brought Toinette to the gallery, interested, in spite of herself, "Oh, Mammy," he cried, "just watch them for a minute! The Major and the Singer are jealous."

"And the 'children' are frightened," said Toinette. "See them flutter and tremble, in spite of their brave appearance." As she spoke, she took a handful of grain from a box, and scattered it on the grass for the unfriendly birds. "Go and eat," she said, "and don't make the poor little things unhappy."

The "children" stood up gravely watching the motions of the birds, who gave a last threatening peck before they disappeared. When they were finally gone, the little sprites began to dance merrily: they imagined they had routed the enemy and come off victoriously.

"They 're very lively," said Philip, looking at them admiringly. "I don't believe they miss Père Josef."

"No, I don't think they do," returned Toinette, a little sadly. "It 's the way with almost everything in this world—out of sight, out of mind," and she sighed as she dropped into her old rocking-chair and leaned her head against the faded cushion. "I often think, my dear, that if I went away you'd forget me just as soon."

"You 're not going away, Mammy," replied Philip, cheerfully; "but if you did, I should n't forget you; I could n't if I tried,"

Toinette smiled patiently. "You would n't mean to, cher; but, after a while, before you knew it, your old mammy would be gone out of your mind. Some one else would take her place. I often study about these strangers from the North. They 're a great deal to you already. I don't blame you, my child. They 're very good to you. The artist teaches you. Sometimes I think they may want to take you away from me. Would you go, Philip?"

There was just a touch of jealousy in the old woman's patient voice, and her thin, dark face was full of anxiety as she waited for the boy's

It came directly, clear and truthful. "No,

Mammy, of course I would n't. I would n't leave you for any one. I'm happy here with my birds and flowers, and Père Josef's 'children.' I could n't like any other place, and I could n't love any one as I love you, Mammy."

Toinette's dim eyes brightened with pleasure. "I 'm glad to hear you say that, Philip. I 've had you a long time, and I 've tried to take good care of you, and to teach you to be good. There 's plenty of time for you to learn everything. I could n't let you go away; I could n't give you up just yet, but I 'm old—old, and perhaps— Well, eat your breakfast, child, and try to study awhile before you go to the studio."

When Philip left Toinette with an affectionate adieu, he did not know how soon again his loyalty would be put to the test. Mr. Ainsworth and his wife were talking very seriously when he entered the studio with a bright face and a cheerful good morning.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Ainsworth, drawing him gently down beside her, while she encircled him with her arm. "We want to talk to you. We are thinking of going away soon, and we find it hard to leave you, my dear child. Would you like to go with us?"

Philip's cheeks flushed crimson, and his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, I don't want you to go; I don't want to lose you; but I can't go with you."

"Why can't you, my dear boy? We will do everything for you. We will make you very happy, and you can go on with your drawing," said Mr. Ainsworth, persuasively.

"You can travel, and see other places. We will spend the summer in the mountains. You can have a pony, and you can go out sketching with Mr. Ainsworth," urged Mrs. Ainsworth.

"I should like to travel; I should like to see the mountains—I never saw any; and I should like a pony," replied Philip, looking up bravely, while he wiped away his tears; "but I can't go. I can't leave mammy,—she's old, and I've got to stay with her and take care of her."

"If your mammy should consent? If she should think it best for your future? If she should be willing?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth.

"But mammy would n't be willing," replied Philip, with conviction. "And then there 's Dea; I 've got to take care of her, and I 've got to take care of Père Josef's 'children.' I could n't leave them," he added gravely, as the weight of his responsibilities pressed upon him.

Mr. Ainsworth looked to his wife for some further argument in their favor. They were thrilled with admiration for the loyal little fellow, and yet they were bitterly disappointed.

"But, my dear boy," said Mrs. Ainsworth, after a moment's silence, "if it were not for your mammy, would you go with us? Do you love us well enough to go with us?" Her hungry heart craved some assurance of the boy's love.

"If it was n't for mammy, yes, I 'd go," he replied readily. "I want to learn to paint pictures, and I 'd like to see everything, and—and—you 're so good to me. I don't want you to go away," and again the blue eyes filled with tears; "but you see I can't—I can't leave mammy."

"I see you can't, my dear," returned Mrs. Ainsworth, soothingly; "you are a good loyal boy, and we love you all the better for your devotion to your old nurse. There is a great deal to be thought of on both sides, but we must go on loving you, and you must not forget us, and when we come back next winter we want to find you the same dear boy that you are now."

"We are greatly disappointed, Philip," said Mr. Ainsworth, regretfully. "We are sorry to go without you; but we shall watch over your future, and perhaps when we return we can make some arrangement,—perhaps there will not be so many obstacles in the way."

"If mammy and Père Josef should say I could, and that it was best, I might go for a little while; but I can't leave mammy now, and anyway, I must be here when Père Josef comes back."

And that was Philip's ultimatum. No further arguments nor inducements could influence him. There was a serious and secret reason why he must wait for Père Josef's return.

be be entinued)

THE VIKING SHIP

By I. O. DAVIDSON.



name given by the those deep and narrow inlets which so sharply indent the Norwegian coast, looking on the map as if old ocean had notched the rugged coast-line with scars of battle and storms.

Twelve hundred years ago Norway's coast was peopled by a fierce and warlike race of mariners. Their own barren shores afforded

IK or Wych was the among other people living within a day's sail further south, and it is little to be wondered Norsemen of old to at that, with the strength and boldness gained by them in their hunting and fishing expeditions, they should at last find it easier to wage war upon their less martial neighbors for the plunder to be gained thereby, than to depend upon the resources of their own land for a living.

As years went by, and the nation continued prosperous under such conditions, their belief in the divine origin and purpose of war became fixed, and at last it became part of their religion. Even their heaven grew to be a place few of the luxuries of life that they found where warriors could fight and kill one another



all day long, coming to life again at sundown to make merry together at night.

In their youth the Norsemen were trained to be familiar with ship-building, to know the ocean tides, currents, and storms, and the handling of their ships therein. They were taught to throw great spears and to avoid those thrown at them by others; to draw great bows and shoot their arrows swiftly and true to the mark, and to catch on their shields those shot by their enemies. We are told that Einar Thambarskelver, the "Twanger of Thamb," was powerful enough at eighteen years of age to pierce with a blunt arrow a rawhide hanging loose in the wind.

The villages of those born fighters and searovers were built at the heads of the narrow viks, or harbors, where no enemy could attack except in front; and it was a daring foe indeed who would venture for war or retaliation into the dens of those sea-wolves.

Soon the dwellers in these settlements became known as "vikings," meaning almost literally "inlet-men," and were considered pirates; but piracy in those days was almost universal throughout the world, and the vikings were no worse than the sea-rovers of Greece, Rome, Spain, or Africa.

The ships of the vikings were marvels of strength, lightness, and speed. Their absolute length-measurement has not been handed down to us; but the historians of those days mention crews of a hundred and twenty rowers, so that, with their officers and chief's attendants, the crew must have numbered hundreds.

"Long Serpent," "Short Serpent," "The Dragon," were some of the names given their famous war-ships. Carved heads of dragons and serpents surmounted the bows and sterns, rows of shields painted black and yellow were ranged along the sides, gold and silver ornaments gleamed upon rail and decks, and the painted sails and many-colored flags and streamers gave them an exceedingly gay and warlike appearance as they swept in fleets through the narrow viks and tore up the dark-green f waters off the coast with their powerful

And the viking ships sometimes made long

voyages, for we read that King Hakon sent his daughter Christina to Spain to be married to the Spanish king.

The mystery of the viking ships is now passing away, owing to the discovery of their remains during this century. In 1867 a goodsized ship was discovered near Sarpsborg, while in 1882 there was dug out of a burial-mound at Gokstad, near Christiania, the entire remains of a viking ship with most of her equipments in a good state of preservation. She was 78 feet long, 161/2 feet wide, and built entirely of oak. The prow and stern were richly decorated and handsomely carved. She had ports for sixteen oars on a side, many of which remained in good order, as the warriors' shields were also well preserved. Among the articles found were candlesticks, a copper caldron, a sled, a fine bridle, and the anchor and stock with its long cable. There were also extra masts and spars, the ship's water-tub, and an oaken bedstead for the use of the viking commander.

The ship was evidently the burial-tomb of its great captain, for the bones of his horses and dogs lay beside it; and, strangest thing of all to relate, the bones of the viking himself, a man of giant size, six feet three and a half inches tall, were found in a covered place amidships. There was nothing to show, however, whether the great chief died in battle defending his own fireside, or whether, wounded in one of his own terrible forays, he had been brought home for burial; but certain it is that for one thousand years he had lain there with his favorite war-horses and hunting-dogs beside his good ship, whose prow, turned toward the sea, was ready at Odin's trumpet-call to launch forth once more to other deeds of valor and glory.

Nine centuries ago Lief Erickson, or "Lief the Lucky," found his way, it is claimed, to the shores of America in one of the sea-skimming dragons, and skirted along our New England coast long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic in his caravels; and the stone tower at Newport, the age of which no one seems to know, is thought by many to have been built by the viking's crew.

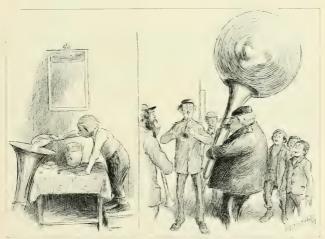
Prominent Norwegians interested in the de-

this voyage, have patriotically contributed money to have a ship built in all respects similar to the one found at Gokstad. She is sent across the ocean on a visit to America and the World's Fair as part of Norway's exhibit. She is 77 feet long and 16 feet wide. Her rudder is on the starboard or "steerboard" side, and she flies the ancient and dreaded red flag and raven of the pirates of old. She has thirty oars, worked by relays of rowers from a crew of eighty picked Norwegian sailors, who brought her over the sea with sail and oar just as their forefathers came so long ago, amid icebergs and storms.

There is one difference, however; for instead of landing on a rock-bound coast inhabited by

bate as to whether Erickson really did make savage Indians, they are welcomed by a new nation, great and free, in whose harbors is many an iron war-ship greater and more terrible than the viking ever dreamt of. But these men-of-war did not meet to destroy one another in battle, but for the purpose of celebrating the coming of that other great sea-rover and discoverer, Columbus.

> When the Palisades of the Hudson looked down upon the seemingly antique caravels, themselves modern in pattern as compared with this viking ship, perhaps the old rocks sleepily wondered at the absence of the good ship "Half Moon"-the craft of their friend Hendrik Hudson; for to them it may have seemed that a model of his Dutch vessel might have claimed a place in the honored procession.



PETER, HAVING BLOWN SOAP-BUBBLES TO HIS HEART'S

THE WISE MAN.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THERE is a man in our town Who is so wondrous wise, He knows he cannot sing at all, And so he never tries.

He also knows he has no wit, Like many funny folks, And so he never bothers me By getting off his jokes.

And when he has no word to say, He 's wise enough, though young, To sit about while others talk, And hold his little tongue.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

By Gertrude Halliday.



A LITTLE Swiss lady whose name was Jeanne, Lived close to the Swiss frontier:

While over in France, across the way, Lived her little French neighbor, Madame Aimée,

Her friend of many a year.

And every spring, by a long-tried plan, Whose value you'll see at a glance, They made of their houses a fair exchange; But you'll find her over the way."

For said Jeanne, "One is better for travel and change,

So I spend my summers in France."

And when any one called at her new house door.

And asked for Madame Aimée,

She said, "I am sorry she 's not at hand; She 's gone for the summer to Switzerland,



"Y" IL AND HER ASS THE WAY"



By Mary J. Farrah, LL. A.

Uncle often tells us stories
Of a ship he has at sea,
And the wonders and the glories,
If we 're good, for Tom and me;
And I dream that somewhere sailing
Is a gallant bark of mine,
With the soft wind never failing,
And the weather always fine.
Oh! the bells will all be ringing
With a merry, tuneful din,
The birds will all be singing,
When my ship comes in!

She is bringing gifts for Mother, And for Father and the boys, And my little baby brother Shall be smothered deep in toys; Her hold is full of treasure From the islands of the Main, And her fairy crew at leisure
Are sailing home again.
Oh! the pleasure past all rhyming,
And the joy that will begin,
When all the bells are chiming,
And my ship comes in!

There are storms and sudden dangers
Hiding cruelly around,
Where just such ocean rangers
As my fairy bark are found.
Blow, breath of heaven, behind her,
And guide her safely home,
And some day I shall find her—
My ship from o'er the foam!
Oh! the birds will all be singing
When her crew the haven win;
The bells will all be ringing
When my ship comes in!



THE CROWN-PRINCE OF SIAM

By HON, ISAAC TOWNSEND SMITH,

sad hiruj Chowfa Maha Vajirunhis, heir to the throne of Siam, was born in 1877. He is a very bright and interesting boy. The King takes great pains with his education, so that he may well fill the high position he is to occupy. His Majesty is very fond of his children, and on public occasions is frequently seen accompanied by the Crown-Prince and others of the little

By ancient custom in Siam, a lock of hair of every young child is allowed to grow long on the top of the head, and is kept coiled up. The wealthy often fasten it with jeweled pins, and the head is adorned by circlets of white flowers, projecting above which is seen the little jet-black topknot of hair.

When girls reach the age of about eleven, and boys are from twelve to fourteen years old, this topknot is cut off, and afterward the hair is worn short by both men and women.

The cutting off of this topknot is the occasion of a joyous festival, and is made an interesting era in child-life.

In January, 1891, there was observed at Bangkok a very interesting old Siamese custom called the "Sokan," or hair-cutting ceremony, celebrated in honor of the Crown-Prince. It was attended with some very novel perform-

Propitious days are sought for, and priests are invited to assist, to invoke blessings upon the children, and to avert misfortunes and evils.

Relatives and friends assemble and make valuable and useful presents, which are kept until the time comes for the children to take the responsibilities of life upon themselves. No one is specially invited, but it is regarded as a mark of respect and good will to be present and make some gift as a pleasant souvenir of the occasion.

When the time came for his Royal Highness

HIS Royal Highness Somditch Phra Oro the Crown-Prince to lay aside the ways of childhood and become as a little man, and, in sign of this dignity, to have his topknot cut off. there was a great stir among all classes throughout the kingdom, and extensive preparations were made to celebrate the event at the Royal Palace.

> The palace and edifices within the extensive walled inclosure are of Siamese architecture. which has distinct features, and differs from both Chinese and Japanese styles. Noticeable are the peculiar triple roofs covered with colored tiles, and decorated with golden spurs at the roof-points. Graceful spires, white stone, colored marbles, and gilded elephants at the palace entrance, make an attractive and brilliant picture, especially at night, when they are illuminated with colored lanterns and electric jets. In producing effects by means of light, shade, and color, the Siamese are very skilful. and show excellent taste.

> On this occasion an artificial mountain ornamented with silver and gold, about a hundred feet high, was so constructed that it could be ascended by winding steps to the summit. It was adorned with little trees, flowers, animals, and other novel decorations, representing in miniature the four quarters of the globe.

> In a grotto in this mountain the Prince went to bathe before his topknot was cut off. Brahminical religious services were held; the water was consecrated. Then, at the auspicious moment, as ascertained by the astrologers and Brahmins, the great and important wax taper was lighted, parched and unparched corn was scattered, and banners waved to receive the Prince. His Majesty the King, elegantly dressed and wearing his highest decoration,-that of the White Elephant,- was present, and directed

> The consecrated water was poured upon the Prince from the royal conch-shell and howls

by the King, Queen, and princes. During the The ceremonies were continued for six days, bathing, he was screened by curtains from gen- The first day was devoted to religious obser-

eral observation, and when his garments were vances that were attended mostly by Siamese

and official persons. Upon the second and following days there were grand processions.

On these occasions all Siamese of rank. the foreign legations, and various officials were present.

In the grand square not far from the entrance to the palace, and opposite the gold and silver mountain. a canopied structure was built near to the throne for the occasion. This was occupied by the foreign ministers, consuls, and guests of the Government.

Here also were seated the princes, the governors of provinces, the judges, and two hundred or more rajahs and nobles who had come from different parts of the kingdom to be present at the ceremony. They were attired in rich courtdresses of cloth of gold. with decorations, jewels, and laces, which, with their bronzed faces and jet-black hair, made a very picturesque and striking group. Some had strong, expressive



changed he was adorned with a gauze shoulder faces, but none were so attractive as his Majcloth and a large chain of gents. The King, esty, especially when seated upon his throne leading him by the hand, then descended to and adorned with his grand crown. the base of the mountain. The King is of distinguished bearing. His countenance is expressive of benignity and in- bare, and they carried their small hands with telligence. It is a face that, because of its fine palms touching and fingers pointed outward

Oriental type, would attract attention on any occasion.

The procession was most imposing; indeed, words can hardly convey a proper impression of its picturesqueness. The king's body-guard, with the royal standard and a band of foreign instruments, led the advance. Next followed a line of infantry ratans, which they applied freely to the backs of the unfortunate natives who blocked the way. Then came the chiefs, wearing sabers ing lines of palace pages, who were dressed in gorgeous robes.

Then in companies came six thousand young men and women, the flower of the kingdom, representing various nationalities within the dominions - Siamese, Cochin-Chinese, Burmans, Laotians, Malays, Cambodians, and others.

First in line were a thousand Siamese girls from fourteen to eighteen years old, who marched together, having the place of honor heading the column. They wore white bod-

ices, purple patoons, or loose trousers, and vellow scarfs over one shoulder and knotted at the breast high, the Siamese mode of salutation. waist. One shoulder, the arms, and feet were Straight as arrows, they moved gracefully and VOL. XX.-48.



SIAM, GERMA A DROT GRAPH TAKEN A YEAR OR TWO AFTER GREMONY DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

modestly, and surely made a very pretty sight. They were escorted by a body-guard of Amazons in dark blue uniforms trimmed with red, a rear-guard of the same following. Then were heard the most thrilling, ear-splitting sounds in the distance. These strains from the native Malay band heralded the coming of the Crown-Prince, who shortly after appeared seated in his gilded and lacquered palanquin, with the great golden umbrella, large fans, and other paraphernalia. He was escorted by a body-guard of nobles in embroidered apparel and lace cloaks, like those already spoken of. Every one arose, as all had done when the King passed, and respectfully saluted the young Prince by bowing. The greetings were courteously returned by a wave of his hand.

Companies of Malays, Burmans, Cochin-Chinese, and other races followed, wearing their native picturesque costumes. The population of Siam comprises these various types, and gives a good idea of the various Oriental races.

Indeed the procession was a sight such as could be seen in no other land, and was most picturesque.

A battation of the regular army of Stain, in white uniforms, with their fine military band, was also in line, and the men presented a soldierly appearance.

The band-master formerly held a similar position in a United States frigate that visited Siam a few years ago, but, being invited to join the King's service, he was permitted to leave the ship and accept the appointment. He has taught the Siamese to play upon the various foreign musical instruments, and the King has now a fine regimental band, as well as several bands of native performers, making a pleasing variety of music.

Dancing by girls in pretty costumes, and by young men, with peculiar slow graceful movements, was part of the entertainment provided.

The Siamese as a people are gentle of voice and manner, avoiding anything that may lead to expressions of anger. To one accustomed to witness the push, bustle, and tumult on similar occasions in the large capitals of Europe and America, the quiet order and decorum of the Siamese was most agreeable and impressive. Every one present seemed to be

swayed only by a wish to make the festivities a success. No one seemed to enjoy it more than the King: it honored the Prince and pleased the people. Whenever the King arose from his seat every one stood and remained standing until he was again seated; and when his Majesty, taking the arm of the Crown-Prince, had assisted him from his palanquin to the throne, upon a signal upon a native instrument the whole assembly bowed three times.

The natives in attendance for marching or dancing were hospitably entertained by his Majesty, who gave to each one, it was reported, a *licall* in silver (a coin equal to sixty cents) for each day of their attendance; so that quite a considerable sum was scattered among the people. His Majesty is liberal and hospitable on such occasions.

During the festivities a superb banquet was given by the King, and several hundreds of royal princes, nobles, foreign ministers, and guests sat at the feast, which was followed by a reception by the King and the Crown-Prince.

There was a splendid ball and banquet in honor of the Crown-Prince by his Royal Highness the youngest brother of the King. It was very grand, and was honored by the presence of the King and the Crown-Prince.

The education of the Crown-Prince has beer well conducted.

The autograph letter from him reproduced on the next page shows his courtesy, and his creditable proficiency in English.

The photographs of the Prince, taken one before the hair-cutting ceremony, and the other a year or two later, are excellent likenesses.

The elephant is the national emblem of Siam. It is a more agreeable representative emblem for a state than are the rapacious birds, venomous reptiles, and ferocious wild becasts, often the enemies of mankind, which have been adopted by some other nations.



The Palace Bangkek February 28* 1891.

Dear Mr Smith, cAllow me to offer you my best thanks, for the presents which you so kindly send me yesterday. I have been amusing myself today with the pistol The pictures of the American fishes are indeed beautiful. I wish I could send you some pictures of our Diamese fish, for we have some very fine ones, specially the one we call vinn (plan too.)

I hope you have enjoyed your stay in Siam; I hear that you intend coming to you will find it extremely interesting. I should very much like to come + see your Country some day, + all the wonderful things which you described to my father.

of sending you some photo
graphs of myself; I think
they will be ready to-morrow.
Should I ever make my
wished for trip to the United
Alates, I shall certainly hope
for the pleasure of meeting you three
I am,
Sincerely you

THE RACOON AND THE RABBIT



A RACOON and a Rabbit were crossing a this way we may so reduce it that we shall be river together in an old tub. When about midway between the two shores, they discovered that their boat was leaking badly. They the water, and neither of them could swim, so you may be sure they were badly frightened. At length the Rabbit hit upon a plan which he thought might save them.

drinking the water in our boat, and perhaps in ridding one's self of it.

The Racoon readily agreed to this plan, and both animals set to drinking with a will. But though they were able to reduce the quantity of water in the tub, it continued to settle, and presently went down with the two unfortunate

From this sad tale we may learn the whole-"Let us," said he to his companion, "fall to some lesson that shifting a responsibility is not



RUNAWAY

DOROTHY DEEMS, in her dove-colored hat, on a sweet, sunshiny day,
Taking her grandmama's coal-colored cat.

Started to run away:

Dorothy Deems

Had been—so it seems—

Abused and misused in a terrible way:

A tall turkey-gobbler, with confident pace, Flapping his wings in the air,

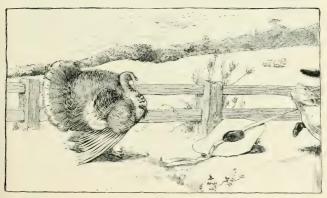
Flapping his wings in the air,
Fell in with Dorothy Deems
face to face—
But . . . Dorothy was n't there!

Dorothy Deems,
To judge by her screams,
Regretted exceedingly this whole affair.

III

Dorothy fled with the coal-colored cat,
In an undignified way:
Trotted off, trailing the dove-colored hat;
Reached home in tears. But they say
Dorothy Deems,
In her wildest dreams,
Will never again think of running away,

Nell K. McElhone.





OUTWITTING A SHARK.

By Theodore Ackerman.

On board the good ship "Vincennes," during a cruise in the Pacific Ocean, a party of English and American officers were one day in the cabin talking cheerfully of the Cape and the cruise, when, as if by magic, every countenance changed. Spellbound for an instant, all sat intently listening. There was a strange commotion in the ship. Then came that noise of hurrying feet, unaccompanied by the voice of

in which were caught the ominously coupled words: "Shark!-Boy!" In a moment all were on deck. Glancing over the side rail, we saw in a row-boat moored to the end of the side boom, a few feet from the side, one of the ship's boys, a bright, cheerful little fellow, standing erect, holding a boat-hook ready to strike. Gliding slowly toward him, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, through which its broad



CAME THE TRON-F INTRO GOAT-HOOK WITH ALL THE FOR EAA DOMSH ARM COLE GIVE IT." (SEE NEXT LOCAL)

were, too, half-suppressed exclamations of alarm. prizes to her Majesty's cruisers on the coast.

command, which, breaking the silence of a well- back could be plainly seen, was a great white disciplined man-of-war, and echoing below, in- shark-a "man-eater"; such as in former days spires a creeping fear of unknown evil. There followed in the wakes of captured slavers,

The crew of the Vincennes stood aghast, powerless to aid. Some called to the boy to lie down in the boat; others shouted to him to pull away. But, wholly intent on the movements of the fearful creature, he did not hear them. We had not long to wait; the shark came on, raising its head out of the water, so that its sinister eyes could be seen. Pressing heavily on the wale of the boat, it bore down the side.

We expected to see the boat roll over upon the shark, and held our breath. Down came the iron-pointed boat-hook with all the force a boyish arm could give it. A blow, and then a quick thrust, and the light boat, buoyant as a feather, slipped out from under the shark's head and righted herself. ladder, and, springing up, climbed to the boom, along which he tripped lightly to the ship.

Under his little blue jacket beat a man's heart—as, indeed, all knew before, for once it chanced that at Madeira some people came on board, in time of famine, asking alms. Among those who contributed was this boy, and so liberally, and with such a matter-of-course air, that a jovial seaman called out, "Hallo! old man, what are you about?" "Jack," said the boy, looking back over his shoulder, as he walked away, "I know what it is to be poor."

But to return to the shark. Reluctant to give up its expected prey, it was gliding round the now empty boat, flashes of a pale greenish light playing around the dark mouth working in



"IN HER BOW A PRAWNY SEAMAN, WITH BARED ARM, POISED HIS BARGOON" ISSE MEAT PAGE (

It was a gallant sight, to see that sailor boy standing undaunted before what might indeed be called the jaws of death. Rapidly and well did he ply his weapon. The shark, baffled, drew back as if to take measure of the brave little fellow, preparatory to a final rush which should seal the boy's fate. In that perilous instant, cool and collected, seizing the painter with one hand while he pointed the boat-hook with the other, to ward off the shark's attack. The hox quackly drew the boat under the rope-

fretful impatience. Sinking, it reappeared beneath the boat, and putting its nose under the stern, tossed her up in the air. This was done several times; then, coming close to the side of the ship, abreast the gangway, it placed itself upright in the water, looking up, and mouthing the copper. Again turning away, it swam restlessly about. During this interval, however, brief as it was, a boat had been manned on the other side of the ship, and now appeared swiftly rounding the stern under the

impulse of six bending oars. It was headed for bow of the ship, between the chain-cable and the shark. In her bow a brawny seaman, with bared arm, poised his harpoon. When within striking distance, he drove the weapon with so true an aim and such force that it buried itself to the wood. With a twirl that made the water boil, the shark darted away, the boat surging in its wake, and fairly leaping at every sweep of its broad tail. Round and round they went as the shark vainly struggled to free itself from the barbed iron: at length, passing under the

the stem, a space too narrow for the boat to follow, it jammed her there, tightened the rope, and with one tremendous effort broke away. The disappointed crew hauled in the line, to find the iron shaft of the harpoon bent nearly double by the fish's struggles. They saw the shark no more.

So tenacious of life are these ferocious creatures, however, that this one may have recovered from the wound, severe though it was.

THE BOYHOOD OF EDISON.

By Lida Rose McCabe.

stolid face, a compact little body clad in blue fean blouse and very voluminous trousers. hands stained with chemicals, and thrust into pockets when not filled with newspapers there was no confounding young Edison with a mollycoddle. His father tells us that he "never had any boyhood days; his earliest amusements were steam-engines and mechanical forces."

In Milan, on the banks of the Huron River, where he passed the first seven years of his life, he seems to have joined in the boys' games; but soon marbles, ball, and hop-scotch were left to less ingenious urchins, while young Edison constructed plank roads or dug tunnels and caves along the shore.

Canal-boats plied upon the river. The boy learned to imitate the boatmen's refrain, and before his fifth year was amusing the villagers by his clever songs.

His interest in tunneling was rivaled by his love for chickens. Astonished at the results of a goose sitting on a nest of eggs, the inventor thought to increase the broods by a device of his own. One day the boy was missed from his usual haunts. Messengers were sent in search of him and found him curled up in a

A GLAZED cap pulled down over a chubby, nest he had made in the barn. It was filled with goose and hen eggs, upon which he was sitting, trying to hatch them!

There was one phase of Milan child-life in which Edison, happily or unhappily, hardly shared. He was not one of those who daily trudged with satchel and books to the whitewashed school-house. Indeed, Edison went to school for only two months. In her youth his mother had been a teacher in the Canadian High School. She taught her son at home. impressing him with the love and purpose of study. Like many of the world's greatest men, Edison owes much of his fame to his mother, to whom he was a devoted son. Reading was his delight. His father, to encourage him in the habit, paid him for every volume he finished. At the age of seven, the family removed from Milan to Port Huron, where Edison, on the shores of Lake Erie, continued to build roads and dig tunnels, during the same time pursuing his studies at home with the industry and concentration that continue to dominate his life.

With Hume's "History of England," D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Gibbon's "Rome," Sears's "History of the World," the "Penny Encyclopædia," and various scientific works, he had well stored his mind before he began as a train-boy to carry a basket of figs, apples, toys, periodicals, and newspapers. In the ups and downs of this rugged calling Edison found his university education. He always refers to this period with a humorous gleam in his searching eyes.

His "run" was from Port Huron to Detroit. Night, however, always found him in the shelter of his father's home—a large old-fashioned frame building surrounded by a grove, and with an observatory that commanded a glorious outlook over the broad river and distant hills.

Business increased rapidly, and soon the boy had to employ four assistants.

At this period, Edison's inventive genius first asserted itself. The war had just begun. News was eagerly awaited. It was this dull-looking newsboy who hit upon the novel idea of telegraphing, in advance of his train, the head-lines of the war-news columns, which were promptly bulletined at the stations. When the train arrived his papers sold with electric speed.

His stock in trade was purchased principally at the Detroit end of the line, where his reputation as an "honest boy" who did a "cash business" was soon established. Between trains, he was often to be found in the Detroit library, where he undertook to read every volume on the shelves. Beginning at the bottom shelf, he read a line of books fifteen feet long, when he abandoned the task to dip into poetry and fiction, finding great pleasure in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" and "The Toilers of the Sea"—books which are still favorites.

Gifted with a remarkably retentive memory, Edison has always been able to quote extensively from his vast fields of research, and is still able to refer without difficulty to the great store of information at his command, when required in his manifold experiments.

Had Edison been a less energetic boy, he might have remained to this day a vender of news. But scarcely had he reached his fifteenth year when he resolved to edit and publish a paper of his own. For this purpose he purchased three hundred pounds of old type from the Detroit Free Press whose composing-room was one of his favorite resorts when off duty.

Attached to his train there was a springless freight-car with a room set apart for smoking. entered this compartment. Here the newsboy deposited his type and set about the publication of The Grand Trunk Herald. It was a twelve- by sixteen-inch sheet, printed by the pressure of the hand and on one side only. The Herald was issued weekly and sold for three cents a copy or eight cents a month, and reached a circulation of several hundreds. The columns, as is shown in the illustrations, were devoted to railway gossip, changes, accidents, market-reports, and general information. Railroad men of prominence were among its contributors, and it became celebrated as the only newspaper in the world printed in a railway train. The journalistic ambition of the young editor was satisfied when the Herald attained editorial mention in the London Times.

Not content with his success as editor, publisher, and train-boy, Edison now purchased on the instalment plan a supply of chemicals, and having secured in the railroad shops some old retorts in exchange for papers, he fitted up in the Herald office a chemical laboratory. Rich in Fresenius's "Qualitative Analysis," which he had thoroughly studied, and the materials now at hand, he stood on the threshold of a new world, with the dawning consciousness of the message nature's untried forces had in store for him. Alas, an extra jolt of the springless car one day played havoc with the rudely constructed laboratory! In the wreck was a bottle of phosphorus from which the water had evaporated. The phosphorus ignited and set fire to the car, and, before he could say Jack Robinson, the hapless young chemist, editor, and vender was soundly cuffed by the infuriated conductor and thrown bodily from the blazing train!

Recalling the incident, years afterward, Edison in the laboratory at Menlo Park gave so practical an illustration of the catastrophe that an explosion ensued, filling the place with stifling fumes and creating a stampede among some distinguished scientists assembled in a room above the laboratory. Through the blinding vapor they descended, excitedly demanding an explanation.

"Oh!" said Edison, amused at their panic, "I was only showing the gentlemen how that explosion occurred on the Grand Trunk Line."

The destruction of the boy's railroad laboratory transferred his operations to the basement of his father's house in Port Huron. In order that his chemicals should not be disturbed, he labeled every bottle "Poison,"

At this time he made his second venture into the journalistic field by the publication of a newspaper called Paul Prv. It was a more ambitious publication than the Herald, and had a host of contributors and a large subscription-list. Its fate, however, was scarcely less disastrous than that of its predecessor. A contributed article gave offense to a subscriber. of the St. Clair, deliberately pitched him into the river.

His success in telegraphing the war-column early impressed young Edison with the power of telegraphy. His curiosity on that subject was thenceforth insatiable. He read everything on electricity that he could get; he besieged the telegraph offices and the railroad shops along the line, and was the terror of the engineers; and he never failed to beg for a ride on the engine, where he frequently made mischief by trying to solve for himself the why and wherefore of the steam-horse's construction.

In the telegraph offices he could see the cup with its copper, zinc, and acid, and hear the click of the sounder; but whence came the magical power? Determined to find out for himself, he constructed a short line from his laboratory to the residence of his young assistant and chum, James Ward. Common stovepipe wire, insulated with bottles placed on nails driven into trees (and carried under an exposed road by means of a piece of abandoned cable fished up from the Detroit River), was the equipment used. The youngster had seen sparks emitted from a cat's back. Judging that there must be a good battery where the indications were so strong, he inserted a cat in the circuit, using the fore and hind feet as electrodes.

The connection made, he tried to start the electric current by rubbing the cat's back. Despite the animal's telephonic resentment of the liberty taken, the experiment was not with-

out success. A tremendous local current and perfect electric arc were produced, attended by considerable disturbance; but as the battery would not work, the line was soon abandoned.

His second venture in practical telegraphy was the turning-point of his life. The story is told as it was related to the writer by Mr. I. U. Mackenzie, who during the early sixties was the station-agent and operator at Mount Clemens. Michigan.

As a newsboy Edison's run took him twice a week through Mount Clemens on the train known as the "mixed" division. This train reached that station between 10 and 11 A. M., and returned to Port Huron between 4 and 5 P. M. Young Edison was popular with the who, meeting the editor-in-chief on the banks railroad men, whom he delighted to enter-



MR J. U. MA KENZIE - EDISON'S FIRST INSTRUCTOR IN TELEGRAPHY. (SEE NEXT I V.E.)

tain in his train laboratory with chemical experiments, and had made a stanch friend of the Mount Clemens operator. Mr. Mackenzie and his wife and family lived over the station.

It was a summer day. The "mixed" arrived in good time, and the train was cut loose

ahead of the baggage-car in order to pick up escaped without injury. The act was heroic, a car of freight on its way to Jackson. This and our gratitude was unbounded. I was just left the passenger- and baggage-car at the north- then unable, however, to substantially reward end of the station platform. The engine and the young hero. Then I remembered his also freight-ears backed in on the freight-house track sorbing interest in telegraphy. Many a time I



IN IMPER OF "THE GRAND TRUNK HERALD" - THE TOY EDISON'S NEWSLATER, ENDITED IN A RATIONAL DRUNK.

and pulled out the car on to the main track, without a brakeman, giving it a gentle push toward the baggage-car. The track was very

"My son, then two and a half years old," said Mr. Mackenzie, "unobserved by his nurse, had strayed upon the main track and was amusing himself throwing pebbles, when Edison, who stood near with papers under his arm, turned and saw the child's danger. Throwing aside his papers, he plunged between the cars just in time to drag himself and the child clear of the approaching cars. Excepting scratches, both had driven him from the office, for his curiosity led him into all sorts of mischief, to my annoyance. 'Al,' I said, 'stop at Mount Clemens from II A. M. until 4 P. M. several days each week, a position.' The offer was eagerly accepted.

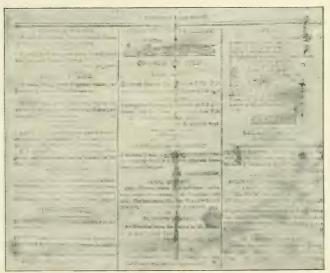
"Edison soon had erected a line from the station tank to my brother-in-law's sleeping-room over the station. The instruments used were were perfect. Subsequently the boy put up a perfectly equipped working line from the station to the village drug-store—a distance of one mile. It worked very well in the fine, dry weather during which it was built, but the first rainy day rendered it useless. It could hardly have been otherwise, for nine-tenths of the line was fastened with mere penny nails to the cedar of a snake-stake. There were no insulators of any kind, and the line was what is known as stove-pipe annealed wire. Excepting two paid messages sent over this line, the whole was a financial failure.

"One day while the line was in operation Al

the 'duplex' was contested, I recalled to him the incident.

"'Had I had your evidence, Mackenzie,' said the inventor in reply, 'it would have saved me \$300,000.'"

In three months the pupil excelled the master, who had no hesitation in recommending him to the telegraph superintendent. Edison became night operator at Stratford, Ontario. Young Mackenzie now rides the largest bicycle in the United States, and is a trusted man in his rescuer's employ.



SE' NO TA E OF "THE CRAND IN NK HERALD."

rushed into my office, his eyes electric sparks.

Mr. Mackenzie, 'he cried, 'I can send two
messages at the same time over a single wire!'

"'Away with your nonsense.' I replied, and drove him out of the office. After the Boston trial in which Edison's claim to the invention of

In telegraphy, operators are taught: receivers must be born. Equipped by nature and training, Edison gave up the newsboy life, in which he had earned in four years \$2500, the greater part of which he gave to his parents.

Now began his migratory career as a tele-

graph operator. Many ups and downs were his. Often he was cold, hungry, and shelterless, for the insatiable impulse to experiment to the neglect of his duties kept him continually out of work. One day he reveled in the praises his ingenuity evoked; the next, he was dubbed "Luny" and turned adrift.

Perhaps his most ingenious boyhood feat was performed during an ice jam that broke the cable between Port Huron in Michigan and Sarnia in Canada. The river at this point is a mile and a half wide. The ice made the river impassable, and there was no way of repairing the cable.

Edison impulsively jumped on a locomotive and seized the valve controlling the whistle. He had an idea that the blasts of the whistle might be broken into long and short sounds, corresponding to the dots and dashes of telegraphy. In a moment the whistle sounded over the river: Toot, toot, toot, toot—toot, tooto—toooood—toot, toot—toot, toot.*

"Hallo-o! Sarnia! Do you get me?"

"Do you hear what I say?"

No answer.

"Do you hear what I say, Sarnia?"

A third, fourth, and fifth time the message went across, to receive no response. Finally, the operator on the other side understood. Answering "toots" came cheerfully back, and the connection was established.

Always indifferent about his dress, with hair that stood up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," Edison's wanderings brought him at seventeen years of age to the Cincinnati office of the Western Union, where his absorption in electricity and predictions of its future power confirmed the sobriquet "Luny," which clung to him even until his fame was established.

"We have the craziest chap in our office," said the telegraph manager to the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gaselle; "the does all sorts of queer things. I would n't be surprised if he should be great some day. Let me tell you his last prank. We have been annoyed for some time by cockroaches. They infested the sink. They don't now. 'Luny' fixed them! He just ran two parallel wires around the sink.

and charged one with negative and the other with positive electricity; bread-crumbs were then scattered, and when Mr. Cockroach appeared and put his little feet on the wires, ashes were all that were left to tell the tale." In this cockroach "annihilator" was the germ of the incandescent light.

time. Inquiringly he roamed about the libraries or machine-shops of the town in which he happened to be, and night not unfrewere required to report every half hour to the circuit manager. How to comply with this regulation and indulge in a nap at the same time was a conundrum Edison's fertile ingenuity soon solved. He rigged up a wheel with Morse characters cut in the circumference in such a way that when turned by a crank and weight it would write the figure "six" and sign his office signal. The promptness with which Edison's office always responded was soon commented on at headquarters. Once, however, the main office sent a message, asking that a train be held. There was no response. The young rogue had not counted on this. Investigation was set on foot, the trick was discovered, and again the boy operator was adrift. The District Telegraph of today is the substantial expression of this sleepy lad's device to partake undisturbed of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Wherever he went, in these boyhood days, he had a workshop, and every telegraph office in which he tarried witnessed some electrical freak of his restless brain. In some form or other, his subsequent inventions embody these boyhood contrivances.

The determination, industry, perseverance, honesty, and temperate habits of his boyhood followed him into manhood. The forty-five distinct inventions with which he has since revolutionized modern civilization, his library of roo,000 volumes, the best-equipped laboratory in the world, are but the larger expression of the tastes of the Grand Trunk Line newsboy, in whom his contemporaries were unable to divine the Wizard of the Nineteenth Century.

FROM MONTRESA TO SAN MATEO

By E. VINTON BLAKE.

way to the South: we are in the land of the cactus.

the maguey, and the banana, the land of sun and of shadow. of almost medieval romance, of cold moun-

In front rides Simon Casey, the guide, alert and active, on his big brown horse; his sharp blue eves take note of all things, from the dropping leaf to the distant reflection of the sun on the mountain peak that indicates high noon. On his right trots "Rangoon," with big eves wide open and watchful, one restless ear pricked forward, the other back, listening for a word from me. At my other side, Will Grant, in a brand-new hunting-shirt, bestrides his roan. Behind us, Herries, Hexam, and Miner ride abreast, while the swarthy-faced Crix, the Mexican who generally presides over our mess-kettle, brings up the rear on his agile Indian pony.

A tall, angular, consumptive-looking fellow was Tom Herries when he first came out on the plains. Physicians shook their heads at him. But now the angles of my friend's frame are well rounded out, he never coughs, his skin has a healthy bronze, he will ride as far and fast and hunt as well as the next man. The superb mountain air and the healthy outof-doors life have made a new man of my friend.

Hexam, a short, stocky, active fellow of twenty-six, rides one of the mustangs of the country; he does not believe in the natural viciousness of mustangs. "Respect a horse," he says, "and he will respect you." I agree with Hexam there.

Herries believes that Hexam and his horse are well matched; for his own part, he cannot

EHOLD us! We are on our ride a mustang—his long legs would drag on the ground. Consequently his horse is a big sorrel American, well broken in to all the details of a hunter's life. Miner's animal is a queer piebald, with a deal of intelligence and sagacity under his odd skin.

> I have been particular to introduce to you the four-footed members of our party, because I consider them of great consequence. Why should I not? A hunter's life often depends on the courage, the training, the sagacity of his horse; one comes to be strongly attached to these dumb companions of one's adventures often repaid by fidelity on the part of the

> Rarely were our journeys undertaken along traveled or frequented routes. We sought rather the byways of the mountains, and little villages seldom visited by Americans; and we frequently came upon scenes of natural beauty and grandeur which would offer rare inspiration to the artist. As a natural consequence, we often had queer experiences which could never have come to us had we followed the travelers.

> In due course we came to Montresa. I never saw Montresa on any map. It is a are two hundred inhabitants, men, women, and children. The one inn must have been hundreds of years old; it reminded me of some old Moorish architecture I have seen abroad. There was a stone fountain in the outer court, with dragons' heads carved on it, that was with age. The place must have been originally quite a town; but now fully half the houses

These Mexican towns seem to present themselves suddenly before you. There are no suburbs; you see the town a long way off, and the -what do you call him, señora, my good houses are all together. Often the remains of a wall surround them, or stone gate-posts ornament the entrance of the principal street. Down the one street of Montresa we rode at a slow trot, the lounging inhabitants fixing on us eyes of lazy curiosity.

Not to make a long story of it, we were installed in due season at the inn. The worthy or unworthy - Señor Juan Ferniero, his two brothers, his wife Iñez, her mother, and his niece Marina, were the members of his interest-

All went well till dinner was served. Then Señora Iñez came in to wait upon us; and with her came a boy of perhaps a dozen years.

The boy immediately attracted my attention. No Mexican about him - his eyes were blue, his hair was blond and curly. He manifested mortal fear of Señora Iñez, who treated him quite as one might treat a dog. He ran hither and thither at her bidding; he brought tortillas, coffee, and the fruit after meat.

"Where under the sun did the Mexicans get that little chap?" said Will Grant to me.

The boy understood English; that was plain from the quick flash of his eye at the question. Still he never said a word, only shot a fearful glance at Señora Iñez. But the Mexicans, happily, understood only their mother-tongue.

"Nobody knows - only he seems afraid of his life," said I. And just then Señor Juan called his wife through the open window.

"Look here, boy," said Will, in Spanish, stretching out his hand. But the voungster, quick as a flash, thrust into it a dish of tortillas, saying rapidly and with an apprehensive glance toward the Señora's broad back, "Tortillas, señor? - si, señor"; then he added under his breath in English, "Don't you speak to me. If you do, she 'll send me away"; and with a dive he was gone into the kitchen for hot cakes.

A general glance of astonishment passed around the table. No further notice was taken of the child for some minutes: but we felt that something was wrong,

"Here, you little - hi! - what 's your name?" said Miner, presently, in Spanish, as he tipped back lazily on his bench, "Some more coffee,

- "Henriquez, señor," answered the woman,
- "Your child, is he?"
- "My child! not he, señor. A servanta slave that my husband bought three years ago." She checked herself suddenly, bestowed a blow on the boy's shoulders, and bade him get to work for a lazy scamp - did n't he see
- "He has not your fine black hair, señora, nor your dark eves - one can see that."
- "No," assented the woman, pleased at my compliment, "no; he is a poor, bleached-out good-for-nothing. One has to stand by with a rawhide to get out of him work enough to pay for his eating."
- "Who, then, were his father and mother,
- "Who should know, senor?" with a shrug,
- "Americans, surely," I suggested. "Perhaps," assented Señora Iñez reluctantly,

with a half-glance toward Señor Juan Ferniero, who seemed now to be listening, "But my husband, there, paid a good price for him to a Zuñi Indian, who brought him here. More than that I know not. Get to work in the kitchen, boy!" she added spitefully to the child, "or else thy shoulders shall smart before night!"

The child obeyed, casting on me as he passed a pathetic look of silent appeal that went to my heart. We said no more to the señora, but conversed in English among ourselves.

"Wal, now, we 've stayed here long enough," said Simon Casev, stretching his long limbs after dinner, "and I reckon we ought ter do quite a spell of travelin' this afternoon."

"Hold on," said I; "I 'm not going to stir out of this till I unravel the mystery about this child. I 've a tender place in my heart for children; and these people never came honestly by that little American fellow. I don't propose to leave him here, either."

"Hullo!" said Grant, pushing back his sombrero, "Have you thought, young man, that you'll be getting yourself into a regular Mexican hornets'-nest?"

"Very likely," said I; "but I 'm going to

stay, all the same. And, Will, I know of no fellow who 'll stand by me longer than you!" and I slapped his broad shoulders.

"I 'm your man," responded the scout of the whole family. briefly.

"What are you going to do, Rafe?" asked monkey? Where is Henriquez?" Herries anxiously.

"Circumstances must determine that," said I. "I want a word with the boy, alone. How can I manage that?"

"If you 're really goin' to stir up a row

was no epithet of scorn and abuse which she did not heap on the unfortunate child. It was plain that he was a scapegoat for the faults

"Juan, where is that obstinate ape-that

"I know not," said Señor Juan, with a shrug. He glanced suspiciously at us, but our careless demeanor reassured him. "Cannot Marina find him?"

"Marina? Doubtless, if she should try; but



"WE WERE OUT AT A GAILOR," (SEE PAGE 772)

about the little chap," said Casey, who the jade favors the boy, I truly believe. The had been meditating, with his hands on his knees, "we'll all have a finger in the pie, I reckon. I'll take a stroll about, if you've no objections, while you fellers sit here and rest."

We had no objection, and remained lazily extended on seats and benches, while the old hunter stood leaning against the door and then strolled slowly away. He was gone a long time. During his absence, Señor Juan Ferniero entered and held converse awhile with us; and the mother-in-law came in search of the boy, who appeared suddenly to be missing. There

imp! Truly, I will beat him for this!"

We pretended to pay no attention; but through our casual conversation in English every ear was intent.

Other Mexicans strolled in; our host was obliged to direct his attention to them, and I was able to slip out unobserved.

It occurred to me that, as the kitchen opened into the corral, I might, if I went there, hear or see something of the lad. A laborer rose from the stone bench by the gate.

"What did the señor Americano please to want?"

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"Nothing, mio amigo"; go to sleep again," said I. "I prefer to look after my own horse."

I looked around the corral. It was a large one, and our seven horses were loose in it. A stone tank, shaded by a big banana-tree, was built against the high wall. A little thicket of hind a broken, defaced statue which ornamented the wall midway of the tank.

Rangoon was at that moment drinking. I strolled leisurely across to him, and put my arm

"How do you get on, old fellow?" said I. "Bread, eh? or sugar?"-for he was snuffing at my pockets. "Not a bit have I got for you, I 'm sorry to say, Perhaps by and by -ah!"

A suppressed sob came from the bambooshaded niche behind the old statue. I stepped leisurely up on the wide stone margin and walked around, just as if to examine the carving of the forehead and face. Yes - there he was, the forlorn boy, curled up in an uncommonly small space. One would not have believed he could get into the niche. There was no time to lose.

"See here, boy, where did you come from,

"From Boston, when I was eight years old," answered the lad, with an unmistakable Yankee accent; and his blue eyes flashed out such a look of mingled hope and fear. "Oh, can't you take me away, sir? They never bought me!"

"How did you come here?"

"My papa was sick, down here somewhere, and mama took me and came down to find him. We lived on - street, in a big brick house. We could n't find papa till he was dving, and mama and Uncle Tom were sick, Then Señor Ferniero said he'd take me to New Orleans and send me home. But he never-

" And what 's your name?"

"Harry Marston, sir. I have hardly dared Roderigo and Miguel are searching the village.

to speak one word of English since I've been here. I would have forgotten how, if I had n't whispered to myself sometimes. They whip me if I talk anything but Spanish."

"How old are you, Harry?"

"I think I must be eleven. I was about

"What under the sun does the rascal expect myself.

"I don't know, sir; but, anyway, he got all mama's and Uncle Tom's things when he took me; and then they make me do lots of work. Can't you take me away, sir?"

"Young fellow," said I, "I mean to take you away if I live to go myself. But you must be smart and do as I tell vou. I don't know whether the rascal will make any row," I added, examining the head of the old statue with attention, for I saw Señor Juan and a

"Oh, but he will!" whispered the lad; "for he said he 'd nearly kill me if I ever ran away. What shall I do?"

"Stay where you are, this afternoon. At night get on one of the horses' backs, and you can scale the wall. Is there any place on the road where I can pick you up?"

"In the bushes behind the big cross as you go to San Mateo. I'll hide there," whispered

"All right. I won't leave here till I get you-be sure of that." I strolled away.

"Go down to the Mission,-he may be there," said Señor Juan to his man. "He shall smart for this! Señor Americano, have you

"No, señor," replied the Mexican, with an it is probable. Wait till I catch him!"

"I do not part with my property so easily," answered the innkeeper. " My two brother-

him well!"

I wanted to knock the fellow down! To keep my hands out of mischief I put them in my pockets. We walked together toward the gate, and I returned to the room where my companions still sat. The old guide had come in.

"Find out anything?" said he.

"Yes," said I; "we 'll start to-morrow morning early. Every man had better see to the saddling of his own horse."

"And one of us must guard the corral gate,"

suggested Will Grant, slily.

"Just so, Will, my good fellow. But if matters go as I think they will, we shall get off peaceably. We 're to pick up the child on the road to San Mateo."

"I 've found out," observed Will, drily, "that in this world things don't commonly go as one thinks they will."

"I 've found out," said I, laughing, "that after Will has had his croak out, there 's no fellow readier than he to bear a hand in anything."

"Much obliged," said Will.

In this case we were forced to confess that Will's prediction had more than a grain of truth in it. Our plans were completely upset before

We were startled out of our waiting calm by a shout of exultation from the corral, a child's shriek for help, the loud-tongued vociferation of the mother-in-law, and Señora Iñez's shrill

We were on our feet in a minute, and rushed through the gate, at which the quick-witted Hexam took his stand, lest we should be shut inside the high stone wall.

A few brief sentences were exchanged in

"Every man saddle his horse as quick as he can," said Simon Casey calmly, " No use now waitin' for to-morrow, Rafe,"

"No," said I: "I'll carry him off."

"All right," replied Casey.

There was quite a scene in the corral. One of the rascally fellows had discovered the boy and dragged him from his hiding-place. Señor Juan, with a face of malignant joy, had him

He cannot have gone far. Oh, I will warm by the jacket, and was dragging him across the yard. The mother-in-law, flourishing a big stick, pranced on one side, and Señora Iñez guarded the other. Only Marina, the host's niece, a good-looking young girl with the black eyes and hair of her race, stood aloof with an expression of compassion for the terrified boy.

"Gain us a little time, Rafe; I'll saddle Rangoon," said Will Grant. The saddles and accoutrements were together under the archway. In less time than it takes to write it, every man had his horse by the mane. The welltrained animals rarely ran from their masters.

Señor Juan stared amazed as I coolly blocked his way.

"Ah, Señor Ferniero, you have then recovered your boy?"

"I have, indeed," answered the innkeeper, with a scowl of angry suspicion. He glanced at my busy companions, at his wife and mother, and back again at me.

"Where was he?" said I.

"In the niche over the tank, señor. The rascal!-the little imp! I will teach him! Ah-h-h-h!"

He shook the unfortunate child till the little fellow's teeth chattered in his head. Truly, a greater brute than Señor Ferniero I never saw.

"Juan, why do you stay here?" broke in the old woman, angrily. "I am in haste to get hold of him! Bring him into the kitchen."

"Stop, my good friend Juan," said I, keeping in front of him; "you have not yet told me how you happen to own the lad."

"What is that to you?" snarled Señor Ferniero. He began to foresee trouble. He glanced swiftly round, and shouted for Miguel and Roderigo.

"Hola, señora!" said I, sharply, to the old woman, who threatened me with a stick. "Don't you hit me, señora; if you do, you 'll probably be sorry!"

"Out of the way, beast!" shrieked the furious old woman; and the big stick came down with a vim. I just dodged it, whistling for Rangoon at the same time. The innkeeper, taking advantage of the diversion, started on a run for the kitchen with the struggling boy.

"Kick, young un!" shouted Will Grant, in English. "Kick, for your life!" And the child, excited and frantic, made a desperate resistance.

Rangoon, on a rapid trot, circled half round the excited group, as he came to me. He understood clearly that there was trouble. He was saddled and ready. He passed close by way, while I freed myself rather roughly from the vengeful woman.

The boy, with a desperate spring, caught the heavy Mexican stirrup, and silently held on for dear life. Rangoon started sidewise with a leap, and Señor Iuan, despite his wrathful resistance, was dragged after.

"Hold on tight, Harry!-curl up your feet!" I cried to him. Rangoon did not know what to make of the incumbrance; he never had been known to do harm to a child, but he reared in the air, whirled spitefully round, and attacked the innkeeper with teeth and forefeet. To save his skin the terrified Mexican let go of the boy and dodged. The women, frightened for a moment at his peril, gave me a chance to get to Rangoon, who plucked the boy's jacket vigorously with his teeth, but offered him no further harm.

The next instant I was in the saddle, and had pulled Harry to a seat behind me. I felt then that the battle was half gained.

Meantime, Miguel and Roderigo, two laborers, and half a dozen other Mexicans had appeared on the scene.

We were all in the saddle now, and held the gate, while the other party gathered in the street to oppose our progress. Their numbers were Indians who came running to join the fray.

"I'll be glad to get out o' this," said Simon Casey. Grant was alert and quiet, with a look in his eyes that meant business. In the momentary pause that ensued, I whipped out a spare strap and buckled Harry to myself. meant, whatever happened, to bring off the

count our enemies; I am certain there were twenty of them. The four hunters had all the plainsmen's contempt for Mexican bravery; I-well, I saw clearly what I had to do, and meant to accomplish it, if possible.

It is a mistake, boys, to think that a brave man never feels fear. Some of the bravest presence of danger and death. But, notwithstanding they knew the danger, they never faltered. That man is bravest who by sheer it down.

"Men," said Simon Casey, in Spanish, to the crowd, "stand back. This boy is ours. Juan Ferniero never came by him honestly. He stole him. We will pass peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. Stand back!"

The innkeeper had rushed through the house to the crowd in front. He urged them with shrieks and wild gestures to attack us. They hesitated; we were mounted, with arms in our hands. Seven resolute Americans were not to be despised. Just then, as Harry leaned anxiously sidewise to peer around my arm, a big stone came flying through the air and hit my right shoulder-blade with a whack, almost knocking the breath out of me.

One of the women in the corral behind us jumped up and down and shrieked with joy; it was she who had thrown the stone.

"Come!" said I, "let 's get out of this. An enemy in the rear is a bad thing,"

"These women are worse than the men!" exclaimed Will Grant.

A shower of stones began to fall thick and fast from the women, and it quickened the men's lagging energies. We saw that we must waste no more time.

"Keep together, boys," said Casey. "Rafe, you and I will break through first. Now!"

Rangoon obeyed nobly my short, stern command. There was a rush, several men grasped at our bridles - only to be kicked and beaten off. There were shots, shouts, flying stones, a veritable pandemonium of sounds-then we came out ahead and were off at a gallop down the long street with half the population at our heels. A few were even in their saddles and after us. But they did not follow us far.

us and the village did we halt to examine the my two friends were anxious but resolute; and extent of our mjuries. Herries had got a bullet through his arm—nothing dangerous, though; Hexam and Miner were badly bruised by stones; Crix, Will Grant, and Simon Casey were slightly wounded; my hat had two bullet-holes in it, and my back and Harry's were badly bruised by stones. But, altogether, we had cause to be thankful for our escape.

As night was falling fast, we had no resource but to ride on and on along the wild, narrow, lonely road, with the wild acacias on both sides, the odd-shaped cactuses, ghostly enough in the pale half-moonlight; with now and then a faint glimmer from the low-lying meadows, suggestive of dark water-pools in the hollows, and the dark undulating outline of distant hills drawn sharply across the fading yellow in the west. The steam of the panting horses scented the damp, still night; their tread alone broke the silence of the wide country. All conversation had ceased among the men.

I roused myself from an uneasy doze during which my body had mechanically accommodated itself to the easy lope of my horse. There was now no yellow in the west; the purple starlit dome, flecked with drifting masses of cloud, arched solemnly above us. Harry's head leaned uneasily against my shoulder; he was half asleep, but the closely buckled strap held him fast.

Hark! the faint, mellow boom of the midnight bell in the cathedral of San Mateo floats to us with strange, melancholy rhythm across the dim, descending slopes. Afar we discern its white walls and ghostly towers. The men find their tongues, we quicken our horses' pace and go flying down the hill.

What a haven of rest to our tired frames will be the Hotel San Mateo!

We wrote to Boston, to the address that Harry rather imperfectly remembered, making an appointment in the city of Mexico for the last of the following month, and meantime kept the boy with us. I am happy to be able to add that no less than three near relatives of the lad came to keep the appointment at the time named, and the rejoicings over his recovery were great. Harry is now at home in Boston.



AN INLAND VOYAGE.





Then o'er the snowy Alpine height, To leave a stain as black as night On Italy's fair name.

From Italy he crossed the blue, And hurried on as if he knew His journey's end he neared. On Darkest Africa he threw A shade of even darker hue, I'ill in the sands of Timbuctoo His record disappeared.

Only an inkstand's overflow, O Bumblebee! remains to show The source of your mishap;

But on that fair historic shore
There seemed to gather, as before,
A darkness in his train.
Through sunny France, across the line

To Germany, and up the Rhine To Switzerland he came; But though you've flown my ken beyond.

The foot-notes of your tour in mande.

Still decorate my

menoi.

By OLIVER HERFORD.



RAY tell me, sweet Forget-me-not. Oh, kindly tell me where you got Your name? I'm most desir-

ous to be told The legend or romance of old

From whence it came.

THE PROFESSOR.

I 've works on Botany a few, But though I 've searched them through and through,

Never a word Can I discover in the same About your interesting name.

Forget-me-not.

Why, how absurd!

THE PROFESSOR.

Ouite so! And now what could I do? I shall be most obliged if you Will make it plain.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Another time. One moment more, And you'll be drenched!

It 's going to pour:

I felt just now no less than four Big drops of rain.

Exit Professor.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

(Aside) Indeed, I 'd tell him if I knew; But it would never, never do If I explained

That, long ago, I quite forgot Why I was called Forget-me-not (It 's well it rained!).



FORGET-ME-NOT.

Indeed, good sir, it seems to me, If you have books on Botany Upon your shelf,

You'd better far consult those books-He learns a thing the best who looks It up himself.



FROM HAKLUYUS "VOYAGES." *

STREETHONS BY FLORENCE WALLERS SNEDEKER.

Master John Hawkins, having made divers voyages to the Isles of the Canaries, and then, by his good and upright dealing grown in love and favor with the people, . . . assuming that Negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola, and that store of Negroes might easily be had upon the coast of Guinea, resolved with himself to make trial thereof.

H1 was a brave man; later he was vice-admiral of the English fleet which fought against the great Spanish Armada, and was knighted for his bravery upon that occasion; a good man and shrewd, writing in his ship-orders, "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company," But he was the first of Englishmen to commit the sin of taking up the slave-trade.

He made two successful voyages, returning home with his vessel laden with "hides, ginger sugar, and some quantity of pearls," Then, upon the third voyage, disaster overtook him. Of it he wrote:

If all the miseries and troublessome affairs of this sorrowful voyage—should be perfectly and thoroughly wratten, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the matters.

Three accounts of this voyage have been gathered by Hakluyt: a brief one by Hawkins himself, another by Miles Phillips, and a third by the simple gunner, Job Hortop. This last account is as follows:

OUR VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.



"The LATE SEC. OF THE LEAST WAS MADE".

I, Job Hortop, powder-maker, was from my sunder with his sword; and it made age of twelve years brought up with Mr. Francis black as if it were colored with ink.

Lee, the Queen's powder-maker. Whom I served until I was pressed to go on the third voyage to the West Indies, with the right worshipful Sir John Hawkins, who appointed me to be one of the gunners in her Majesty's ship called the "Jesus of Lubeck."

[They went first to Africa, captured a cargo of slaves, and proceeded to the "mainland of the West Indies."]

We came in, and tarried two months dressing our ships; and in the meantime traded with certain Spaniards of that country. There our General sent us into a town which stood on a high hill, to entreat a bishop there for his favor and friendship in their laws. Who, hearing of our coming, forsook the town in fear.

On our way up the hill, we found a monstrous venomous worm with two heads. His body was as big as a man's arm, and a yard long. Our master, Robert Barret, did cut him in sunder with his sword; and it made the steel as

*See St. Nicholas for June, 1803

beasts, which subtly devour men. They use them looked behind, the traveled ways, and will show themselves - Our General sent the "Angel" and the "Ju-

Here be many tigers, monstrous and furious so used two of our company, had not one of



"A SHOT TROM A TIGHT CANNON STRUCK AWAY THE CUT". (SEE TAGE 777.)

twice or thrice to the travelers, and so depart dith" to Rio de Hacha, where we anchored secretly, lurking till they be past. Then sud- before the town. The Spaniards shot three denly they leap upon them. They would have cannon at us from the shore, whom we requited

with two of ours, and shot through the governor's house. In the mean time, there came a caravel from San Domingo, whom we chased and drove to the shore. We fetched him thence in spite of two hundred Spanish arquebusshot, and anchored again before the town; and rode there with them till our General's coming.

We landed and planted on the shore our field ordnance. We drove the Spaniards up into the country above two leagues.

Thence we shaped our course to Santa Marta, where we landed, traded, and sold negroes.

There two of our company killed a monstrous adder going toward his cave with a cony in his mouth. His body was as big as a man's thigh, and seven feet long. Upon his tail he had sixteen knots, every one as big as a great walnut, which they say do show his age. His color was green and yellow.

From thence we sailed to Cartagena, where we went in, moored our ships, and would have traded with them. But they durst not, for fear of the king. We brought up against the castle our vessel, the "Minion," and shot at the castle and town.

Then we landed in an island, where were many gardens. There in a cave we found many botijos* of wine, which we brought away with us. In recompense whereof, our General commanded to be set on shore woolen and linen cloth, to the value thereof.

From hence by foul weather we were forced to seek the port of St. John de Ullua. In our way we met with a small ship that was bound for San Domingo. On board was a Spaniard called Augustin de Villa Nova, who was the man who betrayed all the noble men in the Indies, and caused them to be beheaded; wherefore he fled to San Domingo. Him we took and brought with us into the port of St. John de Ullua. Our General made great account of him, and used him like a nobleman. Howbeit, in the end, he was one of them that betrayed us.

When we had moored our ships and landed, we mounted the ordnance we found in the island, and for our safeties kept watch and ward.

The next day after, we discovered the Spanish fleet; thereof Luçan was general. With him

came Don Martin Henriquez, whom the King of Spain sent to be his viceroy of the Indies. He sent a pinnace† with a flag of truce unto our General to know "Of what country those ships were that rode in the King of Spain's port?"

Who said, "They were the Queen of England's ships, which came in there for victuals for their money. Wherefore, if your General wishes to come in here, he shall give me victuals and all other necessaries, and I will go out on one side of the port, and he shall come in on the other."

The Spaniard returned for answer, "That he was a viceroy, and had a thousand men. and therefore he would come in!"

Our General said, "If he be a viceroy, I represent my Queen's person, and am a viceroy as well as he. And if he have a thousand men, my powder and shot will outweigh them!"

Then the viceroy, after counsel among themselves, yielded to our General's demand; swearing by his King and his crown, by his commission and authority, that he would perform it.

Thereupon pledges were given on both sides, and then proclamation was solemnly made on both sides: that on pain of death, no occasion should be given whereby any quarrel should grow to the breach of the league. And then they peaceably entered the port, with great triumphs on both sides.

The Spaniards presently brought a great hulk, a ship of six hundred, and moored her by the side of the Minion. And they cut out portholes in their other ships, planting their ordnance toward us. In the night they filled the hulk with men; which made our General doubtful of their dealings.

Wherefore, for that he could speak the Spanish tongue, he sent Robert Barret aboard the viceroy's ship, to know his meaning in those dealings. Who willed him with his company to come in to him, and commanded to be set in the bilboes. ‡

And forthwith a trumpet (for a watchword among the false Spaniards) was sounded for the carrying out of their treason against our General. Whom Augustin de Villa Nova, sitting at dinner with him, would then have killed with a poynado* which he had privily in his sleeve, but was espied and prevented by one John Chamberlayne, who took the poynado out of his sleeve. Our General hastily rose up, and commanded him to be put prisoner in the Steward's room, and to be kept with two men.

The faithless Spaniards, thinking all things to their desire had been finished, suddenly sounded a trumpet. And therewith three hundred Spaniards entered the Minion.

Whereat our General, with a loud and fierce voice, called, "God and Saint George! Upon those traitorous villains, and rescue the Minion! I trust in God the day shall be ours!"

With that the mariners and soldiers leaped out of the Jesus of Lubeck into the Minion, and beat out the Spaniards, and, with a shot out of her, set fire to the Spanish vice-admiral's vessel; where the most part of three hundred Spaniards were spoiled and blown overboard with powder. Their admiral's ship also was on fire half an hour.

We cut our cables, drew off our ships, and fought with them. They came upon us on every side, and continued the fight from ten of the clock until it was night. They killed all our men that were on shore in the Island, saving three, which, by swimming, got aboard the Jesus of Lubeck. They sunk the General's ship, and took the "Swallow." The Spanish admiral's vessel had about threescore shot through her. Four other of their ships were sunk. There were in that fleet, and that came from the shore to rescue them, fifteen hundred. We slew five hundred and forty.

In this fight the Jesus of Lubeck had five shots through her mainmast. Her foremast was shot in sunder, under the hounds,† with a chainshot; and her hull was wonderfully pierced with shot. It was impossible to bring her away.

They set two of their own ships on fire, intending through them to have burnt the Jesus of Lubeck; which we prevented by cutting our cables in halves, and drawing off. The Minion was forced to set sail, and stand off from us, and come to an anchor without shot of the island.

Our General courageously cheered up his soldiers and gunners, and ordered Samuel, his

page, to bring him a cup of beer, who brought it to him in a silver cup; and he called to the gunners to stand by their ordnance lustily, like men.

He had no sooner set the cup out of his hand, but a shot from a light cannon struck away the cup and a cooper's plane that stood by the mainmast, and ran out on the other side of the ship. Which nothing dismayed our General; for he ceased not to encourage us, saying, "Fear nothing; for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villains!"

Then Captain Bland, meaning to have turned out of the port, had his mainmast struck overboard with a chain-shot that came from the shore. Wherefore he anchored, fired his ship, took his pinnace with all his men, and came aboard the Jesus of Lubeck to our General.

Who said unto him, that he thought he would not have run away from him. He answered, that he was not minded to run away; but his intent was, to have turned up, and to have laid aboard the weathermost side of the Spanish fleet, and fired his ship in hope therewith to have set on fire the Spanish fleet. The General said if he had done so, he had done well.

With this, night came on. Our General commanded the Minion, for safeguard of her masts, to be brought under the Jesus of Lubeck's lee. He willed Mr. Francis Drake to come in with the Judith, and to lay aboard the Minion: to take in men and other things needful, and to go out. And so he did.

When the wind came off the shore, we set sail; and went out in despite of the Spaniards and their shot.

We anchored under the island, the wind being northerly, which was dangerous, and we feared every hour to be driven with the lee shore.

When the wind came larger, we weighed anchor, and set sail, seeking the river of Panuco for water, whereof we had very little. And victuals were so scarce, that we were driven to eat hides, parrots, and monkeys.

Wherefore our General was forced to divide his company into two parts. For there was a mutiny among them for want of victuals. And some said, that they had rather be on the shore to shift for themselves amongst the enemy, than to serve on shipboard. Those that would go on shore, he willed to go forward by the foremast; and those that would tarry, to go by bothmast.

Seven score of us were willing to depart.

Our General gave unto every one of us six yards of cloth, and money to them that demanded it. When we were landed, he came unto us. Where, friendly embracing every one of us, he was greatly grieved that he was forced to leave us behind him. He counseled us to serve God, and to love one another. And thus courteously he gave us a sorrowful farewell, and promised, if God sent him safe home, he would do what he could that so many of us as lived should be brought into England; and so he did. Thus our General departed to his ships.

Fearing the wild Indians that were about us, we kept watch all night.

And at sun-rising we marched on our way, three and three in a rank, until we came into a field under a grove. Where the Indians came upon us, asking us what people we were, and how we came there.

Two of our company, Anthony Goddard and John Cornish, for that they could speak the Spanish tongue, went to them and said, We were Englishmen, that never came in that courtry before, and that we had fought with the Spaniards; and, for that we lacked victuals, our General set us on shore.

They asked us, Whither we intended to go? We said to Panuco.

The captain of the Indians willed us to give unto them some of our clothes and shirts; which we did. Then he bade us give them all; but we would not. Whereupon the captain willed us to follow him, who brought us into a great field, where we found fresh water. He bade us sit down about the pond, and drink; and he and his company would go in the meantime to kill five or six deer, and bring them to us. We tarried there till three of the clock, but they came not.

We traveled seven days and seven nights, feeding on roots, and guavas, a fruit like figs.

Coming to the river of Panuco, two Spanish horsemen came over unto us in a canoe. They

asked us, How long we had been in the wilderness, and where our General was? for they knew us to be of that company that fought with their countrymen. We told them, Seven days and seven nights; and for lack of victuals our General set us on shore, and he was gone away. They returned to their governor, who sent five cances to bring us all over.

Which done, they set us in array; where a hundred horsemen, with their lances, came forcibly toward us. But they did not hurt us. They kept us prisoners at Panuco for one night. Thence we were sent to Mexico.

The king's palace was the first place we were brought into. Without, we were willed to sit down. Much people, men, women, and children, came wondering about us. Many lamented our misery. Thence we were carried in a canoe to a tanner's house, which standeth a little way from the city.

And then they brought us much relief, with clothes. Our sick men were sent to their hospitals, where many were cured.

The viceroy intended to hang us. Whereunto the noblemen of that country would not consent, but prayed him to stay until the ship of advice brought news from the King of Spain what should be done with us. Then this viceroy sent for our master, Robert Barret, whom he kept prisoner in his palace until the fleet was departed for Spain.

The rest of us he sent to a town seven leagues from Mexico, to card wool among the Indian slaves.

Which drudgery we disdained; and concluded to beat our masters. And so we did. Whereupon they sent to the viceroy, desiring him to send for us; for they would not longer keep us.

The viceroy sent for us, and imprisoned us in a house in Mexico; from thence to send some of our company into Spain. The rest of us stayed in Mexico two years, and then were sent prisoners into Spain with the Spanish fleet

When we were shipped, the General called our master, Robert Barret, and us with him into his cabin; and asked us, If we would fight against Englishmen, if we met them?

We said, That we would not fight against

our crown. But if we met with any other, we would do what we were able.

He said, That if we had said otherwise he would not have believed us; and for that we should be the better used, and have allowance as other men had. And he gave a charge to every one of us, according to our knowledge. Robert Barret was placed with the pilot, I was put in the gunner's room, William Cause with the boatswain, John Bear with the quartermaster, Edward Rider and Geffrey Giles with the ordinary mariners, and Richard, the master's boy, attended on him and the pilot.

We departed from the port of St. John de Ullua with all the fleet of Spain.

On St. James' Day we made rockets, wheels, and other fireworks to make pastime that night, as is the custom of the Spaniards.

When we came unto the land, our master conferred with us to take the pinnace one night, to escape the danger and bondage that we were going into. Whereunto we agreed. None had any pinnace astern but one ship, which gave great courage to our enterprise.

We prepared a bag of bread and a botijo of water, which would have served us nine days, and provided ourselves to go. Our master borrowed a small compass of the master-gunner of the ship.

Who lent it to him, but suspected his intent, and made the General aware of it.

He called R. Barret, commanding his head to be put in the stocks, and a great pair of iron bolts on his legs. And the rest of us to be set in the stocks by the legs. Then he willed a cannon to be shot off, and he sent the pinnace for the admiral and all the captains and pilots to come aboard. He commanded the mainmast to be struck down, and to put two pulleys, on every yardarm one. The hangman was called, and he swore by the King that he would hang us.

The Admiral, Diego Flores de Valdes, asked him, Wherefore?

He said, That we had determined to rise in the night with the pinnace, and with a ball of firework to set the ship on fire, and go our ways. "Therefore," said he, "I will have you, the captains, masters, and pilots, to set your hand unto that. For I swear by the King, that I will hang them!"

Diego de Flores answered, "I, nor the captains, masters, nor pilots, will not set our hands to that!" For he said, If he had been prisoner, as we were, he would have done the like himself. He counseled him to keep us fast in prison till he came into Spain. For he would not have it said that, in such a fleet as that was, six men and a boy should take the pinnace and go away.

And so the Admiral returned to his ship again.

When he was gone, the General came to the mainmast to us, and swore by the King that we should not come out of the stocks till we came into Spain. Sixteen days after, we came over the bar of San Lucar.

[After twenty-one years in Spain, much of the time in the galleys, he "made means to come away in a fly-boat" belonging to a Fleming.]

In the month of October last, at sea, off the southernmost cape, we met an English ship called the "Galleon Dudley," which took the Fleming and me aboard, and brought me to Portsmouth, where they set me on land the second day of December last, 1550. From thence I was sent by the lieutenant of Portsmouth, with letters to the Right Honorable the Earl of Sussex, who commanded his secretary to take my name and examination, how long I had been out of England, and with whom I went.

And on Christmas eve I took my leave of his Honor, and came to Redriff.



THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

Begun in the Nevember number ,

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GREAT CAVE OVEN.

KA-KAK-KIA and his followers and their enemies, with whom there was now temporarily a truce, had of course made a search after Beard and the white horseman whom he had rescued; but they were not surprised at failing to find either of them. One of the cave-man's strong points, in their esteem, was that they could not kill him, while another was his magical power of vanishing.

They were puzzled, however, as to what had become of the two white fellows who had shot the kangaroos, by the cabbage-palm prairie. They were also deeply interested in the six white fellows encamped near the waterfall, and as to the best method to take in boomeranging or spearing them.

They were holding an animated debate upon these questions, when the rattle of the shots that had been fired by Bill and Jim came

After that, the presence of the great dingo pack gave them yet another problem; but they knew the habits of wild dogs. Many kangaroos and other game had come or been chased into those woods; many squads of dingoes had been attracted. A hunt for something to eat was as necessary to them as to the fierce creatures who had already treed so many of them, after driving away any large game from that neighborhood; and they decided to hunt, and fish, and dig before waging another war. They were pretty sure of success. All animals, large or small, all birds that could be reached, nearly all things were food to them. The Australian blackfellow has no narrow prejudices, and he can live well where the ignorant, helpless white fellow might starve. It was also true that they could do, at the denly she staggered and reeled, and he put

same time, all the scouting needful, and they scattered in all directions.

Bill and Jim were still sitting in the forks of their respective trees, discussing the dingo question, the blackfellows, and Beard, when they heard a cautious "Coo-ee-e" at no great

"Bill," exclaimed Jim, as he answered it, "those are our fellows!"

"What on earth are you two doing up those trees?" the new-comers asked.

The explanation, which was given as they were getting down, brought on a lively talk, and it seemed as if even the dingoes were of less importance than the actual sight of the owner of the nuggets and the excellent chance of catching him.

"We are sure of him now!" they said. "Bill and Iim can go to camp for some rations. We'll go and take a look at the place where you met the dingo pack. Don't you be gone too long. We 'll capture him!"

They were hardened to the dangers of the life they were leading, and they knew, besides, that four experienced riflemen were a strong party against any enemies likely to come.

The four went and stood under the great tree before Beard's front door, and looked at it; but they never dreamed of burrowing under

The great cavern was still secure, so far as any search from without was concerned. Never before had it been so brilliantly illuminated, but the people in it were not admiring the gleaming white splendors around and above them.

The cave-man himself had been the person nearest to Lady Parry, as they retreated from the edge of the chasm toward the fireplace, and she had stared at him with a strangely bewildered expression upon her face. Sud-

"Sir Frederick, she is fainting!"

"No: I am not," she said, but it was evidently with a great effort, and his help was really just in time. He was compelled to support her for a moment, before she could recover herself. Ned Wentworth had been almost as quick to come, torch in hand, and he held it very near. As he did so, he saw that Lady Parry had turned pale, and he thought that he heard her say something. Then he saw the cave-man's face turn deadly white, and it seemed as if he also said something. It sounded like: "No; he is dead!"

"I never noticed it before," said Ned to himself, "but Lady Parry's eyes and hair certainly are very like the cave-man's."

The likeness came out strongly in the torchlight, and a strange idea came flashing into Ned's mind. But Lady Parry had already recovered her composure, and Sir Frederick had been listening to Hugh.

"Father!" shouted Hugh. "Did you see those dingoes? They are crowded over. Down they go - one, two, three of them! Look!"

One after another, three unlucky wild dogs, pressed by an eager rush of their companions, were forced over the edge of the chasm, Down they went, and the splashes of their plunges into the water below could be heard.

Their barking, or something else, had detached a big stalactite from the roof over that side of the chasm, and it had fallen, with a shattering and a scattering of fragments, right among the pack. One or two must have been crushed and others injured; and all were smitten with a sudden panic. The fire and the falling rock, together, had temporarily conquered their ferocity, and they fled, howling, into the unbroken darkness beyond.

"Of course they can get out," said Beard, "and we 're rid of them for this time."

"I am thankful," said the baronet. "It's a great deliverance. But what I 'm thinking of is the horses. If they have gone astray, or if the wolves find them, we can't get away."

"They are cared for," exclaimed Beard. "They 're all away down below the mountain, on the river bank, about where Ned found

out an arm, as if to save her from falling, ex- Helen. There 's water enough there, and good grass, too. They 'll be ready when we want them."

> " You're a thoughtful man," said Sir Frederick, heartily. "I don't exactly see what to make of you."

> "Frederick," said Lady Parry, huskily, "come with me!"

Again Ned Wentworth thought he saw Beard's face turn white; but he had a question to ask, and it kept him from noticing closely.

"Beard," he said, "we 've made a fire here, but there 's more smoke than that can make. It seems to me I smell burning leaves."

"Leaves?" said Beard. "You are right, Ned; there 's smoke coming up from the chasm! I can't understand it. I had some bags of leaves, to sleep on, in my old place, but it can't be those. What can it be?"

Lady Parry had led her husband away, and at that moment she was looking earnestly into his face, while she clung to his arm with both hands. She was saying something rapidly, and Ned heard the reply in the deep tones of the

"Fallen so low as this?"

"He saved our lives," she said. "Yours, mine — "

"Yes, Maude," he responded; "but what brought him here?"

"He saved our lives!" she repeated, as if she could think of no other answer, just then.

"Yes," he said, "and I do not mean to be ungrateful; but how did he ever come to live in a house of this kind? Beard," he added, more loudly, to the cave-man. "Can you come here for a moment?"

"Not now, Sir Frederick," responded the cave-man. "I'll explain by and by. Something new has happened. Do you smell that smoke? See it rising from the chasm!"

"It smells like burning grass," said Lady Parry. "Is the forest on fire?"

" Not the forest itself," he said thoughtfully. "It 's too green, I should say. Sir Frederick, I must speak plainly. The fire may make this cave an oven! We may be in great peril."

"How so, Tom?" said the baronet, throwing a protecting arm around his wife.

"Tom?" said Ned Wentworth to himself. "That was the name of her brother, in the story he told me! That was the name of the convict they all turned against. That 's why his face is like Lady Parry's."

Beard—or Tom Gordon, if that was his name—hesitated for a moment, and then replied to Sir Frederick:

"I never went over to the other side of this mountain. It's more of a hill—a ridge—than a mountain, and it is a succession of rugged ledges covered with thick scrub. You can't get through, it 's so thick. I always took for granted that the river ran around it; but it does n't. That 's the river, right down there in the chasm. It runs underground for some distance, just like twenty other Australian streams."

"But it won't burn," said the baronet; "and the forest won't burn."

"The scrub on the hill is dry as tinder, at this season," said Tom. "The rubbish under it will burn; and there 's a seam of lignite that will burn almost like hard coal. It 's all afre. I think."

"Must we stay and be suffocated?" asked Lady Parry. "Can't we get out at the front entrance?"

"Now the dingoes are gone, there are only

the blackfellows and the white robbers to fear,"
the cave-man said. "I will go and look out."
"But the side door?" said the baronet,

"But the side door?" said the baronet, adding, the next moment,—"No; Maude and Helen could never climb that ladder."

"Sir Frederick," said the cave-man, with a shudder, "that door would lead us out into the fire, I 'm afraid. Besides, one of our worst perils is on that side. I 'll tell you what it is, as soon as I get back."

He strode away and disappeared among the pillars; for they had all now returned to the fireplace.

"Maude," said Sir Frederick, "this is all so strange, so unexpected, that I 've got beyond being surprised by anything. I 'd hardly be startled if the roof should fall."

"The boys have heard enough—" began Lady Parry; but she was interrupted.

"So have I, Aunt Maude," said Helen, excitedly, though not speaking loudly. "Is he Vol. XX.—50.

my Uncle Tom? Is this man we call Beard, your brother, Tom Gordon?"

"Sir Frederick," said Ned, "may I tell what he told me?"

"Yes," said the baronet.

"Quick, Ned!" exclaimed Lady Parry. "Tell it before he gets back."

Ned was eager to tell all that he had heard during his moonlight scout with Beard, and he was listened to with eager attention by the whole party.

"I believe it," said Sir Frederick. "I believe every word of it!"

"Believe it?" exclaimed Lady Parry. "Of course I believe it. Tom 's a wronged man. Why did he not let us know? My poor brother! He was always heedless, and he was proud, too!"

"I 'm glad he 's my uncle," said Hugh.
"I knew he was a gentleman, the first glimpse
I had of him."

"That won't save his life," said Sir Frederick thoughtfully. "There's too much evildoing been laid at his door. All the villains made him their scapegoat."

"Frederick," said his wife, "Tom could not have done anything criminal!"

"I don't say he did," replied the baronet.
"I mean that all the bushrangers laid their deeds to him, and he must suffer accordingly.
There are rewards offered—"

"But he did n't do anything!" exclaimed Helen. "I know he did n't! They can't hang him for things that he did n't do."

"Yes, they might," said Sir Frederick. "I don't see how he 's to clear himself."

"We 're bound to save him!" exclaimed Hugh; "he saved our lives!"

"Sir Frederick," said Ned, "I think we can, too. I 've an idea in my head that occurred to me when he told me the story, that night. I 've thought how to save just such a man as he told about!" And Ned talked rapidly on for a minute or so.

Out at the cave door, Beard, or Tom Gordon, was peering anxiously through the slit and into the faces of four men. Every face he saw was that of a man who had been justly convicted of crime.

"Boys," said one of them, "he 's right

around here, somewheres. We'll capture him, nuggets and all."

"He can't get away, this time," said another. "We'll fix him! It's a pity we could n't take him in and claim the rewards offered for him."

"We can't do that," was the reply.

Beard, behind the bark door, muttered to himself: "They won't get him; but I don't see how he 's to get out of this. We 're all shut in an oven."

The four men now began to make remarks about the smoke, and to wonder where it came from

"I had a torch, before daylight this morning," said one of them. "I threw it into some scrub, not more than a mile above here, when I was scouting toward the river, away from the rest of you. It might have lit.—"

"Well, I guess it did," broke in another. "Look up yonder!"

They looked along the slope, as he pointed, but there was less and less to see every minute. Great clouds and columns of smoke were rising, and were driving before the warm north wind that was beginning to blow.

Tongues of dancing fire now and then shot up out of the smoke-clouds. There could be no doubt of it, whatever: all that side of the mountain was ablaze, and the flame was crossing the ridge to come down on the other side. It fed upon dense dry scrub and underbrush, and the rubbish collected there century after century. There was fuel enough, and, now it was so well kindled, there would be fire and smoke enough. The four robbers said so, and Beard, or Tom Gordon, heard them. He went back into the cave to tell the story.

Sir Frederick Parry heard him through, as did all the rest; but while the rest looked at one another in silence, the baronet beckoned the cave-man to follow him.

"Tom," he said,—"Are you really Tom Gordon? Ned Wentworth has told us the story you told him—"

"I 'm Maude Gordon's—Lady Parry's brother Tom," the cave-man replied; "but that's of little consequence, just now. I 'm a doomed man, at all events; and I 'm afraid we 're all lost." "I believe every word you 've said," interrupted the baronet; "and that Yankee boy has been proposing a plan for your benefit we can discuss pretty soon. What did you say about the greatest danger being at the side door? How can anybody get in there?"

"Nobody can," said Tom Gordon. "That is not the danger. I'm a miner. That is, I have been—"

"I saw your crucible," said the baronet, "and I hope you succeeded."

"I did," said Tom. "I hope to show you how well. But that was done by placer-work,— washing out, you know. I found a good quartz vein, though, and I was fool enough to set out to work it, just for something to do. I needed to do some blasting, and I bought all the powder one other party had. They'd failed. They had six kegs of blasting-powder and two big cans of dynamite, and it's all stored in the crevice we came in by, at the side door. Logs are piled over it. We'd run the risk of an

"Is it sure to explode, sooner or later?" asked Sir Frederick calmly.

explosion, if we went that way-"

"Of course it is, when the fire gets in there," said Tom Gordon; "and there 's no telling what it will do to the cave and the mountain."

"It will be a heavy blast," said the baronet. "At all events, the dingoes won't come back while the mountain's on fire. Is there any chance for us at the front door?"

"Toward night there may be — if we're alive then," said Gordon. "We must get ready, anyhow."

"If I can once reach my own camp," said Sir Frederick, "I think I can see you cleared. The Yankee boy's idea is a good one."

If the baronet had then been at the camp, he would have seen a very extraordinary affair. His four men had evidently been riding far enough and fast enough to tire their horses, and had brought them back to the river for water. All had dismounted, and now stood staring out at something that floated down the swift current of the river.

"Marsh," said Keets, "they can just keep their fore paws well over it."

"It rolls under them — don't you see?" asked Marsh.

"Don't I see?" exclaimed Bob McCracken—
"don't I? Well, I do see; but I never in all my life before saw three wolves a-floatin' down-stream on one log!"

Three mournful howls from the dingoes on the log came back for answer. The plunge down into the chasm had, indeed, not been enough to kill them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOM GORDON'S TREASURE.

"Tom," said Lady Parry, coming nearer to him and her husband, "I wish you would tell me more about yourself."

"No, Maude," he replied; "not now. If we ever get out of this place alive, I shall have enough to tell you."

"Have you any idea what to do?" she asked.
"The fire cannot get in here,"

"No," he said. "Yes, there is one thing we can do, while we are waiting. Come with me, Sir Frederick and Ned and Hugh."

He strode away, and the baronet and the boys followed him down the sloping floor of the cave. He and Sir Frederick carried torches, and the two boys had to be told to leave their guns behind, because there would be nothing for them to shoot.

"Where can they be going, Aunt Maude?" asked Helen.

"I have no idea," said Lady Parry. "How I do want to know more about Tom! It is so many long years since we lost sight of him! Why, my dear, your uncle has property in England—not much, but enough to live on. His brother—your father—would n't keep it from him a day."

"Of course he would n't," said Helen; "but what good is his property, if they hang him for things that he never did?"

"It's a dreadful situation!" said Lady Parry, weeping. "Why did we ever come out into the bush!"

"Why, Aunt Maude," said Helen, "we did n't know it, but we really must have come out here after Uncle Tom."

"And now we've found him," replied Lady Parry, between her sobs, "it is only to die together!"

"I don't believe it," said Helen. "Don't you see that we never would have found him if we had n't lost ourselves first?"

Tom Gordon walked out of the main room of the cave by a rugged, gloomy, water-dripping corridor, and the rest followed him with eager curiosity. Sir Frederick was about to ask where it led to, when the cave-man halted, remarking:

"Look down through that hole. I used to amuse myself by making bags of kangarooskin to put the gold in. There's enough of them to hold it. Sir Frederick, you and I and Hugh can go down and pitch the bags up to Ned. Stay here, Ned."

"It's all gold!" exclaimed the baronet.

"I ran it into bars as well as I could," said the cave-man, "but the heap of slag out there by the fireplace has plenty of gold in it yet. I could n't get it all out, you know."

Down they went through the hole before them, and they stood among the spread-out bars on the floor of the treasure-chamber.

"Mark what I say now, Sir Frederick," said the cave-man. "Look at this stuff. I never could quite understand why I worked so hard to get it, seeing I had no use for it, and never could have. Now, we may get you back to the Grampians, and we may not. It 's pretty sure death for me, anyhow. If I get through into the world, of course the gold is all mine. If I don't, you need n't say where it came from. Give Ned a quarter of it, and divide the rest between Hugh and Helen. You and Maude and my brother Robert do not need any of it. Perhaps the young people don't, but I hope it won't hurt them."

"I 'll do just as you say," said the baronet.
"Trust it with me. But I think Ned's Yankee idea will work. It 's just this—"

"Not now," said the cave-man, beginning to pick up the bars and drop them into the little leather bags that lay beside them. "There's no time to talk. Put the bars into the sacks and pitch them up to Ned."

It was easy and rapid work, and as soon as it was done they all clambered back to the corridor.

"There," said the cave-man, looking at the heap of bags. "There's a lot of it. I 've been

at it, year after year, making trip after trip to the gulches,—melting, casting, there and here, because I had nothing else to do. I had nothing to spend it on, and nobody to divide with."

"Well," replied the baronet, "the bags weigh ten or twelve pounds apiece. You and I can take two in each hand, and the boys one in each hand. That's twelve bags among us about a hundred and fifty pounds or less. We can carry them all out to the front door, if we 're not too long about it; but we can't take them away with us."

"Not this time," said Tom Gordon. "But they'll be there if we can come back. I think we must work fast."

They gathered up their loads and went; and no sooner were they where they could be seen than Lady Parry, standing up with a torch in her hand, exclaimed:

"Frederick, where does this smoke come from? Is the cave on fire? Is it a volcano?"

"No, my dear," said he, quietly; "it's only the scrub and brush outside. The cave's all right."

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Some of Tom's property," he said.

"Mother!" shouted Hugh. "It's all gold! Heaps of it! Uncle Tom's a rich miner—" "And the poorest man in all the world,"

"And the poorest man in all the world," added Tom himself,—"an outlaw, with a price on his head—a mere dingo, to be shot at sight."

"You must not be discouraged," said the baronet, hopefully; "Ned Wentworth's idea 's a good one. We can carry it out."

Down went the bags among the pillars, near the burrow to the door, and they hastened back for more, leaving Lady Maude and Helen talking over the remarkable matter of the gold bars. It was less and less easy to talk without coughing, for the smoke was becoming denser and more pungent.

The four men at Sir Frederick's camp had watched the wolves go by, and then Marsh remarked, with a slow shake of his head:

"B'ys, I 've heard that dingoes could swim. Yes, I knew they were good swimmers, but think o' the likes o' that!"

"'Deed, and I'd heard they could swim,"

said Bob McCracken. "I 'd heard tell how cute they were, too,—cunning as foxes. But who ever heard of 'em goin' to sea on a log to help 'em cross a river?"

The forest grew dim with smoke, blown down from the blazing slopes of the mountain. It was as if the bright December sky were getting densely clouded, and the air grew uncomfortably warm even for that hot season of the year.

It was a bad day for hunting and for fishing and for scouting. All the hunters and fishermen, whether black or white, wasted a great deal of time in watching the fire which was now sweeping so fiercely over the mountain.

"That fellow will find himself roasted, Bill," said Jim, "if he 's up there."

"No, he won't," said Bill; "but it 'll drive him down to where we can get at him easier. All we 've got to do is just to wait and let it burn till it drives him out."

"We 'll watch around and get him," said one of their comrades; "but the fish won't bite while that fire 's burning."

Tom Gordon had explained to Sir Frederick that to lie in wait for him was precisely what he believed his enemies would do.

"Well," replied the baronet, "but they 'll never dream of troubling you while you are with us. It is n't six to one, any longer. It 's six to four."

"Exactly," said Tom Gordon; "but those blackfellows are on the watch, too. We must avoid them as carefully as we do the robbers."

"That is n't all, Sir Frederick," said Ned Wentworth. "You don't want any one to know that he's gone with you. That would upset everything."

"Of course it would," exclaimed the baronet.
"Why did n't I think of that? Ned thinks of those things, because he 's a Yankee."

"Well," said Tom, "I'm a sort of Australian-Yankee, and it's time for me to do a little scouting. I've got to run some risks, and I'll take Ned with me. You must keep still here till we get back."

"How long?" asked the baronet.

"I'm after—the—horses!" was all the reply made by the cave-man, for some smoke in his throat made him cough. "There's no time to I was out, in the night, I gathered them all into lose."

The great hollow of the cavern was getting dim and blue, and not another word of opposition or inquiry followed Gordon and Ned as they hurried out.

Sir Frederick's face grew suddenly pale over a thought that came to him. He was always listening, as if in dread of the explosion, and that was one thing that made him so very silent.

one pile."

"I don't see how you did it," exclaimed Ned.

"I took a horse with me," said Gordon. "I knew where they were. Now, Ned, down on all fours till we get under cover. Creep close after me!"

Down dropped Ned, and he felt at once a little safer. It seemed, too, as if the air had so many sounds in it that a mere rustling could



"THERE THEY ARE," WHISTERED NED." (SEE NEXT FAGE.)

and Hugh silent also.

The cave-man and Ned crept out of the burrow and stood in the bushes at the foot of the great tree, looking and listening.

"The smoke is going to prove a help to us," said Gordon, after a moment.

"I came pretty near calling you Beard," said Ned. "Yes; I'm glad. They can't see far. There's one thing, though: if we get the horses, what are we to do about the saddles and bridles?"

"They 're all safe," said Gordon. "When

The same thought kept Tom Gordon and Ned not be heard by anybody. Voices were louder, however; and they had hardly reached the first clump of thick bushes before Ned stopped short. He stopped partly because Gordon made a kicking motion back at him, with his right foot.

> "I hear them, too," said Ned to himself, as he crouched low.

> "Seen anything of him, Jim?" said a deep gruff voice, not many feet away.

> "Not a sign of him," replied another. "Have you seen any blackfellows?"

"Not a sign of one," replied Jim.

Just then Ned heard a whirring sound in the air and saw something flit above his head.

"Hide, Jim! hide!" was shouted vigorously.
"That boomerang did n't miss me six inches!"

"Now's our time, Ned!" whispered Gordon. "Creep for your life! The blackfellows don't yet know that we 're here."

Ned followed him, with an idea that he had never until then known how close to the ground he could creep, and how fast he could go.

"I 've just got it to do," he said to himself; but at that moment he was again warned by Gordon's foot. He crept alongside of him.

"Be careful!" whispered Gordon.

"There they are," whispered Ned. "Had a dozen of them. Can we get by?"

"Of course we can," said Gordon. "At least, we can lie still here till they all get past us."

Ned lay like a log and felt afraid to breathe, so very near to him and Gordon glided the dark shapes of the savages. There were eight of them, but one was only a boy, one limped badly, and one of them had his left shoulder tied up with leaves, as if it had been wounded. "Now, Ned, creep!" said Gordon. "We'll

Jim and his friend were dodging nervously from tree to tree, holding their rifles ready to shoot, and evidently considering that it was of little use to scout after "that fellow with the nuggets," until they had provided against the blackfellows and their threatening boomerangs.

"We must go for the others," they said.
"We'll be safer when we 're all together.

We 'll go and get them and come back."

"Hugh," remarked Helen, as she stood in
the cave among the white pillars, "is n't it hard

to wait, and not to know what 's coming?"
"Unbearable!" said he. "And how thick

the smoke is!"

"It is pouring in faster and faster!" exclaimed Lady Parry. "We cannot endure this much longer."

"The whole mountain must be on fire!" said Sir Frederick. "But the fire can't have reached—"

A great volume of hot smoke rushed in, and he sprang to his feet.

Lo be continued.)

"ST. NICHOLAS" AT THE FAIR.

In the northwest corner of the gallery of the great Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair is a cheery room containing the exhibit of the publishers of St. Nicholas. When you visit the Fair,—as we hope you will,—you must manage to find this room, for it contains some things you will want to see; and, moreover, it is a restful place, where you can write your letters and feel at home. From the wide window-seats one gets a beautiful view of the Lagoon, of the Wooded Island and of the great buildings beyond.

The case at the very end of the room, as shown in the picture on the next page, contains exhibits of how illustrations are made, both wood-engravings and photo-engravings, and how a manuscript is prepared for the press. Every process is shown by which illustrations

are produced for this magazine, including the mysterious "overlays,"—layers of bits of paper which the printers paste on the cylinder of the press to bring up the dark parts of an engraving, and make them print blacker than the light parts of the same cut. The manuscript exhibited is the article on "Philadelphia," by Talcott Williams, which appeared in the March St. Nicholas; and you will see it in all its phases, from the written "copy," through various proofs with their corrections and additions, up to the completed magazine. Among the photographs above this case is a view of the editorial rooms of St. Nicholas.

Over a case of rare Lincoln manuscripts, on the right in this picture, is a frame containing the first chapter of "Little Lord Fauntle-roy" in the handwriting of the author, Mrs.

Burnett, and one of Mr. Birch's original drawings for that famous story. On the outer wall of the room are more Sr. Nicholas manuscripts, among them Lord Tennyson's poem, "Minnie and Winnie," which he wrote for this magazine, with poems by Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, and the first pages of some stories Sr. Nicholas readers will recognize. The manuscripts in the Lincoln case will in-

original drawings from St. Nicholas, with a great number of autograph letters from famous writers. Here is the original design, by Palmer Cox, for the cover of a new "Brownie" book, drawings for "Lady Jane," "Toinette's Philip," "Inanimate Things Animated," "Uncle Remus" stories, and much else; and the manuscripts include letters from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, Louisa M.



THE EXHIBIT OF THE CENTURY OF PUBLISHEDS OF "ST ANDROLYS"

terest you, too, for here are some of the most important documents written by the great War President, including his call for 75,000 men, issued when the Civil War began, and the manuscript of the famous inaugural address which he read from the steps of the Capitol, March 4th, 1861. If you will look among the pictures in the swinging rack (just a corner of it shows in our photograph), you will find a collection of original drawings of "Brownies," by Palmer Cox.

In the library of the Children's Building in another part of the Fair is a collection of other

Alcott, James Whitcomb Riley, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and scores of other famous people. In the Art Gallery there are more St. Nicholas pictures, and yet more in the Woman's Building; while over in the Transportation Building a section of the gallery is occupied by original drawings from *The Century* and St. Nicholas, depicting various modes of transportation.

Indeed, Sr. Nicholas is well represented at the Fair; but it is a big place, and you cannot see all the exhibits. Remember the room in the northwest corner of the gallery of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

THE LITTLE BEAR OF CAZADERO.

By Charles Howard Shinn.

Now listen, Baby Ruth, to the story that you like to hear. It happened in the Sonoma forests of California, away north of Russian River, where people go (as you did once) and camp near the village of Cazadero, on the road to Fort Ross and the ocean. Once there was a little brown bear in the forest not very far from Cazadero. He lived with his mama bear in a dark place under a redwood-tree,—such a place as Ruth saw when she lived in a little cloth house among the trees, by the creek where the salamanders swim.

The little bear slept on a pile of dead leaves in the bottom of the hole. His mama took care of him, and sometimes he had berries to eat, and lots of things that he thought were good. He was about as big as a little dog, when the story begins.

One day the little bear's mama went away to catch a fish in the creek, and she told him to be a good little bear and stay at home under the redwood-tree. So he crept under the leaves and went to sleep with only his head out, and he slept a long time.

But there were two men who were walking through the woods, and they happened to come along close by the hollow tree where the little bear was asleep. So one man looked and saw the bear in the leaves, and he said: "Let 's catch the little bear and sell him to somebody to play with."

Then the other man said that he was afraid the big bear might come back in a hurry and find them taking her little bear away, and that she would bite them.

But after they had talked it over, they jumped down into the hole, and took up the little bear. And when he woke he was very much frightened, for two men were holding him. He tried to get free, and he growled just as loud as he knew how; but the men held him tight, and ran away with him. They

went across the creek, and climbed the hill, and came to another creek by the railroad track; and there were the station and the hotel, and children picking marigolds in the garden.

The men carried the little bear up to the hotel, and Mr. Burns came out and gave them some money, just as they expected he would. Then he put the little bear in a box, and gave him some milk to drink, while all the children stood around to see what happened. The dear little bear was so hungry that he drank up all the milk. Then he put his head down on his two little brown paws, and as he thought of his mama the tears rolled down his nose, and he said, "Ow! Ow! Ow!" over and over to himself before he went to sleep. He meant to say, "I don't like this place at all, and I want to go home."

A little while after the men caught the little bear, the mama bear came home to her hollow tree, and she felt very happy, for she had caught all the fish she could eat. She looked and looked and looked, but she could not find any little bear. Then she hunted along till she found the footprints of the men, and she guessed what had happened. Then she ran after them, but when she came to the creek she could not find which way they had gone; and after looking all night, she had to go home at last without her little bear. Then she left the hollow under the redwood-tree, and went to live with a whole family of bears on the other side of the mountain,-nice, friendly bears, who were very good to her.

But the little bear stayed at Cazadero, and played with the children. Then he grew bigger and bigger, till he had to be fastened to a tree down by the creek; and a fence was built around him, and the children fed him with nuts, and cakes, and candy. He learned to sit up and beg, he knew how to dance and shake his chain when the band played, and

shade with his head on his paws, he is think- hollow under the redwood-tree.

every one called him "the big brown bear of ing of the happy times he had when he was Cazadero." Sometimes when he lies in the a little bear, and lived with his mama in the



THE LITTLE BEAR OF CAZADERO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, SAN FNANCISCO.)

THE STORMY PETREL.

By Captain H. D. Smith.



E of the best-known of the sea-birds is the stormy petrel. It is oftenest seen during storms, flying above the waves in search of the shell-fish and other small animals which are brought to the sur-

face by the tempest. The sailors call petrels "Mother Carey's chickens," and do not view them with much favor, owing to their being constant companions of storms. "Jack" thinks that rough weather may be expected when he sees petrels about, and is not quite sure that they do not in some way cause the tempest. When the bird is on the outlook for its prey, it seems to walk on the water. Hence the seamen of olden time, in allusion to the apostle Peter's walking on the water, called the bird petrel, from the Latin Petrellus, "Little Peter."

So far from the sailor being superstitious as to the capture of another kind of petrel, the Cape pigeon, which is of a black-and-white color, and about the size of a tame pigeon, I have known Jack to take a hand occasionally in capturing them, as a bit of recreation during a dog-watch. In southern latitudes the Cape pigeons follow a ship in thousands. The method of catching them is peculiar. A common bottlecork is tied to the end of a long piece of thread, and trailed astern so that the cork touches the water. This gives the required tautness to the thread. As the birds fly in clouds from side to side astern, some of them constantly strike the thread with their wings, and the resistance is enough to turn them over it, when the thread is wrapped round the wing, and the bird is hauled on board. In this manner I have seen hundreds caught in a day.

On one occasion a clipper ship, carrying pas-

pigeons by hundreds, and the surgeon by some mischance succeeded in entangling a stormy

Now the doctor was an enthusiastic naturalist, and what is to the sailors known as a "land-lubber," that is, he was on his first voyage. The doctor at once took the specimen to his cabin, and he made preparations to skin and preserve it. In hot haste a deputation of seamen, headed by the old gray-haired sailmaker, came aft with a request that the petrel be set at liberty, saying that otherwise the ship and all on board would surely suffer. The doctor, somewhat surprised, intended to set the bird free, but his enthusiasm as a naturalist prevailed over the superstitious warning, and when the sailors had disappeared, the bird was added to his collection. The fact soon became known forward among the men, and the doctor was regarded with black looks by the crew for the remainder of the voyage.

In the course of time the good ship anchored in the Hugli River, and that day, at dinner, the

There was a gathering of the sailors round the windlass that dog-watch, and the doctor's sudden death was attributed, by the superstitious sailors, to his slaughter of the stormy petrel.

Though the petrel is swift, the frigate-bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate-bird can start at daybreak, with the trade-winds from the coast of Africa, and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined; but it is certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, two hundred miles an hour,

The stormy petrel, in proportion to its size, has immense wing-power, for it is the smallest sengers to India, captured these little Cape web-footed bird. It belongs to every sea, and, though seemingly so frail, breasts the utmost flocks, sleep upon the water at night. Off the fury of the gale, skimming with incredible velo- Cape of Good Hope, on bright moonlight city the trough of the waves and gliding rapidly nights, when the weather would permit, I have over their crests. It does not make a practice seen through a strong night-glass dozens of the



of alighting on the water, and seldom rises higher than eight or ten feet above the surface.

I have known them to perch all night on the extreme end of the flying-jib boom, keeping up a constant low musical whistle, seemingly an accompaniment to the noisy waters foaming and eddying around the cutwater. Petrels, in been disturbed.

sleeping petrels pass directly under the bows of the ship. They would "bob up serenely" astern in the glittering wake with a plaintive whistle, swim a few yards, and with a preliminary flutter of wings and feathers, settle down to enjoy again the slumbers that had so rudely

A PAGE OF SPIDERS.*

By E. W. W.



WATERSHIDER

WHEN little Miss Mofit was frightened away from her tuffit by the great big black spider, the chances are that the spider was just as willing to run away as was Miss Moffit. The average spider is very fond of flies, but it would hardly attack Miss Moffit unless she struck out first

The fact is, spiders are rather ill-used; perhaps the verses about the spider and the fly, which begin with the well-known invitation

to "walk into my parlor," are responsible for a good deal of this feeling. Nobody is down on a frog because he sits on a lily-pad (which he did not make) and catches flies with his streakof-lightning tongue: but the spider who works hard to build a web in which to catch its prey is generally held to be a rascal.

A spider's web is a very curious and beautiful thing. The spinning-organs are tiny tubes, and the threads are a white sticky liquid which hardens at once, as it is forced out. When the spider begins to make a thread, it presses the end of its tubes against some object to which the liquid sticks. Then it moves away, and the thread is formed,—just as you form a rope when you pull molasses candy. Different kinds of spiders make different kinds of webs,

The gossamer, or spider-silk, is useful to the owner in various ways. It may be a rope to swing by when the spider wishes to drop from a great height without hurting itself. One can build a "flying-bridge" of it, and another can almost "fly," that is, be so buoyed up in the air and wafted along by the breeze that it seems to fly. Astronomers have found it useful too, for it takes the place of a wire in some

of their most delicate observations, where even the finest wire would be too coarse.

The "cross-spider" shown in one of these pictures is so called on account of the white

cross on its body: the name has nothing to do with

There is a spia der that spins a web under water, but this is for a nest and not for a net in which to catch other insects, as are most spiders' webs. The nest is made on the principle of a divingbell; and in order



ROSS-SPIDER, NATURAL SIZE

to get air for its home, the spider carries down a bubble at a time, and sets it free beneath the bell. Other spiders live in holes in the ground,

The sting of the tarantula (a name derived from Taranto, a town of southern Italy), the most venomous of spiders, was popularly supposed to produce a disease called "tarantism," which could be cured only by music or dancing, and the dance which cured it was called the "tarantella." You can see the peasants dance the tarantella now, but without waiting for spider-bites.



*The illustrations are from "The Century Dictionary.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of St. Nicholas. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS, until after the last-named date.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE Agassiz Association desires to extend to all readers of ST. NICHOLAS a most cordial invitation to visit its exhibit and headquarters at the Columbian Exposition. The association has fifteen hundred square feet of space in the northwest corner (up-stairs) of the Anthropological Building. You would hardly expect to find the chief exhibit of the voluntary work of the young men and women of America in a building with so long a name, but there it is

The Anthropological Building is in the extreme south-east corner of the Fair Grounds, next to the "Power

House."

In the Agassiz Association corner will be collections of birds, insects, eggs, plants, and minerals, made by young people in all parts of the United States, and some specimens sent by young folks in England, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, and even Russia. There are also photographs of our local societies in their local rooms, together with photographs of scenery and of scientific objects taken by the young men themselves. There is a group of beavers, not alive, but represented as at work upon a real beaver-dam. There is also a little Swiss cottage, reminding us of the early home of Louis Agassiz, and there are reception-rooms open during the Fair, where all our friends will find a hearty welcome. H. H. BALLARD,

THE Editor, I am very sure, will look charitably upon the letters which two of the boys of Arthur's Home have sent to me for approval before mailing, and which I mail without proposing corrections

Thomas E- is a little lad from New York city, whose better nature is rapidly developing under changed influences. Frederick H—— is a little German lad from Newark, who is having a serious struggle with our lan-Very respectfully, GEORGIANA KLINGLE HOLMES.

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: we wish to tell you how much we Appereciate the kindness of the Fresk Literature Fund, by sending those beautiful No called St. Nichols they are interesting in our school studies. I am studing History and Nature I take perticular intrest in those two books and I think my Study of St. NICHOLS is just as nesserry

I was reading yesterday of the Snake-Charmer of Mo-

I have learned an interesting lisson on Snake Charming, and all so a beautiful pome far in the woods in May,)
Far in the woods—the fresh green woods—in May There sang a bird, but all it found to say was "Keep it! keep it!" all the merry day.

The bird? I nevery saw it no not I! I followed, but

it flitted far on high;
And "Keep it! keep it"-Echo caught the cry.

I was so glad, as through the woods I went! And now I think that

"Keep it!" keep it!" meant
Child, keep each happy though that Heaven has sent."
we wish the F. L. F. and Sr. NICHOLS much prosperity joined with all my playmats very greatfully yours

May 4th, '93

SUMMIT M. JERSEY ARTHURS HOME FOR DESTITUTE BOYS.

pleasure we receive from St. Nichohus sent to Aru-Fund and the story are so intresding and rateataion are so beautifull my self and playmate can not get tired of them Just before I begun to write I got intrested in a beautiful story in no 7 called how Bert killed a Jaguar I think it is most beautiful I wish I could speak more obout it I wish F. L F and ST NICHOULS much prosperity very greatifully yours

THOMAS E.—.

SUMMIT N JERSEY ARUTHUS HOME FOR DESTITUDE BOYES

II ECHO AVENUE, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. My DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a "pi" for St. NICHOLAS, which I made from Lowell's "Biglow Papers." This is the first that I have ever made, so I suppose that it will not be very good. I have taken St. NICHOLAS for a long time, and think it the best paper that is published. So good-by. I am your little friend, CATHERINE JEANNETTE CHOLMLEY JONES.

P. S. Please excuse bad writing, as I am not used to

Ze rfe awr I alcl ti drmeur,-Rethe uvo ehv ti lpnai na' laft; I dtn'o wtna ot og on fdrrue Athn ym syttnmtee efr ttha.

There you hev it plain an' flat;

HARLEM, N. Y.

stairs to lunch, I happened to hear a slight noise in the library, and, as I knew the family were already at lunch, I could not think who it was. When I got as far as the door, I peeped in, and there was my little cousin Jennie sitting at a table reading as comfortable as ever she could be, and not heeding the lunch-bell at all. My brother, Don, was looking in the book-case for some storybook. Just then Jennie looked up from the book she was reading and said:

"Why, that 's an egg without any shell on, of course,'

This made me burst into a fit of laughter, and when the dining-room and at my place at the table. I told the

MOLLY E-

joke, and we all had a good laugh over it. A constant reader,

PAU, BASSES-PYRENEES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your paper so much, that I must write and tell you so. I 've taken you only a year and a half, but am always very much interested in your

Pau is rather a pretty little town, and interesting to visitors. The castle is, of course, the great point of interest. The interior is n't very pretty, and one sees only a very small part of it. There's the room where Henry IV. was born, and his tortoise-shell cradle, which is very funny, and does n't look like a very comfortable bed for a royal child. One can also visit the house where

he was brought up, but we've never been there. It seems it is just as it used to be. People play golf a great deal here, and every one is wild over it. There are ladies' and men's links, and the ground where they are is beautiful. It is near the river, so it's rather swampy and not very safe in wet weather.

It is so warm here that it really feels much more like

I have made two of those wish-bone pen wipers you told about in your November number, and the last I dressed as a coachman. I made a top hat for him, which I painted so that it shone very bright, and I gave him a little whip. It was great fun making him. I think those

penwipers are a very good idea.

We are four girls in this family, and all love to read and work. We have fine times at Christmas, when we begin our presents. I'm the youngest of the four, and fifteen, which does n't seem so very young, but still I don't feel at all like most girls about growing up. I'd much rather go back a little. It's much more fun to be young and be able to run round, and play, and do as one likes. I love toys still - at least, some toys. We have a little theater our sister made for us that 's great fun. We have little dolls about five or six inches high, that we dress up and make act. We have a screen all round the theater to hide us so that it looks as if the dolls were moving and talking alone. My sister paints the scenery, and altogether it's fine fun. We have little footlights, and it looks really like a tiny little theater. We ride, play golf and tennis, and when it 's bad weather have plenty to do indoors. Your admiring reader,

POST FALLS, IDAHO.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven taking you with the first chapter of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." We take several magazines, but I like St.

Post Falls is not a very large town. It is situated at the foot of a mountain, near what used to be an Indian reservation. But we seldom see any Indians. We are so hungry. Last summer there were several seen near Rossie C---. here.

BOUNA, INDIA. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. My aunt gave you to me as a Christmas present. I enjoy you very much. I am very much interested in the

My father is a missionary. I was born in Rangoon, Burma. But you must not think that I am a Burmese because I was born in Burma. I am not; I am an American. I have one sister in America, and two sisters

here, and one brother. Your loving reader, FLORA R-

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Lawrence, Kansas, but we (mama and I), are spending a few months here in

My ST. NICHOLAS is sent to me every month from home, and I enjoy reading it so much. I have taken you for five years; you are a Christmas present every

year from my dear grandma.

The story of "Lady Jane" I liked better than any of the scenes of her life. I have seen Good Children's street, where Lady Jane lived, and I saw Mardi Gras, and thought of the Mardi Gras when she was lost. I have passed several times the "Orphans' Home" where she was cared for, and the statue of Mother Margaret.

I have a Victor safety bicycle which I brought with This whole city is a perfect bower of roses, jasmine,

and many other flowers. The magnolias are just be-ginning to bloom now. From your devoted reader, FREDERICA D. B—.

WINTHROP, WASH.

My DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been given me every year for a long time, as a Christmas present, and I am very fond of you. Not long ago we had a fire, and it burned up all my

beautiful books. I had a great many of them. In one Virginia, I think, who told the story of Captain Sam Dewey, how he cut off the figurehead of the ship "Constitution" many years ago. My mother has a portrait of Captain Dewey, and he is very handsome. My mother thinks he must have been, when painted, about thirty years old. My aunt has a facsimile of the famous diamond, too; it is made of glass, and is as the diamond was uncut. I am fourteen years old, and live on a ranch on the banks of Methow River; it is a very beautiful river, and we have fine hunting-deer, bears, goats, sheep, coyotes, small game, birds, and fishing We had the largest store in the valley, but it was

burned down; now we have the post-office.

day. His name is "Goat," and he is very gentle, and I am very fond of him. So good-by for this time.

I am your constant reader, Anna F. B. G---

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Jane T. B., Robert B. B., Jr., Kaul K. B., Sheda E., Mary V. M.D., I ney J. A., Edul G. V. J., Welstl W., Joranne K., S. F. W., Daisy B., Mary St. John W., Virginia S., Edith C., Clifer Ford C., Robert T. R., Halbert M. S., Rose Bell G., L. H. K., Margaret C. P., E. V. B., Alice E. T., Ruth W. C., May I., May W., Fanny G. T., May W. and Virginia F., and Leslie A. F.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

tramping, ptarmigan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER. WORD-BUILDING. I. A, an, ran, nard, drain, daring, darting, treading, retarding. II. I, in, gin, gam, grain, rating, prating,

CONSECTED RHOMBORS 1 Mease 5 Higgs 3 Tarry, 4 Ress 11 February 1 Mease 5 Higgs 3 Tarry, 4 Ress 11 February 1 Ress 1 Ress 1 Tarry, 1 Ress 1 Res

a destiny

I have closed my books and hidden my slate, And thrown my satchel across the gate. My school is out for a season of rest. And now for the school-room I love the best.

My school-room lies on the meadow wide, Where under the clover the sunbeams hide Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,

And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars. Word-Squares. 1. 1. Sore. 2. Oral. 3. Rail. 4. Ella. II. 1. Bass. 2. Area 3. Seat. 4. Sate.

Zirzyk, "The Laughing Philosopher," Cross-worder r. Thor. 2 third, 3, crEw, 4, first. 5, grAb, 6, bUge, 7, Gulp, 8, Chat, 6, cmlt, 10, plAN, 11, stón, 12 uPon, 1, thirt, 4, mild, 15, Calk, 16, argO, 17, cask, 18, fOol, 19, Plum, 2c, cHum, 2r, grEw, 2s, beaK. L Fasse, 2. After 3. Sett. 4. Sate.

Asswers for AL Time Programs. By Annual May Nember were received, before May 15th, from Everett M. Hawley.—G. B. Dyer—Josephine Sherwood.—Ida Carleon Thalbon.—"The MGC 8.—"Helen C. McLeny.—After Midred Planke and Co...—Jo and I.—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—R. Sooks Bloommenglade.—A. H. and M. G. R.—B. M. Co.—Man and Jame.—Call Raymond.—"Maine and Minnesota."—Paul Reese.—C. W. Brown L. O. E.—Jessie Chapman.—"Uncle Mung."—"Leather-stocking."—Arthur Eurnard.—S. O. Hawkins.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand and Dudley Banks.—"Uncle Mung."—"Leather-stocking."—Arthur Eurnard.—S. O. Hawkins.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand and Dudley Banks.—"Uncle Mung."—"Leather-stocking."—Arthur Eurnard.—S. O. Hawkins.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand and Dudley Banks.—"Uncle Mung."—"Uncle Mung."—"Leather-stocking."—Arthur Eurnard.—S. O. Hawkins.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand and Dudley Banks.—"Uncle Mung."—"Uncle Mung."—"Leather-stocking."—Arthur Eurnard.—S. O. Hawkins.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand.—Mand.—Mand.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand.—Mand.—Blanche and Fred.—Mand.—Ma



ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS.

Novel Hot Rollass. Centrals, autograph; from 1 to 2, edges; 3 to 4, legal. Cross-words; 3, rat. 2, flute. 3, extol. 4, doe 5, g. 6, arc. 7 leads. 8, happy. 9, shy. DIAMONIS, I. I. S. 2. Pat. 3, Pours. 4, Saurian. 5, Triad. 6, Sad. 7, N. II. 1, P. 2. Arc. 3, Amort. 4, Program. 5, Error. 6, Tar. 7, M. III. 1, A. 2, Apc. 3, Anona. 4, Apostil. 5, Enter 6, Air. 7, L.

A BRITISH JACK. From 1 to 6, drugget; 2 to 7, gauntlet; 3 to 8, rangers; 1 to 3, dangler; 4 to 5, grating; 6 to 8, turtles; 1 to 8, duties; 6 to 3, tattler.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change lamp to fire in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

In the accompanying picture, change GOAT to CART in four moves. Each change is shown in the illustration.

NI gishinn leub het stear dwil Slodfun reh epsalt raif; Het scatmile, prigchunea, skese Ot scalp dan sisk eht rai; Het trilbanil pyppo stunlaf ehr hade Stidam eht gripnine ganir, Dan sadd ehr civeo ot wells eht gons Hatt sugaut's heer ganai.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a famous poet. CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): I. The wooden lining or panels on the sides of an apartment. 2. A popular oration. 3. A cut. 4. A million millions. 5. Having the top too heavy for the lower part. 6. Examines. 7. A fabulous region in the interior of South America, supposed to abound in gold and precious stones. 8. The name given to the three days which immediately precede "ZUAR." Ascension Day.

HOUR-GLASS.

My central letters, reading downward, spell a portion of nearly every book.

CROSS-WORDS: I. Specimens. 2. A spray. 3. To ask earnestly for. 4. In sufficient. 5. A hobby. 6. One of the numerous small eyes which make up the compound eyes of insects. 7. A supreme monarch.



To sell. 4. Extremities SIDE SOUARE (3 to 6, etc.): I. Terminates. 2. Cleanly.

3. To have courage. 4. To boil slowly. LOWER SQUARE (6 to 7, etc.): 1. To see the. 2. A stiff hat. 3. Otherwise. 4. A period of time. From 4 to 7, confusion.



I. FROM I to 2, a wild animal; from I to 3, freedom from occupation or business; from 2 to 4, parted; from 3 to 4, developed; from 5 to 6, to set forth; from 5 to 7, talk intended to deceive; from 6 to 8, quavered; from 7 to 8, lowered; from 1 to 5, a noose; from 2 to 6, a slight depression; from 4 to 8, an action; from 3 to 7, an Arabian ruler.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell one of the chief public monuments of Paris.

CROSS-WORDS: I. A Spartan serf. 2. A punctuation mark. 3. Detested. 4. Temples. 5. To discipline. 6. To pass rapidly and easily. 7. To welcome. 8. The religion of the Mohammedans. 9. To tincture deeply. 10. To do away with. 11. To find fault without good reason. 12. A wood-nymph. 13. Faithful to a cause or principle. 14. To draw off by degrees. 15. The invisible world. 16. To pretend. 17. Ill-will or hatred

WORD-BUILDING.

 A VOWEL. 2. A verb. 3. To garrison. 4. Staple.
 Pertaining to the morning. 6. One of the occupants of an asylum. 7. Painted with vermilion. 8. Familiar. 9. Hinted. 10. To threaten. "XELIS."

COMBINATION DIAMONDS AND SOUARES.

SEVEN-LETTER DIAMOND: 1. A letter from princes. 2. A kind of roof. 3. A masculine name. 4. Sea-rob-bers. 5. An ecclesiastical plate. 6. Those whom Kings-ley says "must work." 7. A letter from princes. INCLUDED FIVE-LETTER DIAMOND: I. A letter from

princes. 2. A masculine name. 3. Angry. 4. Consumed. 5. A letter from princes.

CENTRAL THREE-LETTER SQUARE: 1. A masculine

name. 2. An animal. 3. The goddess of Revenge.

DOUBLE THREE-LETTER SQUARE (shown inclosed in

the diagram). Across: I. An instrument of war, 2. Destroyed. 3. A number. Downward: I. A rodent. 2. Consumed. 3. Adults. FRANK SNELLING.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a French

are deposited for safe-keeping. 2. Imagines. 3, Hasty departure. 4. A near relative. 5. To take shelter. 6. A fall of rain of short duration. 7. Something to make light of. 8. A protection. 6. Large scissors. 10 A

WORD-SQUARES.

1. A FASTENER. 2. According to law. 3. Active. 4. An island in the Mediterranean. 5. Excuses.

nents of circles. 4. Trial. "ZUAR" and M. H. N.



WIDE AWARE!

ST. NICHOLAS.

Vot. XX.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No ii

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A NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A FEW years ago, in late summer, I was camping with a comrade, on the Little Squatook Lake-known to the hunters and trappers of that wild region as Second Lake. On the high plateau of the Squatooks, dividing northern New Brunswick from Quebec, the noons are temperate and the nights chilly, even during the most fervid of the dog-days.

One radiant moonlight night, when the windless little lake spread out before our camp like a shield of silver, and the woody mountains inclosing us seemed to hold their breath for delight, I was seized with an overwhelming impulse to launch the canoe and pole myself up the swift current of the river to the spacious waters of First, or Big Squatook, Lake. This lake is ten miles long and from two to four in breadth, and I was eager to paddle noiselessly out upon its wide, gleaming expanse. The distance between the two lakes is about a mile and a half, with rapid water almost all the way; and my fellow-camper, who had been amusing himself laboriously all day, was too much in love with his pipe and blankets by the camp-fire to think of accompanying me. All my persuasions were wasted upon him, so I went alone.

night-lines for the great gray trout, or togue, which haunt the waters of Big Squatook Lake. A favorite feeding-ground of these fish is just where the water begins to shoal toward the lake's outlet. Strange as it may seem, the togue are never taken in Second Lake, or in any other of the Squatook chain.

It was a weirdly beautiful journey up-stream. The narrow river, full of rapids, but so free from rocks in this part of its course that its voice seldom rises above a loud, purring whisper, was overhung by many ancient trees. Through the spaces between their tops fell the moonlight in sharp white patches. As the long slow thrusts of my pole forced the canoe stealthily upward against the current, the creeping panorama of the banks seemed full of elfish and noiseless life. White trunks slipped into shadow, and black stumps caught gleams of sudden radiance. till the strangeness of it all began to impress me more than its beauty, and I felt a curious and growing sense of danger. I even cast a longing thought backward toward the camp-fire's cheer and my lazier comrade; and at length when, slipping out upon the open bosom of the lake, I put aside my pole and grasped Of course I had an excuse. I wanted to set my paddle, I drew a breath of distinct relief. It took but a few minutes to place my three night-lines. This done, I paddled with slow strokes toward a big rock far out in the lake.

The broad surface was as unrippled as a mirror, save where my paddle and the gliding prow disturbed it. When I floated motionless, and the canoe drifted softly beyond the petty turmoil of my paddle, it seemed as if I were hanging suspended in the center of a blue and starry sphere. The magic of the water so persuaded me that presently I hauled up my canoe on the rock, took off my clothes, and swam far out into the liquid stillness. The water was cold, but of a life-giving freshness, and when I had dressed and resumed my paddle I felt full of spirit for the wild dash home to camp, through the purring rapids and the spectral woods. Little did I dream just how wild that dash was to be!

Where the river flows out of Big Squatook Lake the shores draw together like the sides of a funnel, there are no rocks to impede, and the strong, swift current is as level as the sandy floor beneath it. Just at the neck of the funnel, so to speak, the Indians had built a sort of fence of upright stakes, set close together in a double row. This fence at one time extended all the way across save for a narrow gateway in the middle, where the Indians were accustomed to stand at certain seasons and spear the whitefish as they darted through. At the time of my visit, however, the barrier extended only to mid-channel, one half having been carried away, probably by logs, in the spring freshets. For this accident, doubtless very annoying to the Indians, I soon had every reason to be grateful.

As I paddled noiselessly into the funnel, and began to feel the current gathering speed beneath me, and noted again the confused, mysterious glimmer and gloom of the forest into which I was drifting, I once more felt that unwonted sense of danger stealing over me. With a word of vexation I shook it off, and began to paddle fiercely. At the same instant, my eyes, grown keen and alert, detected something strange about the bit of Indian fence which I was presently to pass. It was surely very high and massive in its outer section! I stayed my paddle, yet kept slipping quickly nearer. Then

suddenly I arrested my progress with a few mighty backward strokes. Lying crouched flat along the tops of the stakes, its head low down, its eyes fixed upon me, was a huge panther.

I was completely at a loss, and for a minute or two remained just where I was, backing water to resist the current, and trying to decide what was best to be done. As long as I kept to the open water, of course, I was quite safe; but I did n't relish the idea of spending the night on the lake. I knew enough of the habits and characteristics of the panther to be aware the brute would keep his eye on me as long as I remained alone. But what I did n't know was how far a panther could jump. Could I safely paddle past that fence, by hugging the further shore? I felt little inclined to test the question practically; so I turned about and paddled out upon the lake.

Then I drifted and shouted songs and stirred up the echoes, for a good round hour. I hoped, rather faintly, that the panther would follow me up the shore. This, in truth, he may have done; but when I paddled back to the outlet, there he was awaiting me in exactly the same position as when I first discovered him.

By this time I had persuaded myself that there was ample room for me to pass the barrier without coming in range of the animal's spring. I knew that close to the further shore the water was deep. When I was about thirty yards from the stakes, I put on speed, heading for just about the middle of the opening. My



purpose was to let the panther fancy that I was coming within his range, and then to change my course at the last moment so sud-

denly that he would not have time to alter his plan of attack. It is quite possible that this carefully planned scheme was unnecessary, and that I rated the brute's intelligence and forethought quite too high. But however that may be, I thought it safer not to take any risks with so cunning an adversary.

The panther lay in the sharp black shadow of an overhanging maple, so that it was impossible for me to note his movements accurately; but just as an instinct warned me that he was about to spring, I swerved smartly toward this strange one in which I now found myself him, and hurled the light canoe forward with straining every nerve. The current of the the mightiest strokes I was capable of. The Squatook varies greatly in speed, though no-



"AS THE PANTHER SPRANG, I SWERVED SMARTLY TOWARD HIM."

manœuver was well executed, for just before I came fairly opposite the grim figure on the stake-tops, the panther sprang.

Instinctively I threw myself forward, level with the cross-bars; and in the same breath there came a snarl and a splash close beside me. The brute had miscalculated my speed, and got himself a ducking. I chuckled a little as I straightened up; but the sigh of relief which I drew at the same time was profound in its sincerity. I had lamentably underestimated the reach of the panther's spring. He had alighted close to the water's edge, just where I imagined the canoe would be out of reach. I looked around again. He was climbing alertly out of the hated bath. Giving himself one mighty shake, he started after me down along the bank, uttering a series of harsh and piercing screams. With a sweep of the paddle I darted across current, and placed almost the full breadth of the river between my wild enemy and myself.

I have paddled many a canoe-race, but never one that my heart was so set upon winning as my wind; and the panther made up his lost

where is it otherwise than brisk. At first I gained rapidly on my pursuer; but presently we reached a spot where the banks were comparatively level and open; and here the panther caught up and kept abreast of me with ease. With a sudden sinking at the heart I called to mind a narrow gorge, a quarter of a mile ahead, from the sides of which several drooping trunks hung over the water. From one of these, I thought, the panther might easily reach me, running out and dropping into the canoe as I darted beneath. The idea was a blood-curdling one, and spurred me to more desperate effort; but before we neared the perilous pass the banks grew so uneven and the underbrush so dense that my pursuer was much delayed, and consequently fell behind. The current quickening its speed at the same time, I was a good ten yards in the lead as my canoe slid through the gorge and out into the white moonlight of one of the wider reaches of the stream.

Here I slackened my pace, in order to recover

ground. For the time, I was out of his reach, and all he could do was to screams avagely. This, I supposed, was to summon his mate to the noble hunting he had provided for her; but to my inexpressible satisfaction, no mate came. The beauty and the weirdness of the moonlit woods were now quite lost upon me. I saw only that long, fierce, light-bounding figure which so inexorably kept pace with me.

To save my powers for some possible emergency, I resolved to content myself, for the time, with a very moderate degree of haste. The panther was in no way pressed to keep up with me. Suddenly, he darted forward at his utmost speed. For a moment this did not trouble me; but then I awoke to its possible meaning. He was planning, evidently, an ambuscade, and I must keep an eye upon him.

The order of the chase was promptly reversed, and I set out at once in a desperate pursuit. The obstructed shores and the increasing current favored me, so that he found it hard to shake me off. For the next half mile I just managed

Again I paused, not only to take breath, but to try and discover the brute's purpose in leaving me. All at once it flashed into my mind. Just before the river widens into Second Lake, there occurs a lively and somewhat broken rapid. As there was moonlight, and I knew the channels well, I had no dread of this rapid till suddenly I remembered three large boulders crossing the stream like stepping-stones.

It was plain to me that this was the point my adversary was anxious to reach ahead of me. These boulders were so placed that he could easily spring from one to the other dryshod, and his chance of intercepting me would be excellent. I almost lost courage. The best thing I could do under the circumstances was to save my strength to the utmost, so for a time I did little more than steer the canoe. When, at last, I rounded a turn and saw just ahead of me the white, thin-crested singing ripples of the rapid, I was not at all surprised to see also the panther, crouched on one of the rocks in mid-stream.



"THE LANDRER SA GREET AND KILL ALREAST OF ME WHER LAST

to keep up with him. Then came another of those quieter reaches, and my pursued pursuer at last got out of sight.

At this point the river was somewhat spread out, and the banks were low, so the moonlight showed me the channel quite clearly. I laid aside my paddle and took up the more trusty white spruce pole. With it I "snubbed" the light canoe firmly, letting her drop down the slope inch by inch, while I took a cool and thorough survey of the ripples and cross-currents.

From the sloping shoulder of the rock lying nearest to the left-hand bank a strong cross-current took a slant sharply over toward the middle channel. I decided to stake my fate on the assistance of this crosscurrent. Gradually I snubbed the canoe over to the left bank, and then gave her her head. The slipped shores



SURPRISED TO SEE THE PANISHER CROCCHED ON ONE OF THE ROCKS IN MID-STREAM

past. The rocks, with that crouching sentinel on more than got himself fairly turned around! the center one, seemed to glide up-stream to meet. With a shout of exultation I raced down the me. I was almost in the passage - when with rest of the incline and into widening reaches, a superb bound the panther shot through

the moonlight and lit upon the rock I was approaching! As he poised himself, gaining his balance with some difficulty on the narrow foothold, a strong lunge with my pole twisted the canoe into the swirl of

that cross-current; and with the next thrust I slid like lightning down the middle channel, before my adversary had

safe from pursuit. The panther, screaming angrily, followed me for a time; but soon the receding shores placed such a distance

> between us that I ceased to regard him. Presently I bade him a final farewell and headed across the lake. for the spot where the camp-fire was waving me a ruddy welcome.

BURROS.

By Charles G. Morton.



Mexico. Coloknown as the horse, he is al-Spanish name, on account of the

fact that this section of the United States so recently belonged to the Mexicans, who, as everybody knows, talk that language. The Spaniards and Mexicans also apply the term "burro"

ONKEY is, in because they are carefully bred and looked Spanish, burro, after, But the donkey of the West-the burro-In Texas, New has no "blood," no pedigree. Like Topsy, he "just growed." With ancestors no better off rado, and in Ari- than himself, he has been kicked and cuffed and zona, where the overworked all his life, and left to pick up his donkey is as well living as he could. In consequence he is stupid and lazy and stubborn and dwarfed.

And yet, for all that, he is patient and longways called by his suffering, will grow fat on rations that would scarcely keep a nobler animal from starvation, and is a most valuable aid to the progress of industry and civilization in the West.

> One night, shortly after my arrival at a military post in southwestern Colorado, I was awakened by a most terrific chorus of vells and



to a stupid or ignorant person, just as English- screams, apparently just under my window. speaking races use the word "donkey."

With hair on end and wild visions of an Indian The donkeys found in Kentucky and Mis- attack flitting through my mind, I frantically souri are probably the largest of their race, grasped my revolver and hastened to the winBURROS. 800

dow. Drawing the curtain aside cautiously, I saw in the dim starlight the cause of the whole disturbance. It was a little group of burros penned up in the yard of an adjacent set of quarters. Disgusted, I sought my bed again. I discovered the next morning that these burros belonged to the officers' children, and had been "corraled" in the yard, so as to be at hand for use as saddle-animals on an excursion that had been planned for the next day. The braying

wanted to make some noise. Rickety, clickety, rappety, tappety, click, clack, click! they went, and then wound up the whole performance with a resounding bray! I had sighed to think of leaving my eastern home for the dreary quiet of that post, but now I longed for the peace of Broadway at noontime!

The next day the owners of those burros, after a prolonged and not altogether pleasant interview with the commanding officer, dis-



was probably a protest against such confinement, and, if so, was most successful, for the commanding officer gave stringent orders that doorvards, even of vacant quarters, should not again be used for corrals.

But the burros did n't seem to realize that they had won an important victory. Being turned loose to wander at their own sweet wills board walk that surrounded it. There was most reluctance, and after having been fairly

posed of them at a greatly reduced rate to a neighboring ranchman.

The burro has many peculiarities, which he shares with his half-brother, the mule. Burdened with a heavy pack, he may travel for hours patiently and without complaint. He approaches a little stream of sluggish water not more than an inch or two deep, or it may upon the parade-ground, they spent the next be a dry ravine which has water only in the night in chasing one another up and down the rainy season. He sets foot in it with the utplenty of good soft turf, where they could have pulled in, he may deliberately lie down and had a half-mile track if necessary; but no-they refuse to go further. He knows how easy it

The illustrations of this article are mainly from photographs by the W. H. Jackson Co., Denver, Colorado,



"AW-HEE-HAW - HEE- W!"

is for his little feet to sink into the wet sand, and the recollection that just such an innocent-

makes him so sure-footed. He will carefully pick his way over mountain-trails that would be impassable to a horse and would make a man dizzy. I once saw a burro with a goodsized pack on his back try to pass along a trail that led through a narrow cleft in a rock. The cleft was too narrow, and, when half-way through, the pack stuck fast. Being unable to go forward, the burro backed, but was equally unsuccessful in getting out. He then tried his last resource -lying down. When he could n't do this, his groans and lamentations filled the air, and continued during the hour it took us to free him. I thought he must have been injured internally, but no sooner was he at liberty than he went a few yards forward on the trail and quietly began to graze!

But it is when kept behind his comrades, if only for a few moments, that his agony is greatest. Then such struggles to be free! Such brays! One wonders how so small an animal can make so great a noise.

A burro dislikes exceedingly to have his ears touched by water, or by anything else, in fact, Whether the long ears are sensitive, or he is



a quagmire still survives in his mind.

looking place once upon a time proved to be sensitive about them, is hard to tell. How expressive these same ears are! When the This same instinct of self-preservation is what burro starts out with his pack in the morning,

they are up in the air, inclining a bit forward, in token of ambition. Something unusual appears on the trail; straight forward they go, and close together, as much as to say, "What is that?" His comrade behind approaches too

near; back go the ears along the neck, to be accompanied perhaps by a fierce squeal and a vision of heels high in air, as the rear burro discovers his mistake and hastily falls back.

When, what with thirst and the heat of the sun, long hours of travel and the dust of the trail, the morning's vigor has departed, then the ears hang

This signifies that you had better choose a camping-place, for if your animals choose one for you, all your persuasive powers will be wasted in trying to make them change their

It is difficult to see what the people of the Rockies would do without the burro, "the sadeyed philosopher of the West." He is a great pet with children, and seems to grow very fond of them. But he is used principally as a beast of burden. He boards himself, nibbling the grass that grows along the trail.

On his patient back the lonely prospector ties blankets, pick, and frying-pan, while he himself plods behind with rifle and staff. The miner, far up in the mountains, uses him to carry ore in sacks to the smelter, and bring



wide apart, and flop wearily up and down, back in return flour, sugar, coffee, and even water. When the galleries and shafts of the mine are ready to be braced, the timbers are brought up in the same way, as are the lumber and furniture for the miner's house.

And finally he brings the rails that are to connect the mine with civilization by an iron band. This is the last. Slowly and sadly the burro turns his back upon the work in whose completion he has been such an important helper, and picks his cautious way over the rugged trail that leads to fresh woods, if not to pastures new.











HE was a merry, merry Fool so gay,
She was a little Court Lady;
He jangled his bells by night and by day,
She sang in the green ways shady.



She sang to the Queen with the sad, sad face,
Who sighed, "Ah me!" as she listened,
"My crown for a day of such childhood's grace!"
And a tear in her dark eye glistened.



And the grave King looked at his jester gay, And sighed, as he smiled at the chaffing, "My kingdom to be this Fool for a day, Whose life is a time for laughing!"

They met when the sun slipped down in the sea, The Fool and the little Court Lady, And a queer jester he, and a sorry singer she, As they walked in the green ways shady; For "I would I were the King!" this queer Fool said;

"I am tired of my jesting and my laughter!"

"And oh, to be the Queen!" cried this weary little maid,

" And to wear a gorgeous robe forever after!"



Then he bobbed a little bow, and a little curtsey she, As they passed down the green ways shady; But "Alack!" quoth the queer little Fool, quoth he; And "Alas!" sighed the little Court Lady.



ON THE LAGOON.

BY JOEL STACY.

"FULL!" cried the gondolier! Swish ! - and they started. Great was the crowd, but they would not be parted; So in they all scrambled-from Clara to Kitty-Little white citizens of the White City.



A BOY'S VISIT TO CHIEF JOSEPH.

By Erskine Wood.

I LEFT Portland on the third of July, 1892, commanding officer at the fort. I stayed all to visit Chief Joseph, who is chief of the Nez Percé Indians. They live on the Collville Agency, two or three hundred miles north of the city of Spokane, in the State of Washington.

I arrived at Davenport, Washington, on the fourth of July. There was no stage, so I had to stay all night. I left for Fort Spokane next and in the afternoon I went up the creek again, day, arriving at about seven in the evening. As we did not start for Nespelim until the seventh, I went and visited Colonel Cook,

night, and next morning I helped the soldiers load cartridges at the magazine. That afternoon I watched the soldiers shooting volleys at the target range. We started for Nespelim in a wagon at three o'clock in the morning.

The next day I went fishing in the morning, fishing with Doctor Latham. He is doctor at to Joseph's camp, where I stayed the rest of the time-about five months-alone with the Indians. The doctor and the teamster returned to the agency. During my first day in the camp, I wrote a letter to my mother, and bought a beaded leather belt from one of the squaws. I stayed about camp most of the first day; but in the afternoon I went fishing, and caught a nice string of trout.

The Indian camp is usually in two or more long rows of tepees. Sometimes two or three families occupy one lodge. When they are hunting and drying meat for their winter supply, several lodges are put together, making one big lodge about thirty feet long, in which are two or three fires instead of one. They say that it dries the meat better.

When game gets scarce, camp is broken and moved to a different place. The men and boys catch the horses, and then the squaws have to put on the pack-saddles (made of bone and covered with untanned deer-hide) and pack them. The men sit around smoking and talking. When all is ready, the different families set out, driving their spare horses and pack-horses in front of them. The men generally hunt in the early morning; they get up at about two o'clock, take a vapor bath, get breakfast, and start to hunt at about three. Sometimes they hunt on horseback, and sometimes on foot, They come back at about ten or eleven o'clock. and if they have been on foot and have been successful, they take a horse and go and bring in the game. The meat is always divided. If Chief Joseph is there, he divides it; and if he is not there, somebody is chosen to fill his place. They believe that if the heads or horns of the slain deer are left on the ground, the other deer feel insulted and will go away, and that would Percé war of 1877. In the fall hunt the boys

spoil the hunting in that neighborhood. So the heads and horns are hung up in trees. They think, too, that when anybody dies, his spirit hovers around the spot for several days afterward, and so they always move the lodge. I was sitting with Joseph in the tepee once, when a lizard crawled in. I discovered it, and showed it to Joseph. He was very solemn, and I asked him what was the matter. "A medicine-man sent it here to do me harm. You have very good eyes to discover the tricks of the medicine-men." I was going to throw it into the fire, but he stopped me, saying: "If you burn it, it will make the medicine-men angry. You must kill it some other way."

The Indians' calendars are little square sticks of wood about eight inches long. Every day they file a little notch, and on Sunday a little hole is made. When any one dies, the notch is painted red or black. When they are home at Nespelim, they all meet out on the prairie on certain days, and have horse-racing. They run for about two miles. When they are on the homestretch, about a half a mile from the goal, a lot of men get behind them and fire pistols

I was out grouse-hunting with Niky Mowitz, my Indian companion, and we started a deer. We were near the camp, and he proposed to run around in front of the deer and head it for camp. So we started, and the way he got over those rocks was a wonder! If we had not had the dogs, we might have succeeded; but as soon as they caught sight of the deer, they went after it like mad, and we did not see it again. Niky Mowitz is a nephew and adopted son of Chief Joseph; his father was killed in the Nez

[Note: The author of the sketch "A Boy's Visit to Chief Joseph" is Erskine Wood, a boy thirteen years old. He is an expert shot with the rifle, and he has brought down not only small game, but bear, wolves, and deer. A true woodsman, he is also a skilled archer and angler, having camped alone in the woods, and lived upon the game secured by shooting and fishing.

When, two years or more ago, Chief Joseph, of the Nez Percé Indians, went to the national capital, he met Erskine, and invited the young hunter to visit his camp some summer. So in July, 1892, the boy started alone from Portland, Oregon, carrying his guns, bows, rods, and blanket, and made his own way to Chief Joseph's camp on the Nespelim River.

The Indians received him hospitably, and he took part in their annual fall hunt. He was even adopted into the tribe by the Chief, and, according to their custom, received an Indian name, Iskemtur-il pilp, "Red Moon."

Chief Joseph's band is the remnant of the tribe which, under his leadership, fought the United States army so gallantly in 1877; they carried on a running fight of about eleven hundred miles in one summer. When Erskine visited him, the Chief was in every way most kind and hospitable to his young guest.

C. E. S. WOOD. 1



are not allowed to go grouse- or pheasant-hunting without first getting permission of the chief in command. And it is never granted to them until the boys have driven the horses to water and counted them to see if any are missing.

The game that the boys play most has to be played out in open country, where there are no sticks or underbrush. They get a little hoop, or some of them have a little iron ring, about two inches across. Then they range themselves in rows, and one rolls the ring on the ground, and the others try to throw spears through it. The spears are straight sticks about three feet and a half long, with two or three little branches cut short at the end, to keep the spear from going clear through the ring.

The Indians take "Turkish," or vapor, baths. They have a little house in the shape of a half globe, made of willow sticks, covered with sods and dirt until it is about a foot thick and perfectly tight. A hole is dug in the house and filled with hot rocks. The Indians (usually about four) crowd in, and then one pours hot water on the hot rocks, making a lot of steam. They keep this up until one's back commences to burn, and then he gives a little yell, and somebody outside tilts up the door (a blanket), and they all come out and jump at once into the cold mountain-stream. This bath is taken just before going hunting, as they think that the deer cannot scent them after it.

Only the boys indulge in wrestling. They fold their hands behind each other's backs, and try to throw each other by force, or by bending the back backward. Tripping is unfair, in their opinion.

The country is full of game, and we killed many deer and a cinnamon bear. In the evening, when they come home, they talk about the day's hunt, and what they saw and did. The one that killed the bear said that when he first saw the bear it was about fifteen yards off, and coming for him with open jaws, and growling and roaring like everything. He fired and wounded it. It stopped and stood on its hind legs, roaring worse than ever. While this was going on, the Indian slipped around and shot it through the heart. I cut off the claws and made a necklace out of them. The next day

built a big fire in it, and piled rocks all over the fire to heat them. In the mean time the squaws had cut a lot of fir-boughs and brought the bear-meat. When the fire had burned down, and the rocks were red hot, all the coals and things that would smoke were raked out, and sticks laid across the hole (it was about three feet deep). Then the fir-boughs were dipped in water and laid over the sticks. And then meat was laid on, and then more fir-boughs, and then the fat (the fat between the hide and flesh of a bear is taken off whole) is laid on, and then more fir-boughs dipped and sprinkled with water. Then come two or three blankets, earth until it is perfectly tight. After about that has been put on the boughs has steamed the meat thoroughly. Then Chief Joseph comes and cuts it up, and every family gets a portion. I helped the squaws cook some wild carrots once (they cook them just as they do the bear, except that they let them cook all night), and Joseph said that I must not do squaws' work: that a brave must hunt, fish, fight, and take care of the horses; but a squaw must put up the tepees, cook, sew, make moccasins and clothes, tan the hides, and take care of the household goods.

The boys take care of the horses. They catch them and drive them to and from their watering-places; and the rest of the time they hunt with bows and arrows (the boys don't have guns), and fish and play games. The Indian dogs are fine grouse- and pheasanthunters, scenting the game from a long distance, and going and treeing them; and they will stay there and bark until the men come. The dogs are exactly like covotes, except that they are smaller.

Many people have said that the Indian is lazy. In the summer he takes care of his horses, hunts enough to keep fresh meat, fishes, and plays games. But in the fall, when they are getting their winter meat, they get up regularly every morning at two o'clock and start to hunt. And if the Indian has been successful, as he usually is, he seldom gets home before five o'clock. And the next morning it is the they dug a hole nine feet in diameter and same thing, while hoar-frost is all over the



CHIEF JOSTER

ground. In the Fall Hunt, I was out in the gone more than an hour when the dogs started Nespelim (where Joseph's camp was, and sight of it, but we could n't. about one hundred and fifty miles from the agency), and it was about the 15th of Nothe morning, on our ponies. We had not been Papa met me at the train.

mountains with them seventy-five miles from a deer; we rode very fast, and tried to get a

Chief Joseph did not go to the mountains with us on this hunt, and we reached his tent vember; and if I had not gone home then, I in Nespelim at about ten o'clock. When we would not have been able to go until spring. got to the tent, one of Joseph's squaws cooked So Niky Mowitz brought me in to Nespelim, us some supper; and on the third day after and we made the trip (seventy-six miles) in that, I went to Wilbur, a little town on the one day. We started at about eight o'clock in railroad, and from there to Portland, where



TOM TRAWLEY'S START IN LIFE.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"This suits me down to the ground!" said Tom Trawley, enthusiastically.

"Well, I don't believe you 'll think it 's so very fine after you 've been at it for a month," replied Johnny Slocum, "Anyhow, you would n't like it if you had to do it for a

"That 's where you 're mistaken, Johnny," said Tom, earnestly; "I'd like anything that I could do for my living. All I want is a start in life. I 've had my share of hard knocks for a boy, and I think it 's about time that luck turned and gave me a chance. Why, if I could go out there on that ocean every day and catch enough of these to make a living and save a little, I 'd be happy, I tell you!"

Tom held up the splendid weakfish he was carrying along the beach, and looked at it admiringly. Johnny was carrying one also, but he regarded it with a grave lack of interest.

"I don't think much of 'em," he said; "but you 're easily pleased, Tom,"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Tom. "Why, just think, Johnny - what sort of a fix was I in when your father met me on that pier in New York? face and caused him to laugh, too,

I had lost my father and mother, and I had n't a relative, a friend, or a red cent, There I was a-wandering around the North River front, wondering whether I could n't get a job to go to sea as a cabin-boy, or something of that sort. I saw a man cleaning fish on the deck of a sloop, and I wondered whether I could n't do that; and just then the man put down his knife and came ashore. I don't know what made him stop, but he did, and he says to me, 'Do you want anything, sonny?' And I up and told him I wanted some work to do, to keep from starving. And he took me aboard the sloop, and told me I must n't think of going to sea, and that I must come down here and fish a bit, and look around before I went to work - and - and - Johnny, you know all about it, as well as I do-how good your father was to me. And now you say I 'm easy to please! But I suppose you never were really hungry, old fellow."

"Never really hungry? And you 've seen me eat cakes!" And Johnny broke into a hearty laugh, which drove the serious look from Tom's

- "But after all, Johnny," he said presently, "I wish I could go to work."
 - "At what?"
- "Anything—fishing preferred. I tell you I like it. I like the sport, and I like to be out there on the sea, especially since you and your father have taught me so much about sailing a sloop."
- "I see," said Johnny; "you'll be sailing a sloop of your own some day, and taking your own fish to market."
- "Oh, of course. It looks like it now, does n't it?" said Tom, with a comical expression.

Nevertheless, that night, as they were seated at supper, Johnny began to tell his father what Tom had said. Henry Slocum listened for a few minutes and then said:

- "Tom, that 's a good idea."
- "But how am I going to manage it?" asked Tom.
- "Well, I 'll tell you," replied Mr. Slocum.
 "You know the old dory that I picked up adrift last spring, Johnny?"
 - "Yes, Father."
- "Well, she 's lying out behind the ice-house. She 's in good condition, except that she needs calking and a pair of oars. Now, Tom, I'll lend you enough money to buy the oars and the stuff to calk her with, on condition that you take Johnny into partnership with you, and I'll give the use of the boat free as Johnny's share of the capital."
- "But I 'm not giving anything at all; it is n't fair to you and Johnny," said Tom,
- "Oh, yes, it 's fair for everybody," answered Mr. Slocum. "You are giving the plan that you made up, and your services."
- "It only goes to show how good you are," mumbled Tom, with a flushed face.
- "That's all right, Tom," said Mr. Slocum.
 "It does n't cost me anything to do this for you, and Johnny gets the benefit of whatever it amounts to."
- "Oh, does he?" exclaimed Tom, "you're not doing it for that, Mr. Slocum, but from just goodness to me."

But no matter how or why it was done, the next day the old dory was formally turned over to the boys, and they went to work to calk her. They did not make as fine a job of it as they might have done had they been in less of a hurry to get to sea, but they made her tight and safe. Johnny secured enough paint to give her a coat, and she was left over night to dry.

"I 've a fine old set of spars and a spritsail," said Johnny, "and when we get time we'll fit them to her; but for the present I think we'll have to get along with a 'whiteash breeze.'"

"And why not? Is n't a white-ash breeze enough for two strong men?" asked Tom, so seriously that he made Johnny laugh.

"Men, eh? All right, if you feel so. And say, Tom, I 've a beauty of a lobster-pot that I have n't set lately. Let 's take that with us to-morrow, and see if we can't get a big fellow out on Turtle Back Reef."

"Good!" exclaimed Tom.

The boys spent the evening in preparing their lines and other "fixings," as Tom called them, and they went to bed early so as to be up before daylight. A good sea-fisherman wishes always to be through the surf and on his way to the grounds before the sun peeps over the edge of the waters.

"Turn out, Johnny; it's seven bells in the mid-watch." That was what Tom said as soon as he woke up.

"My! You talk like an old salt," said Johnny, as he rolled out of bed.

It was a glorious morning when the boys, having swallowed a hasty breakfast, started to push their patched-up dory down to the water's edge. The sky in the east was all scarlet and rose-color, and the sea was like a lake of molten gold.

"I tell you this is great!" exclaimed Tom.

The fisherman's son was an expert surfman, and Tom himself was by no means a green hand, for he had been out fishing almost every day, except Sundays, for five weeks. So it was no difficult task for them to get their dory out through the very gentle surf which was breaking softly and lazily on the long outer bar that morning.

- " Now, Tom, which way?"
- "To Turtle Back Reef to set the lobster-pot, of course; and after that we will try our luck with the lines."

So Johnny bent his back to the oars, and Billings's cottage between the two oaks on Sigaway they glided out to the eastward as if they nal Mound to the southward." were trying to hit the spot where the sun was just coming up, a great, luminous, orange-

"That 's right," said Johnny; "let her go!" And Tom "let her go." Next the boys

> were soon in the middle of a fine Their arms fairly ached with haul-"Why, Johnny!" cried Tom, "we will clear enough money out of tofor the oars." "I believe we can!" answered Johnny. And the boys did it, too.



" 'YOU WOULD S'T TIKE IT II YOU HAD TO DO IT FOR A LIVES,' SAN DORNAY."



GOING OUT FOR THE DAY'S WORK.

The next day they had less luck, but they earned enough to pay for the calking. That night Tom, after considerable stumbling and hesitating, managed to say to Mr. Slocum:

"I 'd like it, sir, if you 'd keep me here as a boarder now."

"Why, what do you mean? I have n't said anything about turning you out, have I?"

"No, sir; but you see—you see—well, I 'm earning enough to support myself, and I—I don't like to live on charity."

Mr. Slocum meditated a few minutes, but although he was only a rude fisherman he understood well enough how Tom felt, and liked him all the better for it.

"All right," he said; "you see Mrs. Slocum about the price of board, and that 'll suit me."

So Tom made himself an independent youth at the rate of three dollars a week. But fishing is a very uncertain business, and Tom found that while he sometimes made five dollars in his week, sometimes he made only two dollars; so he did not have much to spare. He puzzled over the problem constantly, but he did not see any way to get ahead.

"Never mind," said Mr. Slocum, when Tom confided his troubles to him; "this business of ours is uncertain, but it has its ups as well as its downs. Why, the first September gale

may bring your fortune ashore, Tom. Who knows?"

Tom Trawley shook his head as he walked away; for he was not much of a believer in luck, even when he had been what many would have called lucky. He was unflagging in his industry, however, and he always had enought money to pay his board, though he did not have any but his rough suit for Sunday. The summer was drawing to a close, and the weather was hot and dry. The boys were as brown as berries, and their muscles were like hard rubber. Tom had never felt so well in his life; and one morning, as they were going out through the surf, he exclaimed:

"I suppose it's foolish for me to say so, but I believe somehow that we're going to strike luck to-day."

"Well, I don't know that there 's anything to complain of. We 've been doing well enough." "Oh, I mean something big!"

Less than an hour later, Tom's prediction was verified in a strange way. The heavy line which the boys kept over the side for big fish tightened, and they hauled it in—or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that they tried to haul it in.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Tom, "I must have the whole reef on the end of this line!"

" Maybe it 's a porpoise!" gasped Tom.

"Hullo! The line 's broken!'

"No! It's the fish-it's coming up-it's coming right at the boat!"

"Oh! Look!"

"Whew!-it 's a shark!"

"A big shark!"

"Hit him, Johnny!"

"Where 's the boat-hook?"

"Look out! He 'll upset us!"

The maddened shark, coming up just beside the boat, looked terrible, and thrashed about in a most alarming way. But when Johnny drove one of the oars into its open mouth, the great fish turned, threw up its tail, and striking the water fiercely, causing a loud report, it turned and disappeared, taking the heavy hook

The two boys dropped upon the seats in their dory, and looked at each other in silence and with serious faces, while they panted after

Finally Johnny began to laugh.

"I don't see anything funny," said Tom.

"You said we were going to strike something

"No! it is a fish!" cried Johnny; "I can feel big, Tom; and we struck something just a little too big!"

Tom smiled, and said:

"Let 's get back to business. We have n't set the lobster-pot to-day yet."

"No, that 's so,"

"What do you say to putting it on the Bass Rocks? We have n't had much luck with it on Turtle Back lately."

"It 's a long pull out to Bass Rocks."

"Well, we can take turns."

"All right; here goes."

The Bass Rocks were seven miles offshore, and were buried at a depth of twelve fathoms. They were a famous feeding-ground for lobsters.

The boys beguiled the time with conversation as they rowed out. Suddenly Tom stopped in the middle of a sentence and exclaimed:

"Hullo!"

"What 's the matter now?" asked Johnny. "You 're a fine fisherman!" said Tom; "the south wind has dropped right out."

"So it has," said Johnny; "and the western sky says we 're going to have a squall."

"Yes, and it 's going to be a stiff one, too."

"Well, we can stand it, I guess, in this boat."



THE ENOUNTER WITH THE SHARK

If the boys had been older seamen, they would have felt more uneasiness, for the scene was one to bring anxiety to an experienced man. The southerly breeze had, indeed, ceased to blow, leaving the air still, heavy, and oppressive. The sea, which a short time before had been dotted with tiny whitecaps, now ran under the boat in long, undulating folds of dark, oily blue. Away in the northwest over the

"Well, we 've got the lobster-pot aboard," said Tom; "and that and an oar will make a fine drag."

"That 's so. Let 's fix it right away."

They got the lobster-pot over the bow, and made its buoy-line fast to the painter. Then they lashed one of the oars to it, and, returning to the stern, awaited the squall. It was not long coming. Soon they heard a faint, moaning land, which was now only a low, faint line to sound in the northwest, followed by a low



THE DORY RIDES OUT THE GALE.

the boys' eyes, was a heavy, black cloud, which hissing. The sea in that direction became all was rising and spreading very fast. Its upper edge was fringed with ragged patches of ashengray vapor, which appeared to roll over and over as they advanced with alarming rapidity. From the lower edge of the cloud hung what looked like a curtain of thin bluish mist, and through this occasional flashes of lightning could be seen.

"It's going to be a great blow," said Johnny, "but I think the wind is ahead of the rain, so it won't last long."

"Do you think you can keep her head to the seas when it gets to blowing?" asked Tom.

"I don't know; but it 'll be safer to make a drag and let her ride to it."

white, and the patches of gray vapor swept over their heads at a terrific speed. The next moment the wind struck the dory, and low as she was on the water, it heeled her over so that the boys instinctively seized the gunwale. Then the dory swung round behind her drag and pointed her nose to windward, and the boys breathed more freely. The wind shrieked like scores of steam-whistles, and the sea rose with frightful rapidity. The long oily folds were quickly torn into ragged, foaming ridges, over which the boat leaped and plunged in mad dizziness. Tom had been out in choppy weather, but never in anything like this; and sometimes as the dory dived into the hollows

he held his breath, expecting that she would go under. But the drag sturdily kept her head to the waves, and a dory will ride out even a bad gale, if you let her alone.

The squall raged for nearly an hour, and the rain poured in torrents. The boys were soaked to the skin, and were compelled to bail out their boat to keep her from becoming too heavy with her load of rain.

But at the end of two hours, they saw, to sea ahead of them.

"A sail!" he cried; "we are safe!"

Looking in the direction in which Johnny pointed, Tom saw a schooner under a doublereefed mainsail and jib.

- "She 's coming this way!" he cried.
- "Yes-no; she 's going about!"
- "No; there she goes about again."
- " Now she 's all in the wind."
- "There must be something wrong, or else she would n't twist about so wildly."
 - "Wait; let us see what she will do next." The schooner was sailing in a most remark-



NEARING THE SCHOOLER

into Tom's ear. "I wonder where we are," cried Tom.

"That 's hard to tell," replied Johnny; "we must have drifted a long way."

There was nothing to do but to wait till the squall had passed. The sky became brighter in the northwest and soon the black clouds fled to the southeastward, and the wind fell to a gentle westerly breeze. The dory was far out of sight of land, and was still tumbling about on a very rough sea. Johnny looked anxiously all around the horizon.

"The squall's breaking!" shouted Johnny able manner, and the boys watched her with puzzled faces.

> "I know what 's the matter!" cried Tom, suddenly; "there 's no one steering her. She 's

> An abandoned vessel! The very thought was full of gloomy suggestion. Here was a genuine mystery of the sea. Whence had she come? Whither had she been going? Where were those who had left port in her?

> "Johnny," said Tom, suddenly, "I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"We can't go drifting around out here in this dory. Night will come on before we can get back to shore, and we may be run down and drowned."

"That 's so," said Johnny.

"Then let us board that schooner."

"What! Board a deserted vessel?"

"Certainly. Let us board her and sail her to the harbor inside the point."

"Do you think we can do it?"

"I don't know why not. She has sails set not enough for fair weather, but enough to keep her going; and we 're good enough sailors to steer her."

"Let's try it!" exclaimed Johnny.

Working with a will, the two boys soon had their drag aboard and their oars once more in the rowlocks. The sea was still very rough, and the wind was freshening up from the southwest.

The queer movements of the schooner taxed the ingenuity of the boys, but finally they drew near to her, and watching for a good opportunity, when she was shaking in the wind, they dashed alongside and Tom sprang into the lee main-chains with the dory's painter. Johnny was soon aboard, and the dory was made fast astern. The boys then turned to survey the deck. It was evident that the schooner had been through a rough experience. Her sheets and halyards were all uncoiled, and were streaming along the deck in a mass of confused lines.

"Oh, look here!" cried Tom, as he bent over an object in the lee scuppers.

"What is it?" asked Johnny, picking his way across the rolling deck.

"A man's coat!" exclaimed Tom.

"Do you suppose the man fell overboard?"

"Yes—or escaped with the rest of the crew."
"Why, of course," said Johnny. "She has

"Why, of course," said Johnny. "She has no boat here; her crew must have escaped in it."

"But escaped from what? The schooner seems to be in good condition."

" Maybe she 's sinking!"

"She does n't seem to be settling very fast," declared Tom, very coolly; "anyhow, I mean to go below and see what things look like down there."

"Go below?" exclaimed Johnny.

"Yes, why not? Maybe there 's something to eat down there."

"Yes; and maybe this is all a trick and the crew is down there hiding and just waiting —"

"Don't be silly! The crew would n't hurt us. There are n't any pirates around this part of the world."

So saying, Tom started for the companionway leading to the cabin. Johnny followed with evident reluctance. Cautiously Tom picked his way down the steps, trying in vain to peer into the darkness below.

"Black as ink down there," he muttered.

"Let's go back," said Johnny; "I heard a groan."

"Nonsense. It's only the creaking of the schooner's timbers."

He pressed forward, and in a few moments stood in the cabin. Attempting to move ahead, he stumbled against a pile of something soft.

"What 's this? Why, the whole floor is covered with things!"

"Tom," exclaimed Johnny, "that time it was a groan!"

"You're right," said Tom, "there 's somebody aboard here, sick or hurt."

He advanced, stumbling over the things on the floor, and called out: "Who is here?"

Out of the middle of a pile of canvas and clothing a strange figure lifted its head and shoulders. The boys started back as the figure spoke: "Ahoy thar! What ship be ye, and w'ar bound?"

"We 're two fishermen," answered Tom, "blown offshore in the squall; and seeing this deserted schooner, we boarded her."

"Werry proper, werry proper! 'Cos w'y? Practically, the 'Mary Ann Gumby,' o' Portland, are deserted, seein' as how thar ain't nobody aboard 'cept me, an' I 'm a wrack mysel!."

"Are you sick?" asked Tom.

"I ain't wot ye might call sick, an' I sartainly ain't wot ye would stigmatize as wal. My ankle are sprained so bad I can't stand up." "Why, how did that happen, and why are you here alone?"

"Easy 'nough, as you might say. Help me over to one o' them lockers an' I 'll tell you."

The boys stooped, raised the sailor in their

schooner?"

arms, and carried him with great care across the

"This 'ere schooner are bound from Philadelphy to Portland, in ballast. That thar squall miles above our village," said Johnny. knocked this

wessel onto her beamends, an' at the same time throwed me down that 'ere hatchway an made me a wrack. The rest o' the in' the cap'n, got a-skeert, thinkin' the ballast had shifted an' the schooner war goin' to sink; an' they tuk the boat an' rowed away,



"OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF A PILE OF CANADS A STRANGE LIGURE LIFT D ITS HEAD."

not stoppin' to inquire whether old Hiram Huggins war alive or dead - which the same I are half-way atween 'em. An' that are the whole o' my story."

"Then the first thing for us to do is to bind up your ankle," said Tom, "Is there any ice

"There are a little in the ice-box, I guess." Tom, following old Hiram's directions, found the ice-box, and soon had some cracked ice bound in a towel around the injured ankle.

"That 'll ache a good deal at first," said Tom, "but it 'll take the inflammation out."

"Where did you learn that 'ere trick?"

- asked Hiram. "From my father," said Tom.
 - "Is he a fisherman?" asked Hiram.
- "He 's not living," said Tom; "nor my
- "I 'm truly sorry fur ye," said Hiram. "It 's hard to fight the world alone; but you 've got your start in life to-day, if ye know how to use it."
 - "How do you mean?" asked Tom.

"An' so ye shall; an' old Hi Huggins 'll show ye how to do 't. All ye got to do is to get me on deck an' fix me comf'table w'ar I kin give ye orders. Do ye know anythin' about

"Wot was ye goin' to do aboard this 'ere

"We meant to sail her into the harbor, six

- "We 've both had a good deal of practice on my father's sloop," said Johnny.
 - "Good! Did ye ever hear o' salwage?"
- "Yas, money paid fur savin' a wessel from wrack. Now, ef you two boys sails this 'ere schooner into port, ye'll be intitled to salwage, an' Hi Huggins 'll testify to 't."
- "But you'll be entitled to just as much as we are,"
- "Thar 'll be 'nough fur us all. This 'ere schooner is new an' wallyable."

Without further talk the boys set to work to carry old Hiram Huggins on deck. The schooner was rolling so that it was not an easy job; but they accomplished it, and finally seated him near the wheel.

"The seas must 'a' swep' her decks w'en she was on her beam-ends. I don't know how she come to right hersel', but she did," said Hiram; "fur w'ich the same I are truly thankful. Now let 's see. She are under double-reefed mains'l an' one heads'l. It are blowin' fresh, an' the sea are lumpy, an' we 're werry short-handed, our crew consistin' o' one wracked sailor an' two fish-boys off a sloop. We 'll let her canvas stay as it are. So one o' you take the w'eel an' let her go about nor'west till we sight the land, an' then we can tell w'ar we be."

Tom took the wheel, and the sailor sat near and gave him hints as to the proper way to steer. Johnny went below, and, following directions given him by Hiram, found some cold corned-beef, some bread and pickles, and some cheese. With these and some cold water from the scuttle-butt they appeased their hunger.

About dark they could make out a white light ahead of the schooner, and Johnny cried out: up and on his way home to let his father and mother know that they were safe. Mr. Slocum returned with his boy to the schooner, and insisted on taking Hiram Huggins to his house till the sprained ankle was well. Mr. Brown, the village lawyer, in due time put in the claim for salvage, and to his great joy Tom found himself the possessor of \$800. With this he bought and equipped a sloop and started a fish and oyster business. Such were his industry and economy that in five years he owned a large stand in the market of the neighboring city, and was fairly on the road to a comfortable future.

"Do you remember what I said the day of the squall?" Tom said to Johnny. "I said we'd strike big luck, and we did. That day gave me my start in life."



TAKING THE SCHOONER INTO TORT

"Oh, I believe that's the lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor!"

After sailing on for half an hour, Johnny's belief was found to be correct. In another hour and a half they were safe and at anchor. The next morning, before daybreak, Johnny was

"What's become of the 'Mary Ann Gumby?"
"Why, there she is, at the wharf, loaded with
fish," said Tom; "I've bought a half interest
in her"

"Who owns the other half?"

"Captain Hiram Huggins, of course."



JeanYoung

plan are you making now? I nearly broke the window trying to stop you, and you never even turned your head!" exclaimed Dora Eaton, as she caught up with her friend at the school gate, after the noon intermission.

"We have n't time to talk it out now; I'll come over when I've finished my composition," answered Jean; and side by side the two hurried in at the wide doorway, as the bell struck its warning.

Three hours later, the friends were "ready to talk." Each had settled herself in one of the great "sleepy-hollow" chairs in Judge Eaton's library. On the table was a large plate of rosy "Baldwins"—always a necessary addition to their "talks."

"Jean certainly is unusually solemn," thought Dora, as she took a preliminary bite of her apple, then looked at her friend with an inquiring "Well?"

Jean sat very erect.

"I hope you won't be disgusted, Dora, but the truth is this: I 've been thinking it over,



By Alice Balch Abbot.

and I have about decided that girl-friendships are just-nonsense!"

A quick bounce brought Dora's reclining figure to an indignantly upright position.

"I must say, Jean Young, that is a nice thing to tell to your best friend! Perhaps you don't care much for me, but I never felt toward any girl as I feel toward you. Why, I have a queer sensation if I just catch a glimpse of your ulster coming around the corner! Maybe it is 'nonsense,' as you call it; but it's nonsense that makes me mind far more when you fail in class than when I do, and happier when you are 'number one' than when I am. There!" and Dora took a huge bite of apple to stop the choke fast rising in her throat.

Jean's brown eyes grew wider and wider as the indignant words poured forth, till, at the last, something dimmed their brightness, and the room was very still for a moment after Dora paused.

"I will never say it again, without making one exception," and Jean's voice was beautifully gentle. "I never dreamed you felt that way. It makes me dreadfully ashamed. I wish I could say the same to you; but I am horridly selfish and always care more for my own honors than for any one else's; but I can say honestly that I care more for you than for any of the others, if that is any comfort."

"Thank you; it does make me feel better; but what else were you going to say?"

"I am half ashamed to say it now," began Jean, slowly; "but I do wish girls could be friends in the same way that boys are. I am so tired of seeing them caress each other one day, and then say all sorts of mean things behind one another's backs the next; but remember, Dora, I don't mean this is true of us, because I think we have been quite sensible."

Dora was listening intently now.

"Oh, I know what you mean! Only this noon, Bessie Grey walked home with me and told the greatest story of how Annie Locke had disobeyed her father, buying candy without his permission."

"Yes, indeed," broke in Jean; "and didn't I see her with her arm around Annie's waist, helping her eat that same candy!"

"And," continued Dora, "Helen Childs would n't speak to Lucy, because she had a mistake in her dictation, and Lucy marked it wrong. What else could she do, I'd like to know? And it was only yesterday I heard Helen call Lucy her 'dearest, bestest friend.' But do you really suppose that the boys are any better than we are?"

"Yes, I do," answered Jean. "Since I began thinking, I have watched Ned and Frank Dole. You know what chums they are. No one can make Ned say a word against Frank. Ned got that new edition of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for his birthday, last week. Mother had an errand for him to do, just after father gave it to him; so he told Frank to take it home and look at it, but be sure to be back by five o'clock. I was in the library when Ned came in at six. I thought I would catch him at last, so I said very meekly, 'Did you want anything?' 'Only my new book; never mind!' and off he went, not saying one word about Frank. When we came up from dinner, Frank was there; so I walked slowly through the hall. 'I say,' said Ned, 'I thought you were to be here by five,' Then Frank's voice, 'Now, don't get excited, old boy; Father sent me over to Dover, so I could n't get here.' 'All right,' said Ned; and they went to talking about the pictures, without another word about the delay. I wonder how two girls would have acted."

"Oh, I can tell you!" said Dora. "One of them would have stormed to the whole family, when she did n't find the book, and then would have been as cool as a cucumber when it was

friends in the same way that boys are. I am brought back, and then they both would have so tired of seeing them caress each other one been 'mad,' and would n't have spoken for day, and then say all sorts of mean things betwo weeks!"

Jean laughed at Dora's scornful tone.

"Not all girls, I'm sure; but some would do just that, I am afraid," Jean admitted.

"What made you think about it?" asked Dora.

"Hearing about 'John Halifax.' You know mother tells me grown-up stories, once in a while; and I think I like this one more than all the others. It 's about a rich boy and a poor one. The rich one tells the story; and they were friends—such friends, Dora! Of course they grew up, and it 's very interesting and exciting, too; but they never have any quarrels." Jean stopped, with a far-away look in her brown eyes, as if listening once more to the tale of that matchless friendship.

"Do you remember 'Tom Brown' and 'East' and 'Arthur'? What splendid times they had!" sighed Dora.

"But David and Jonathan were the best of all. John Halifax and Phineas tried to be like those two," said Jean.

Dora lifted a Bible from the table, turned the pages for a moment, then read slowly:

"The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

It was rather a hard puzzle for fifteen-yearold heads; but as the simple old words fell reverently from Dora's lips, both girls felt that friendship could be something far nobler and grander than they had ever dreamed.

"I don't see why girls can't do it!" said Dora.

"Suppose two of them try it," cried Jean; but she added, "— if you can put up with my selfishness."

"I'll risk it," laughed Dora; "but how shall we begin? David and Jonathan would be a pretty hard model, and I don't know about those others; and Tom Brown was mostly fights, foot-ball, and cricket. That leaves only your brother and Frank Dole."

"Begin with them, then," said Jean; "but how they will laugh, if they find it out!"

"Oh, we will make the copy so much better than the original, they will never know; but Jean,"—anxiously,—"you don't think they really care more for each other than we do?"

"No, indeed; only if we are to have a boy-friendship, we must have a boy-copy."

"Ye-es; but you know they never put their area around each other, nor write notes, and they call each other by their last names; and when they are very glad to see each other they only slap their friends' backs. Do you mean for us to do all those things, Jean?"

"Partly; though of course you could n't call me 'Young,' and it would look rather queer if we took to slapping each other's backs; but don't you honestly think some girls overdo their kissing and embracing one another?"

"Yes - sometimes," said Dora, slowly; then she added in a brighter tone:

"Let's begin now. Would n't it be better to call each other by some name like a boy's, and that would make us remember?"

"How would David and Jonathan do?" laughed Jean.

"Oh, no! The girls must not suspect. Let's try to twist our own names"; and Dora proceeded to write them down: "Dora Elsworth Eaton—Jean Alston Young."

"Just see here!" she cried the next moment, pushing the paper toward her friend. There stood the two trios of initials: "D. E. E.—I. A. Y."

"Is n't that splendid? Dee for David, and Jay for Jonathan; only I have the best."

"No, I have," answered Jean. "Jonathan gave up more for David, and it will be a good thing for me to remember."

The next morning, as Jean Young passed Judge Eaton's gate, a lively figure danced down the walk.

" How are you, Jay?"

"Finely, Dee!" with a covert pat on her friend's shoulder.

And so the enigma began. "What has come over Jean and Dora?" "Are they daft?" "I always thought their friendship was too thick to last," were the comments whispered behind the two, who rarely walked with their arms about each other's waists; rarely inlaid their talks with "dears" and "dearies"; and, worst of all, rarely kissed at parting for the noon intermission. But the friendship did last.

"Phew!" said Phebe Godwin. "Please some one see if my head is still on. I just hinted something about Dora's having help with her algebra, and you ought to have heard Jean: you would have thought I had pinched her."

And Dee and Jay, walking arm in arm, or at the most with an arm over the neighboring shoulder, with all their spoken and acted fun, felt their hearts knitting more firmly as the days went by. Little did they think of the test preparing to try their friendship.

It was the custom at Mrs. Grey's school for the gymnastic-class to give an annual exhibition on the evening of Washington's Birthday.

I am afraid some of my girl readers would turn up their dainty noses at the idea of such an exhibition; for Mrs. Grey was old-fashioned in her notions, and had not arrived at the advanced ideas which clothe the girl gymnast in divided skirts. In this exhibition there were neither traveling-rings nor flying-trapezes, parallel bars nor bars horizontal. Pretty wandexercises, dumb-bells, and light club-swinging were all that were attempted. Very simple it sounds; but even simple motions, when done in perfect time to bright tuneful strains, may give great pleasure, and there were many who counted this Washington's Birthday exhibition as one of the prettiest sights of the year.

In consequence of all this, there was one honor that was coveted beyond all others in the school—yes, even beyond that of standing first in the class-room: this was the place at the head of the line which marched into the large, airy gymnasium on the long-expected night in February. Three weeks before that time, the leader was chosen. A great excitement prevailed this year, for all knew the choice must lie between Dora Eaton and Jean Young. They had led the double lines and taken turns as single leader during the year; for Miss Neal, the gymnastic teacher, had often said there was no choosing between them.

Over and over again it floated on the schoolroom air that the grand friendship would end at last; many were the curious eyes waiting to see the break.

One afternoon, when the girls assembled in the gymnasium, Miss Neal greeted them with:

"Young ladies, I am in a quandary as to the clubs were swung, the wands "charged," and choice of your leader, and so have asked my the dumb-bells clicked. Few, indeed, were the four associates to help me. After the practice, mistakes, for the class was well trained; but they will decide by vote. The decision will be two pairs of arms seemed moved by a perfect announced to-morrow"; and, with a signal to mechanism: stamp and "charge," circle and the piano, Miss Neal took her seat. There was click, seemed one with the music. The time



"THE TIME MARCHED DOWN THE RISON, HEADED BY TORA CARRYING THE FLAG." (SEE PAGE \$25.)

principally in double lines. Faultless in step of comic despair: and turn, the two friends led their files. The "What is to be done? They are absolutely

a subdued rustle of excitement as the long line was almost gone. As the last dumb-bell fell of navy blue swung down the room. It was into its socket, Miss Neal turned to the four Jean's day for leading, but the marching was teachers beside her, asking with an expression

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equal." Then, raising her voice, "Once around the room, girls; single file."

The long line passed the platform, turned the corner, and stepped briskly down the room. As they neared the lower corner, the melody of the march was changed; there was a moment's confusion as to the heavy beat. At the same instant, Dora noticed a change in the swinging of the skirt before her. The truth flashed through her mind—"Jean has lost the step!" Not one second did she hesitate; her whisper came with the thought—"The step, Jay!" and as they turned the corner, the correction was made, and Jean's little left foot fell in perfect time to the heavy beat.

"Break ranks!" came the call from the platform. The girls crowded into the corridor, leaving the five teachers to their difficult task.

"Did I say too much?" asked Miss Neal.
"Those girls have soldier blood in them. I
hope some of you saw some difference."

Three of the council confessed to indecision; but Mademoiselle Soule twinkled her little black eyes behind her heavy gold-rimmed spectacles:

"I would ask one question, Mees Neal. Is it after your manner that the young ladies converse during the walk?"

"Certainly not," answered Miss Neal.

"I would not be too certain," said Mademoiselle, "but it did appear to me that Mees Eaton did converse a word with Mees Young at the last time of circuit."

None of the others had noticed, and Mademoiselle was not certain. What was to be done?

done?
"I would ask Dora Eaton herself, if she were here," said Miss Neal.

As if in answer to her wish, Dora appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Eaton, will you come here one moment, please!"

Dora came forward.

"Miss Eaton, there is no need to conceal the fact that the choice lies between you and Miss Young. I wish to ask a question. Did you speak to Miss Young during the practice?"

Dora looked up with a quick gleam in her gray eyes.

"Yes, Miss Neal, I did."

"Thank you," was the answer, spoken in Miss Neal's heartiest tone. "I knew I could trust you."

Dora picked up her algebra, which she had left on the window-seat, and left the room. There was an actual tone of delight in her whisper, as she said to herself, "Now Jean will have it, sure!"

Truly, love is blind. Dora gave never a thought to Jean's mistake, without which she had not transgressed herself.

The wrinkles of perplexity had just left Miss Neal's forehead when, the door opening a second time, Jean Young entered and came quickly toward the platform.

"Miss Neal, I have been waiting to speak with you; but perhaps the others ought to hear, too. I wanted to be sure that you saw me break step in the last march. Dora corrected me at once, and I thought you might have overlooked it."

"But if Miss Eaton spoke, she also did wrong."

"I know it; but if it had not been for my mistake, she would not have done it."

"To tell the truth, Miss Young, we had not noticed your error; and I fear it will make a difference in our decision"; and Miss Neal watched the face before her closely.

"Oh, then, Dora is to have it! May I tell

There was no feigned gladness in that tone. Miss Neal's keen eyes softened as she answered:

"I would rather it were kept a secret till to-morrow. I wish there were two first places, Miss Young."

And this was the selfish young lady who "always cared more for her own honors than for any one else's"!

The evening of the twenty-second had come at last, and a merry confusion reigned in the small room adjoining the gymnasium.

"Will it ever be eight o'clock?" was the impatient query of more than one girlish voice.

"Nell Madison, what does come after the second charge in the dumb-bells?"

"Oh, Jean, stop a minute, and do tell me what exercise comes just before that parallel circle in the club?"

salute with the wands?"

"I declare I am not going to think any more about it, but trust to luck!"

Such were some of the comments that turned the small room into a miniature babel.

"Into line, young ladies!" and following Miss Neal's order came a moment of confused hurrying to and fro, then a breathless, throbbing silence as the great clock struck its eight slow strokes. Before the vibrations had quite died away, the piano rang out the first chords of the spirited "Leo" march, the door opened, and, headed by Dora Eaton, the long line swung into sight. Truly, one might have looked far and wide for a prettier sight than those fortyeight girls each clad in soft white flannel blouse and skirt, while from every left shoulder hung long loops and ends of red, white, and blue. No wonder the admiring friends in the gallery clapped again and again, as the exercises went steadily on. First the dumb-bells, with the rhythmical click of the "Anvil Chorus"; then the wands, with the pretty march which is a military setting of the "Virginia Reel"; last, and most difficult of all, the Indian clubs. How perilous an undertaking it seemed to the anxious mothers' eyes, as the clubs twisted and circled above the braids and curls! Even Miss Neal gave a sigh of relief as the lines closed up at the end of this exercise and marched from the room to leave their weapons.

Once more the line is at the door. This is the moment to which the leader has long looked forward. A subdued hum of delight greets Miss Neal as she comes quickly into the room, for in her hand is a slender staff from the eagle-tipped end of which floats the daintiest of silken flags. Oh, you boys, who glory in patriotic festivals, for the opportunities they afford you for processions, do you ever think of the envy lying in the hearts of your sisters, as they stand by the roadside? What would they not give to march in the ranks, wield the drumsticks, carry the flaming torches, or, best of all, the fluttering folds of the "red, white, and blue"! But, alas! propriety and petticoats forbid such

"How many counts before you give the indulgence of female patriotism. And now, knowing that such feelings do exist, perhaps you may understand the suppressed delight that filled those girlish hearts as, to the ringing strains of "John Brown," the line marched down the room, headed by Dora carrying the flag. Half-way across the foot of the gymnasium, the standard-bearer halted, then moved one step forward; the two girls following took their places behind, the three next back of these, and so on till all were formed in a solid half-diamond. The pretty mass of white gowns and floating ribbons moved forward to the center of the room! then the music suddenly ceased, there was one moment's hush, and the audience started to their feet as the clear young voices sang the first notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner." How they sang it, till the very roof seemed to thrill at the last repetition of that soul-stirring line:

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And it was this that Jean had lost,-the thrill of keen delight which rose from the holding of those fluttering colors which had been the inspiration of that glorious song, and now waked the enthusiasm that made the echoes ring again.

A few minutes later, with ulsters closely buttoned over their white flannel splendor, Jean and Dora were walking silently homeward, behind their friends. Dora gave a long sigh. Jean turned quickly:

"What is the matter, Dee? I thought your happiness was complete."

"Oh, nothing; only I cannot help wishing that you could have had it, too."

"Well," said Jean, "if you want to know the truth, I am just wondering why I don't wish the same thing; but as surely as I stand here, I can tell you, Dora Eaton, that I was never more happy in my life than when I marched behind you to-night. Is n't it funny?"

"Funny?" and Dora gave a queer little choke; then, forgetful of hand-shakes and slaps on the back, she put both arms around her friend's neck and gave her one hearty girl-kiss.



BOBOLINK.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BOBOLINK—
He is here!
Spink-a-chink!
Hark! how clear
Drops the note
From his throat,
Where he sways
On the sprays
Of the wheat
In the heat!
Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink!

Bobolink

Is a beau.
See him prink!

Watch him go
Through the air
To his fair'

Hear him sing
On the wing,—
Sing his best
O'er her nest:
"Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink:

Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink:
Bobolink,
Linger long!
There 's a kink
In your song
Like the joy
Of a boy
Left to run
In the sun,—
Left to play
All the day,
Bobolink,
Spink aschink!

OUEER THINGS ABOUT FROGS.

By HAROLD W. CHAMBERLAIN.



FROGS are mainly stagnant pool, and they show a good appetite juice. If they try to for soft, decaying water-growths. The fouler make more than a short jour- tadpoles. As they are

short journey away , from moisture, in a drought, they will perish for want of

numerous, and thus deyour a great amount of matter that would make it very unhealthful to live near a stagnant pond, they are really useful creatures.

water; and then their bodies will dry away. The frog's bones are so soft that he scarcely leaves any skeleton. In captivity they will generally eat meat, whether good or bad, as well as bread and bran dough; and, as a special relish, will sometimes lunch upon one another's tails.

A frog meets with remarkable changes during his natural life. He begins as an egg and hatches out as a fish. That is, a tadpole, or polliwog, at first has gills, breathing water alone. In his early days, however, the tadpole soon

The common frog gets his final shape in the first season; but the bullfrog goes under the mud for the winter, while still a tradealer and it takes at least

however, the tadpole soon loses the outside part of his gills and breathes air; so that he has to come to the surface of the water every few minutes, like a porpoise, to get a fresh gulp of breath.

and for the winter, while still a tadpole; and it takes at least another summer, and sometimes more, before he has full right to be called a frog. He is some four years from the egg in getting full growth, and does not become old for

During the first part of his career, he swims by sculling with his long tail. After a while his legs begin to grow out, his tail becomes shorter and shorter, and when he is a complete frog, he has no tail at all, but swims by kicking. When half frog and half tadpole, he still has a good deal of tail, and, in addition, big hind legs and mere sprouts for fore legs; so that he is a very funny-looking fellow.

A bullfrog-tadpole at this stage seems "neither of

about ten years more.

There are still a number of

There are still a number of peculiar things about a frog after he has outgrown his polliwog life.

heaven nor of earth."

Again, the tadpole eats water-plants; but when he becomes a frog, he feeds on animal life. Tadpoles eat the green moss or "scum" that we see so often on logs and plants in a



DIFFERENT STAGES IN FROG-LIFE: FROM THE FGG TO THE

The frog does not breathe air into lungs, as do most animals, for he has nothing to draw it with. He has no ribs, no diaphragm, and no real lungs; but a kind of sack instead. He takes in a mouthful of air, and then swullows it by means of muscles in the throat; but it goes into the air-sack, and not into the stomach. It is just as necessary for a frog to shut his mouth to take a breath, as it is for us to close the mouth with the lips or tongue in order to swallow. This explains why a frog can be suffocated to death if his mouth is kept open in some way.

A remarkable thing about these creatures is that the larger part of the breathing is done through the skin. In fact, it is said that this supply of air is a necessary addition to that taken in by ordinary breathing, as the latter does not supply sufficient air to support life in a frog.

Another peculiar thing about the skin of the frog is its powerful absorption of water. This is due, of course, to the numberless minute pores with which their skin is provided. It has been proved that a frog can thus soak up half its weight of water in an hour. The skin of the stomach is most active in this way, and, at the same time, is most often in contact with moisture, such as mud, dewy grass, wet ground, and leaves afford. As the skin perspires quite as freely as it absorbs, it is easily seen why contact with moisture is so necessary. Besides the loss from evaporation, there is the stopping of skin-breathing also, because the skin has to be kept moist and soft, to absorb fresh air and give off used air from the system. The soaking of water is what gives the frog's skin such a cold, clammy, and uncanny feeling when handled. And it explains a strange thing. Though a bullfrog were poked with a red-hot iron, it would not feel it enough to move out of its tracks; for the moisture on the skin forms a kind of film of vapor between it and the iron, which it takes time to heat through; and so the frog would not feel pain from the heat. Yet, if hot water is dropped upon him, he will instantly jump from pain, as this heat at once strikes into the skin.

A frog has another safeguard against drying up,—that is, a kind of interior sack for storing water. Like the camel, it thus keeps a supply which carries it over many a dry place, when it would otherwise lose all its moisture and die. The water is as pure and tasteless as that of any spring.

In Australia, it is said, one species of frog prepares for a drought in a wonderful way. Sometimes the traveler suffering from thirst will come to a bush, and, digging into the ground a foot or two, will find a clay ball. He cracks it open, and out jumps a frog! Stranger still, inside the ball is found a good drink of pure water! And with this the man quenches his thirst.

As to their condition during the winter season, our cold-blooded friends pass the time in a comfortable way, in a state of torpor called hibernation.

The place selected seems anything but comfortable,—a tomb in the mud in the margin or bottom of a pond. Hibernation is a state of entire or partial torpor. It seems like sleep, but is proved to be not really the same. In torpor, the breathing, circulation of the blood, digestion, are almost entirely stopped; but in sleep these all go on. An animal is awakened from sleep by a mere jostling; while in complete torpor it will not be roused, even if subjected to treatment usually fatal.

The frog is sustained, when he ceases to eat, by lobes of fat stored inside his body for that purpose. This is another method of meeting privation which our amphibious friends share with the camel, whose humps are little else but stores of fat.

As to diet, the general rule is that frogs eat, or are eaten by, almost everything. Slugs, water-bugs, grasshoppers, and other insects are specially relished. There is a peculiar arrangement for catching insects. The tongue is hung by the outer instead of the inner end, so as to flap forward and back like a flash, and entrap its prev.

It happens that insects, curiously enough, disappear for the winter and reappear in the spring at just the times when the frogs hibernate and come out again. Bullfrogs indulge also in small fish, field-mice, and ducklings. They will often eat their own tadpoles. While in captivity they will learn to eat almost any food given them.

The appetite of these voracious creatures is in full vigor when they come out of their long winter fast. Frogs, in fact (like the Chinese), seem to do several things in a reversed way, besides flapping the tongue out as just noticed;

for, contrary to the case with man and most other animals, the hotter the season grows, the hungrier they become, till by July their voracity is something alarming. In the fall (about September, in England and our northern States), frogs are usually quite fat from summer gorging. Then, by another reversal of the usual order of things, the appetite falls off, and they eat little or nothing till going into winter quarters,that is, the frog begins fasting about a month before its active season ends. This seems a queer way to prepare for the winter.

Frogs are preyed upon, in turn, by a host of enemies. Among them, there are fish, snakes, hawks, owls, herons, cranes, minks, and other so-called "varmints,"—to say nothing of boys. The hind legs or "saddles" of bullfrogs and other

large varieties are esteemed as a great table delicacy. Their flavor has been described as half-way between that of chicken and softshelled crab. Invalids will often relish them when almost everything else is distasteful.

Frogs command good prices in the markets; and, as they are not plenty, and are quite shy, the demand is generally greater than the supply.

They are caught in various ways. In the United States a line, with hook and bait, or a piece of red rag, is generally used. The line must be kept in motion near the surface, to imitate life, as a frog seizes only moving prey.



CATCHING FROMS BY TORCH-LIGHT.

On the Potomac they are caught on dark nights, from boats and skiffs, in the glare of bull's-eye lanterns. The boat is paddled, or drifted down, to a "nest" or group of noisy bullforgs. One man is in the bow, with the lantern covered, and when the frogs are reached he suddenly turns the light on them. Dazzled by the bright glare thrown into their big bulging eyes, they at first make no effort to escape, and

so are picked up with the hands, and put into the man in the bow will carry a stick and whack the frogs right and left with it, when they will turn up their white stomachs on the surface, killed or disabled. This is quicker work, but does not enable the catchers to keep the game so well for the market. The darker the night, the better: so when the moon rises, the catchers paddle home with their prisoners. The next

In New Jersey, last winter, great numbers of frogs of various sorts were frozen into the ice in a sudden cold snap. They were collected by a farmer, to the amount of a full wagon-load, and sent to the Philadelphia market. This was an

Common frogs migrate regularly from the water to the woods in spring, and back to the water again in the fall. Sometimes bullfrogs will leave a pond in which they are being fat-



morning they are sold in Washington, perhaps at a dollar a dozen, though the price often

in the blinding light of torches held by men on shore, while a comrade wades in with a basket to look at the flames. Sometimes, in the daytime, they are tolled by a decoy frog secured in a glass jar. As they come in answer to his cries, they are dipped up with nets by the catchers at the margin of the water.

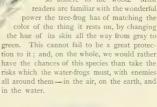
tened for market, and at night cross overland in a company to some other body of water, much to the chagrin of the owner. This larger kind of frog does not leave the water long, but stays in it more than any of the other varieties. When water has been scarce, they have been known to leave a drying pond, and move over to one with more water in it; and, on meeting the occupying colony of bullfrogs, to fight a pitched battle for many hours, to drive the de-

Frogs are weather-prophets; they croak the



loudest before a rain. Tree-frogs are used in Europe as barometers. When put in a glass jar and provided with small plants and a little ladder, they will hide under the plants in wet weather, and come out and climb the ladder just before fair weather.

There are some things that are quite remarkable, though perhaps already familiar to the reader, in regard to the tree-frog, or tree-toad. as it is sometimes called. Though it spends the summer in trees, it lays its eggs in the water. like other frogs and toads; and it stays under the mud in a torpid state during the winter. What a change the spring must bring to it, when it crawls slowly out of a mud-hole, and after stretching out its cold, cramped limbs. climbs a tree, and leaps after insects in the topmost branches! It is enabled to hold on to the bark, not by claws, but by "suckers" on its





A COR DEEP IN VER .

THE LITTLE ELF.



By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I MET a little Elf-man, once, Down where the lilies blow.

I asked him why he was so small And why he did n't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye He looked me through and through.

"I 'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Author of "Lady Jane"

[Begun in the May number]

CHAPTER XIV.

"I HAVE COME TO STAY WITH YOU."

PHILIP had not been to the studio for two days, and Mrs. Ainsworth was very unhappy over his absence. It was a week or more after the conversation related in the last chapter, and they had finally decided to leave the next day.

"I can't think what has kept the child away," said Mrs. Ainsworth, complainingly. "He knows we are going to-morrow, and he would certainly be here unless something serious has happened."

"I will go to Seline," said Mr. Ainsworth, taking his hat. "If he has n't been there, I will send her to look him up."

As he spoke he opened the door to go out. There stood Philip, who was about to enter. At first Mr. Ainsworth did not notice that Lilybel was hanging back in the shadow of the door, and that he carried a bag and a large basket; but he did notice that Philip looked very pale, and altogether unlike himself.

As soon as Mrs. Ainsworth heard her husband exclaim, "Why, Philip! I was just going to see what had become of you," she came for-

ward joyfully, but started back surprised when she saw the boy's face. Then she noticed that he was dressed in black and that around his straw hat was a band of rusty crape, and that his eyes, when he raised them, had the wide, frightened look that one sometimes sees in a lost, helpless animal. He seemed much older, for the charming roundness and color of infancy had vanished, and his cheeks were pale and tear-stained; a few days of weeping and fasting had changed him greatly. When he tried to speak, his lips quivered, and the sobs which he struggled to suppress almost choked him. In one hand he carried a bundle tied up in a redand-yellow silk handkerchief; in the other, one of Toinette's white wreaths, with the purple motto. À ma Mère.

When Philip entered the room, Lilybel slipped in behind him, and putting the basket on the floor, he placed the bag beside it. Then he flattened himself against the wall and stood with his toes turned in and his arms hanging awkwardly, while he twisted his mouth into the most lugubrious contortions and rolled his eyes mournfully.

Mrs. Ainsworth saw nothing but Philip. For a moment she looked at him pityingly; then she took him in her arms and drew him close to her. "My poor child, my darling! Tell me what has happened," she said tenderly.

Philip wiped his eyes and swallowed his sobs resolutely. "Mammy is dead," he replied brokenly, "and-and I 've come to stay with you."

"Your mammy is dead? Why, how -- when did it happen?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth at the same moment.

"It was in the night. She went away while I was asleep. She thought I might go and leave her, but now she's gone first and left me," said Philip, making a great effort to control his grief, and trying to tell his sad little story calmly and clearly, "Mammy always got up early, and when she did n't come to call me. I went to her room, and she was lying in her bed asleep. I tried to awake her and I could n't, so I ran to the doctor's on the next block. He came back with me, and he said-he saiddear mammy would never wake again! She had just gone away in her sleep, and she never told me she was going-never said good-by or anything. Then I went for Seline. I knew Seline would come, because Père Josef was away. Père Josef was a good friend to mammy; she always went to him when she was in trouble."

"My dear, dear boy! why did n't you come to us?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, who was crying in spite of herself. "We would have done everything for you."

"Well, mammy knew Seline. I did n't think; I ran right to her, and she and Lilybel have stayed with me ever since. We had the funeral yesterday, out at St. Roch's - mammy always said she wanted to be buried there. It 's awful quiet there. She had money in a box to pay for everything,-I knew all about it; she showed it to me once and told me it was to bury her with, - and we had two carriages. Père Martin from St. Mary's Church went in one, and Dea and I, with Seline and Lilybel, went in the other, and - and I cut roses enough to cover her grave, because dear mammy won't want any more flowers!" and, overcome by the thought that these were the last offices for the departed, he hid his face on Mrs. Ainsworth's shoulder and cried passionately.

from the basket, followed by the wail of a cat, and the peeping and fluttering of fowls.

"You jes' stop dat noise in dar!" cried Lilybel, sharply, at the same time giving the basket an energetic kick, which served only to increase the tumult.

Mrs. Ainsworth started up surprised, "What are those?" she asked, looking at Philip's humble belongings.

"They 're mine," said Philip, wiping away his tears. "Lilybel brought them. The puppy and the kitten and six little chickens are in the basket. Mammy raised the chickens - the hen stole her nest and mammy found it; she thought so much of them, and I could n't leave them. These are Père Josef's mice." -- indicating the bundle in the red-and-vellow handkerchief,- "and this," glancing at the wreath, "I want to keep always to remember dear mammy by. I could n't leave them, so I brought them this morning, and I 've got to take them all with me."

Mr. Ainsworth smiled, but there was a lump in his throat that was difficult to swallow. However, he said gently:

"Well, my dear boy, we will see presently what we can do with your family of pets: but. first, do I understand that you have made up your mind to go with us - that you have really decided ?"

"Yes, sir; I mean to go. You know I said I 'd go if it was n't for leaving mammy, but now she 's left me and there 's nothing to hinder; I can't live there without her. I have no other home, now, and Père Josef is gone. I will go with you and stay until he comes back, then he 'll tell me what I must do. Seline has locked up everything. There 's nothing there now to miss me but the Major and the Singer, and I guess they won't forget me. I guess they 'll be there when I come back. Now," he added with a business-like air, and quite as if everything was settled, "if you 'll tell me where I can put those things in the basket, Lilybel and I will let them out; and there are my clothes"; pointing out the bag. "My best suit is in there, but I sha'n't wear it now, because I'm in mourning. Dea put this crape on my hat; she had it when her At that moment there came a low growl mama died. Was n't she good to think of it?"

able for a

fashionable

in the Adi-

Mrs. Ainsworth's heart was deeply touched by the simplicity and confidence of the child; she could only clasp him to her and cry over him, while her husband turned away to smile and wipe off a tear at the same time-so obliged to delay their departure a day or two, closely united in Philip were the

ludicrous and the pathetic.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VISIT TO ST. ROCH'S.

Mr. AND Mrs. AINSWORTH were again in order to make some

owing to this to know how to dispose of the contion to their tents of the basket without shaking Philip's confidence or wounding first place. was not

his feelings; it was a matter difficult to decide upon in a moment. However, he gained time by sending Lilvbel down to the court with the "happy family" of animals, where the cobbler and his wife took charge of them until some permanent arrangement could be made for their safety and comfort. But Père Josef's "children" had come to stay. Philip would never leave them behind, and Mr. Ainsworth knew that the little cage and its tiny occupants would have to travel with them wherever they went,

months; and then there were the puppy, the

presence greatly; but now that he was thrown entirely on their care and protection, they were somewhat dismayed at the responsibility.

"He is a dear boy, and I am so happy to have him," said Mrs. Ainsworth; "and yet, now when he is really ours, I feel some misgivings."

"Yes, it's a very serious matter to adopt a strange child, especially one of whose parents we know nothing," returned Mr. Ainsworth, thoughtfully. "I wonder what Mother will say? I 'm' sure she won't approve of it. You know what strong prejudices she has, Laura."

"But if it is a pleasure to us she surely won't object. We have had sorrow enough, and if this dear boy fills our empty hearts in the least, or comforts us for the loss of our darling, she ought to be thankful. In any case, I can't see that we are obliged to consult your mother," added Mrs. Ainsworth, with some spirit; "we are the ones to decide whether it is best or not."

"Certainly, my dear, it is entirely our affair. It seems best - it really seems best both for us and the child. Poor forlorn little fellow! his confidence in us is touching; and, Laura dear, there are advantages in his having no kin. We don't know who they might have been. They might have made it impossible for us to have him. Seline, who seems to have been somewhat in Toinette's confidence, says the boy is an orphan, without doubt, and that no one has ever attempted to claim him. Of course there is a history and a mystery; but now that the old nurse is dead, I don't see any way to find out. If there had been a possibility of having him while she lived. I should have tried to get the secret from her, although Seline says she was very 'close.' As it is, I think that we can feel that he is entirely ours because he belongs to no one else."

"And I am sure he came from good stock, has so many fine qualities; he is so truthful, so brave, and so generous, and he has such a plastic, gentle nature that we can mold his character as we wish, and make his deportment perfection in a short time," said Mrs. Ainsworth, hopefully.

"He is a genuine child of nature," returned Mr. Ainsworth. "I don't know how an artificial atmosphere will affect him. I don't know how he will develop, away from his simple natural life, his flowers, his birds, his blue skies and soft winds."

"Let us hope for the best," said Mrs. Ains-

worth, encouragingly. "If he does us no further good, he at least has given me a new interest in life, and that is worth something."

"It is worth everything, my dear. It means life and hope to me as well as to you,"

The next morning, after Philip had brought himself and his belongings to Rue Royale, Dea went early to the studio, but the boy had already gone out, and Mrs. Ainsworth, who was there alone, was busily engaged looking over a package of boy's clothing which had just been sent in for her inspection.

Dea stood beside her, and watched her with great interest as she examined garment after garment—such fine glossy jackets and trousers, such dainty shirts and long soft stockings, and shoes and hats that were marvels of perfection!

"Are these *all* for Philip?" asked Dea, in her soft little voice, her eyes full of surprise and pleasure.

"Yes, my dear. Do you think there are too many?" said Mrs. Ainsworth, with a smile.

"There are a great many. I'm glad Philip will have them, he will look so nice. I hope he will have my crape on his new hat. When he sees it he will think of me. I had it for Mama; I would n't have given it to any one else."

Philip had gone out very early; and Mrs. Ainsworth told Dea that he had asked to go to St. Roch's, to plant some flowers from the Detrava place on Toinette's grave.

"Well, I will go there and help him. I often go there; my Mama is buried there, and Toinette's grave is very near hers. It is so peaceful there; there are no sounds—only the leaves rustling and the birds that sing softly, as if they were afraid of waking those who sleep there. I will go right away and help Philip plant the flowers"; and with a gentle "Au revoir," she slipped out as quietly as she had entered.

When Dea reached the pretty little cemetery, she stood still for a moment at the gate, and looked sadly and thoughtfully toward the shady corner where Philip was busily planting the flowers, and carefully pressing the fresh earth around them. They were Toinette's favorites—violets, pansies, and the slender amaryllis. He had placed a sweet-olive at the head and a jasmine at the foot. "They will bloom first in the spring," he thought; "and she loved them so."

Near was another carefully tended grave. It was covered with lilies and hedged around with fragrant white roses. At the head of the mound, under a glass shade, was an exquisite figure in white wax. It represented the angel of sorrow. The beautiful head was bowed, and the white lips seemed to murmur a prayer. Dea thought this little angel the most beautiful memorial that ever was placed over a sleeping saint.

The face resembled hers; and as she stood with clasped hands above it, she too seemed like an angel of sorrow. When Philip looked up suddenly and saw her standing there, among the tangle of roses, slim and pale, with soft, downcast eyes, the thought of what he had lost and what he was about to lose filled his heart with sharp pain, and for a moment he gave way to his grief in a passionate flood of tears, kneeling in the long grass and covering his face with his earth-stained hands.

In a moment Dea was kneeling beside him, trying to comfort him with gentle words of sympathy and love. "Don't! Philip, don't cry so! It would hurt your mammy if she knew it. You see, I don't cry over Mama's grave. Dear Mama! she sleeps so sweetly there, and Papa's beautiful angel always watches over her day and night."

"Oh, Dea, I 'm going away; I 'm going so far, and there won't be any one to take care of mammy's grave!"

"Yes, Philip, there will; I will take care of it, and at All Saints' I will have the flowers dug and the grass cut. Seline will help me; we will do it together, and when you come back it will be lovely here."

"Oh, Dea! I want to stay here, after all. I don't want to go; I can't go!" cried Philip, with sudden regret.

"Yes, you must go, Philip. It will be best. Seline says so, and monsieur says so; but you must come back when Père Josef returns. Now you have planted all your flowers, come must the chapel and we will say a prayer there together." Together the two children entered the beautiful little ivy-covered chapel, and, with clasped hands and reverent mien, knelt devoutly to say their prayers.

And as Dea prayed the rosy light streamed down from the stained window above and fell over her, making her as radiant and beautiful as the pictured saint before her. And it was in that attitude, and with that sweet light over her, that Philip remembered her.

CHAPTER XVI.

At last they were ready to go. Everything

AT last they were ready to go. Everything was arranged; all the difficulties overcome, all obstacles surmounted. Mr. Ainsworth found it very easy to persuade Philip to leave the "happy family" with Dea; and Lilybel was employed to carry the basket to its destination, where Dea received it joyfully and introduced its lively occupants to the little home on Villeré street.

This proved a satisfactory arrangement on both sides. Philip was quite willing to leave these objects of his affection with Dea, and Dea was delighted to have something of Philip's to care for. It was a bond of union between them, and she was sure that it would prove a happy one, providing Homo was inclined to share her favor with the new-comers—the puppy and the kitten.

"I think Homo will be good to them," she said hopefully to Philip, "although he is very jealous sometimes; but he knows they are yours, and he is so fond of you that I'm sure he 'll let me keep them."

As to the wardrobe, Mrs. Ainsworth had represented to the boy, without wounding his pride, that the little garments he had always worn would be too thin for a colder climate, that he would outgrow them before he returned, and so he had better give them to Lilybel, who would look very well in the best suit. This Philip readily agreed to; he felt that he owed Seline a debt of gratitude for many favors, and in spite of Lilybel's unreliable character, he secretly liked him. Therefore the bag and its contents were transfered to the droll little darky, who carried them off on his head as

a conqueror.

Now they sat in the dismantled studio, with the unsettled air of pilgrims about to start forth on a new venture. Mr. Ainsworth, in his traveling outfit, was moving about restlessly; Mrs. Ainsworth appeared tired and worried; while Philip, in his handsome new clothes, did not seem quite so much at his ease, nor look nearly so picturesque, as he did in the homely garments he had always worn. Dea was there; she had been with them all day, and they had invited her to remain and go with them in the carriage to the station. Now she sat beside Philip, very quiet and pale; from time to time she looked at him with a mingled expression of admiration and dissatisfaction. He did not seem quite the same boy in these strange new clothes; she

could not feel so intimate with him, and there was a little formality in her manner toward him, although her heart was very heavy at the thought of his going. Philip, now that the time had actually come to start on his first journey, was eager to be off. He was pale and excited; suddenly the tears would start to his eyes, but he would wipe them off bravely, while he appeared to busy himself with

Père Josef's white mice, who, in their outdoor costume, the red-and-vellow handkerchief, were quite as impatient as Philip, if one could judge from the flurry and scurry going on within the cage. "They are very lively," said Philip, peeping in at them; "they are playing Colin-Maillard,* "

Dea smiled a little, but said nothing. She was wondering how they could be so happy at such a time, and Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth were thinking that the little pets were likely to be something of a nuisance on the journey.

At last the carriage was announced, much to the relief of all, and they started at once for the station. When they arrived there and stepped out on the platform, the first persons they saw were Grande Seline and Lilybel anxiously awaiting them.

Seline's good, dusky face was full of trouble,

proudly as though they had been the spoils of and her eyes were suspiciously red. Lilybel, in Philip's best suit, was grinning and rolling his eyes extravagantly, while he

balanced on his head a large paper box. The moment Seline saw Philip, she hurried to him, and took him, new suit, Père Josef's

PHILIP AND DEA AT IGNETTE'S GRAVE, (SEE PAGE 840)

"children," and all, in a broad embrace. "My, my!" she sobbed, "an' yer really is goin' erway, an' so hansome in yer new mournin'! My, my, chile! how yer spects Ma'mselle Dea an' me 's goin' ter live when yer done gone?"

"But I'll be back soon, Seline," said Philip, bravely, as he disengaged himself from the old woman's clasp and wiped the tears off his face. "I'll be back soon,-won't I?" and he looked appealingly at Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth. They nodded an affirmative, and smiled assuringly. "Next winter, if nothing prevents,"

"An', chile," continued Seline, somewhat comforted by this promise, "I's done made ver a fine loaf of cake ter take erlong, 'cause I don't know as ver'll get cake whar ver goin', an' I 's put some fried chicken in der box, an' a bag full o' pralines."

"Oh, thank you, Seline!" said Philip; he was not ungrateful for such tangible proofs of goodwill.

"Here, Lilybel, jes' let dat gen'l'man," indicating the porter, "put dat box in Mars' Philip's seat; an', m'sieur," turning to Mr. Ainsworth, "I hope you an' your madam 'll take a bite of dat cake an' chicken."

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth thanked Seline heartily, and wished her a kind good-by; then they drew Dea to them and kissed her tenderly. "Don't forget us, dear child; we will bring Philip back soon," they whispered.

The last moment had come. It was time for the train to start, and the last good-by must be said. Philip took Dea's little hand with a tremulous smile and a dry sob; he would not cry then; tears would come later. "I must get on the train now, Dea; but stand right here where I can see you, and don't cry when I 'm gone. I 'm sure to come back soon." He spoke hurriedly and hopefully. "I 've got to come back to bring Pêre Josef's 'children.' Good-by,

Dea." Then he kissed her tremulously. "Goodby, Good-by, Seline. Good-by, Lilybel." And without looking back, pale and excited, he followed Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth into the waiting car.

Seline put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed, Dea hid her face in her hands, and Lilybel sniffed and wiped his eyes on the corner of Seline's apron; and that was the tableau Philip saw as the train rolled out of the station.

When it was nearly gone from sight, Dea looked up. She was very pale and her eyes were quite dry, but her small face was full of sorrow. At that moment she caught a glimpse of Philip; he was leaning bareheaded from the window of the car. Mrs. Ainsworth's arm was around him, the wind blew the curls away from his forehead, he smiled and waved his hand. Then his beautiful boyish face became only an indistinct blur; and so Toinette's Philip went away from Dea's sight out into the wide, wide world.

To be authored

THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT.

By William Archibald McClean.

On a branch railroad of less than a hundred miles, running through several counties and over a mountain-range in southern Pennsylvania, it began to snow at daylight one January day, and snowed steadily the whole day. Night was ushered in amid a somber falling of snow. Out of the darkness a shricking wind sprang up. The falling flakes and fallen snow were blown hither and thither in clouds. Old men shook their heads, saying it would be the deepest snow of the winter, and heavy drifts might be expected.

The next day dawned to reveal snow in every direction, lying in ridges or waves, in some places a foot deep, in others ten feet. Fences had disappeared from view. Though

it had ceased to fall, a raw icy wind fitfully blew up clouds of snow.

A trackman brought word to Summit Station, on top of the mountain, that Long Cut, three miles down along the side of the mountain, was full of snow to its top-level. The cut was several hundred yards long and as high as a passenger-car. The railroad did not possess such a thing as a steam snow-plow.

Train No. 28, going east, arrived an hour late at Summit Station, and found orders to remain there until the road was opened. A crew of workmen had been sent early in the morning to open Long Cut. A second crew started for the cut to help the others.

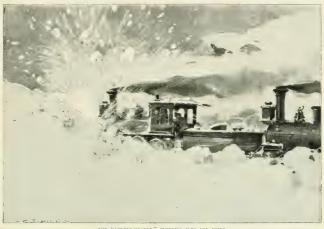
After a wait of almost two hours, word came

way. For every shovelful taken out one was blown back.

At last came a despatch from the Superintendent: "Let train No. 28, J. Jack, engineer, try to open Long Cut, double-heading with engine No. 7."

to the west. It soon reported at Summit. The

that the crews at the cut had made no head-lever in his hand, was increasing the speed each second. The "double-header" flew along. It was at the cut. A wall of snow was before it. The engines jumped at it with tremendous force, tearing a great hole through. The snow was thrown into the air in huge chunks, falling on men of the working-crew a hundred feet Engine No. 7 was at Ridgmont, two miles away. The snow was pushed aside, jammed and piled against the sides of the cut, and over train was made up: J. Jack - known to every it. White clouds of snow went flying through



THE "DOUBLE-HEADER" PLUNGING INTO THE DRIFT.

one as "Jack" - in front with his engine, then the air. On and on, into the cut, plowed the few minutes before the stroke of noon. Everything was in readiness. At the order, Jack with his train pulled away, and passed out of sight in a whirl of flying snow.

Three quarters of a mile from Long Cut, Iack gave several vicious jerks at the whistle, and its hoarse shrieks broke on the cold air. The working-crews at the cut, hearing the whistle, hurried to get as far away from the track as possible.

The two engines were carrying every pound of steam that they could. Jack, with the throttle-

engine No. 7, and three coaches. It was a "double-header." It was moving a little slower, but it was moving; and the snow was being hurled from the cut. Two thirds of the cut had been pierced before the engine stopped.

When the "double-header" leaped into the wall of snow and went plunging through it, every pane of glass in the cab of the front engine was shattered. Pieces of glass went flying over and around Jack and his fireman. Through the broken windows followed snow as though pitched from great shovels. When the engines came to a stop, Jack and the fireman were covered with snow where they sat. There was still a great white wall ahead. It must

They succeeded in backing the train. It was cleared of snow, so as to be able to run freely. Again the "double-header" started under full steam down into the cut; again it flew at the white wall ahead; again the snow was hurled into the air; again the flying masses beat upon engineer and fireman, half burying them. But when the engines were a second time brought to a stop, the drift had been pierced through.

The "double-header" stood half out of the cut. The train was robed in dazzling white. Soon black streaks were seen on the boilers, as the snow melted and ran off, A vapor from the melting snow went up. The wheels were solidly packed with snow. Snow was pushed and jammed into every portion of the machinery that it could reach. The force of the plunge through the great drift

had pushed the cab of the engine several inches out of place.

The train was cleared again, the cab was hammered back into place, and everything made ready for the trip ahead. No glass for the cab could be obtained until at the end of the run. Jack, engineer of train No. 28, faced the icy wind, in the open cab.

At the end of the run, Jack left the engine in the yard, in charge of those who would make the repairs. Chilled, stiff with cold, hungry, and tired, he sought his home. His baby girl met him with a happy shout: "Here's Papa! Papa 's come! Oh, Papa, how glad I am to see you! I 've been waiting so long."

Through the snow-drift, at the order of others, for the sake of others, at the risk of self, and the only notice of it a quickly forgotten newspaper item published the next day:

The eleven-o'clock train, A. M., yesterday was four hours late, because of a snow-drift in Long Cut.



snowfall is often exceedingly heavy, drifts form upon locomotives must be coupled behind a huge snow-plow. the railways so as to block them completely. At such and driven again and again to the attack.

In the mountains of the Western States, where the times, a single engine is helpless; and a half dozen

THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

[Begin in the Nevember number]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST OF THE CAVE.

"Tom has been gone nearly two hours!" the baronet exclaimed. "He ought to be back, unless he and Ned are in trouble. Maude, we cannot stay here. Be brave, now, my dear. You and Helen must each take one of Tom's extra revolvers. Come, Hugh. We may have to fight our way."

"I'm ready, Father," said Hugh.

Thicker grew the smoke as they hurriedly made their way to the burrow.

"Yip! Yip!" was the sound they heard in advance of them when they entered the burrow.

"I'd forgotten the dogs!" exclaimed Sir Frederick. "They can help in a fight, but they may make it more difficult for us to conceal ourselves."

"They would be valuable help in a tussle," said Hugh, as he scrambled along to the door.

Hardly had he opened it before Yip squeezed past him, followed by the hounds; and Hugh sprang out after them.

"There they go!" he said. "They did n't wait a second. What are they after?"

"I can't imagine," said his father, as he stood up. He then stooped again to help out Lady Parry. "The dogs have gone, my dear. I am almost glad of it."

"Oh, I am so glad to get a breath of fresh air!" she said. "Helen, how very pale you are!"

"I was all but stifled, Aunt Maude," said Helen. "I shall soon feel better. Hark, Uncle Fred! What 's that?"

Sir Frederick replied, "I believe we are out only just in time. Now we shall see what will be the effect of the explosion. Tom told me that he had several kegs of blasting-powder."

All around them was the circle of thick

bushes before the front door of the cave. Over their heads arose the giant height of the great tree. Along the slope above them, as they looked, the fire was sweeping fast before the north wind, so that the smoke of it did not reach them. Suddenly all the air was filled with a dull and thunderous roar, while a puff of dense, white vapor burst out of the hole between the roots, through which they had but just emerged.

"What a crash that was!" remarked Sir Frederick.

"Aunt Maude, look!" screamed Helen. "The rocks up yonder are springing into the air!"

"Only a few fragments," said the baronet.

"But it was a heavy report; I wonder what damage the explosion will do."

"That 's a large piece," said Hugh, pointing to a fragment which came rolling down the slope. "Look, Mother, look!"

Lady Parry had been frightened by the report, and she was now crouching, white and silent, with her hands at her ears, as if she feared to hear another explosion.

"That 's all there is of it, dear," said Sir Frederick; "but I 'll shut the door tight.— What a smell of gunpowder!"

" Now 's our best time, Father," said Hugh. "We can get out into the woods."

"That 's a good suggestion," said the baronet. "Nobody will be thinking of us."

Lady Parry clung to her husband's arm, but Helen seemed disposed to hold the very large revolver she was armed with, quite ready to point at something. She and Hugh led the advance, and he too showed a keen vigilance that did him credit.

They halted in the first clump of bushes that would conceal them from their enemies. Owing to the smoke and foliage, it was useless to look back. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" came from the woods. There was Yip, and there were the hounds, and close behind them were Ned and the cave-man, who looked wilder than ever.

"Here you are, and I am thankful," he exclaimed. "We thought you were out, when we saw the dogs. This way, as quick as you can!"

"We got out just in time," said the baronet. "What a blast it was!"

"There's no time to spare," said Gordon.
"They're all around us. Hear that!"

It was nothing but a series of calls in several directions, as if separated men were trying to find one another, and get together. They were repeated, but at a great distance, as the Parry family hurried forward.

"Why, here are all the horses!" said Sir Frederick, in surprise; "and all saddled!"

"Now, mount!" said the cave-man. Just as they were starting, he suddenly added, "Wait a moment! Hear that!"

It was the crack of a rifle. Then there was another call, and another, as if the distant robbers were seeking one another anxiously in the smoky gloom. Then there was more firing.

"They have been separated, somehow, and the blackfellows are after them," remarked the cave-man. "I don't believe they 'll ever get together again. That was the triumphant shout of the blackfellows! We must hurry, now, but we 're really almost safe."

Lady Parry and Helen had already started their horses. Sir Frederick and Tom Gordon and the boys followed them.

"Steady!" said Gordon, "and keep well together."

It was yet an hour or more before sunset, when the four men who were in charge of Sir Frederick Parry's camp were once more standing in a group together upon the bank of the river. They were eagerly discussing what seemed to them even a greater puzzle than the three dingoes on the log.

"Brand," said Marsh, "this river 's giving out."

"It's gone down more than a foot, in less than no time," replied Brand.

"It 's going down and down, boys," said Bob McCracken. "Don't I wish Sir Frederick

was here! If the river runs dry, we'll have to go home if it 's only to save the horses."

Something or other, to all appearance, had indeed cut off the customary supply of water from that swift mountain-stream, and it was shrinking to almost nothing in its rocky bed. Nothing could be done, so they stood and watched the subsiding water. A loud, cheery shout suddenly rang out in the camp behind them, and they all turned instantly.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob. "It 's Sir Frederick and all of them!"

The others tried to shout, but they were too much surprised even to cheer, and they sprang forward eagerly to meet the returning party.

There were endless questions and answers, and at the end of it all there was a confused idea among the men that the Parry family had gone a little too far into the woods and had been hiding to keep out of the way of dangerous blackfellows. No mention was made of the cave-man, and he had not arrived with the rest.

Bob McCracken set himself to cooking all the supper the camp could provide, with Yip and the hounds dancing around everywhere as if they were glad to get back.

Sir Frederick went to the wagon, and, while the men were too busy to notice him, he carried a large portmanteau into his tent. Then he went back and brought a smaller portmanteau, and he and Lady Parry and Hugh and Helen and Ned remained in that tent until suppertime. It looked somewhat as if they might be holding a family council.

They did not have time for a very long conference before the voice of Bob McCracken respectfully informed them that supper was ready.

"Yes, sir," he added, as the baronet came out of the tent, "and that river, sir, is running again as full as ever, sir."

There was much discussion about the peculiar conduct of the stream; but Bob was probably right when he suggested: "Yes, sir; I reckon somethin' was chokin' it for a spell, sir, and then let go."

"Oh, Helen," exclaimed Lady Parry, "it is so good to get back to camp and to a tent, and to feel safe!"

"I wish we were all the way home, at the Grampians," said Helen, "with Uncle Tom, one of the men was saying emphatically: too!"

must n't speak of him yet. We shall not stay he came into the woods for all the while.

So it was that, even before supper was over,

"It's the first we've heard of Mr. Thomas "Hush, dear!" exclaimed her aunt. "We Gordon. Probably Sir Frederick knew what



THE WHITE CAVE.

BLACKFELLOWS ARE ALTER THEM, SAID GORDON,"

shall set out at once for England."

"Maude," said Sir Frederick, "Ned thinks we should speak of Tom, now, freely, and not let his arrival be too great a surprise to the men. Let them expect him. I am going to follow his idea."

"So will I," she replied, "I think Ned's idea very sensible. It will keep them from asking too many questions afterward."

baronet.

at the Grampians after we get there. We There was a kind of puzzle about it before we knew about Mr. Gordon. He's to wait for Mr. Thomas Gordon till some time to-morrow."

Ned and Hugh were questioned a little after supper, but the men never dreamed of questioning the baronet, and Hugh in reply to their questions said that his uncle had been mining, and was now coming back to the Grampians. As Sir Frederick seldom talked about his plans, "Ned is certainly thoughtful," said the the men saw nothing remarkable in the arrival of the new-comer.



A SPIN OFT TO SLA WELL KNOWN VACHUS ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.

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THE PULSE AND THE TEMPERATURE.

When a child is in perfect health, the pulse, which is only the little register of the beating of the heart, beats from 100 to 110 times per minute. A grown person's pulse beats in health from 68 to 72 times per minute, somewhat more slowly in old age than in the prime of life. When sickness comes, especially those forms of illness which we call fevers, the heart begins to throb more rapidly, and the little pulse in the wrist keeps up a hurried accompaniment.

Ever since medicine, the practice of medicine, became one of the scientific studies of the world, the physicians have made a special study of the pulse; for it was to them the first and the universal token that the body was, or was not, in perfect health. But it was discovered long years ago that the little register could not always be depended upon to tell the truth. There were many things, so the physicians discovered, that might influence the movement of the heart, so, while they found a great deal in the pulse that helped them to tell what was the matter with people, they found also that it frequently was misleading.

About twenty-five years ago, an added way of judging the condition of sick people came into use. It had been vaguely understood for a long time, but it had not been made available for the general use of the doctors of the world. It was discovered that every person had a certain temperature, called a normal temperature, and that this temperature in healthy persons was always the same. Wherever you might go—among the Lapps of the icy north, or under the equator at the mouth of the Amazon—you would find the temperature of people's bodies the same, varying not more than a fraction of a degree.

If you take a thermometer on a hot summer day, and watch it until it runs up under the influence of the sunshine to 98.4, you will see it, when it reaches that point, at the exact temperature of your body, if you are in normal health. Your temperature may fluctuate a fraction above or below 98.4, according to the time of the day or night, but it never varies to any

extent until fever or some other kind of disease sets in. Then the temperature begins to do what the pulse would not do-tell just how dangerously sick the person is. And one of the strange things about it is that it does not vary many degrees from this normal point of 98.4, no matter how ill the patient may become. If there is a high fever, it may run up to 104 or 105, and sometimes to 106, but it seldom stays at this last point for any length of time. If it goes up to 108, the good physician who is watching at the bedside of the sick person concludes that death will soon put an end to the suffering. Sometimes, as in cases of cholera, it may drop several degrees below 98.4, but it seems to be impossible for it to change many degrees from the normal point. There are cases recorded where the temperature ran up to 110 or 112 and the patient recovered.

The pulse, on the contrary, may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But, as a rule, if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows.

A tiny thermometer, called a clinical thermometer, is used to indicate the temperature. It is placed under the tongue, or close to the skin in the axilla, or arm-pit, and left there for a few minutes. By an ingenious arrangement the mercury in the slender glass tube is self-registering, so that you may tell how high it was any time after the temperature is taken, if the mercury is not disturbed.

The pulse increases or diminishes its throbs as the heart-beat changes; the temperature goes up or down only as the vital heat of the body changes. The pulse is the register of the emotions as well as of fever; it tells of our joys and sorrows, and it beats in sympathy with the rapid movements of vigorous exercise; the temperature is the steady, never-failing recorder of vitality. The one may change its movements as swiftly as the sunshine chases the clouds on an April day; the other changes not until dread disease marshals his forces for the fierce battle between life and death.

W. S. Harwood.



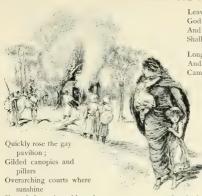
(An Old Spanish Legend.)

While the Caliph sat in council, Bowed his minister before him, Saying: "Master, the pavilion That you ordered to be reared, Overlooking all the valley And the river's silver winding, Cannot stand where you have placed it. Till the hill of farms be cleared."

"Buy the farms!" the Caliph answered. But the minister, still kneeling, Bowed again, and said, "My master, There is one who will not sell. "T is a widow, and her cottage Was the homestead of her fathers; She will keep it though its value. More than thrice in gold we tell." Laughed the Caliph in derision; Spake he to a stalwart captain:

"With a file of arméd soldiers
Drive the widow from the land.
It were strange if one weak woman
Could defy her lord and master!—
Those who will not do my bidding
I will smite with heavy hand."

Then he turned to other matters Better worth consideration. And the soldiers with their captain Burned the cottage to the ground. While the homeless, weeping widow Clasped her children to her bosom, Left her fathers' ruined homestead, And a humbler shelter found.



Slanted down in golden gleams: Arabesques of scarlet ribbons Tempt the dreaming eye to wander In and out the carven network That a spider's weaving seems.

Fountains sparkle upward gaily,
And the fluttering silk curtains,
With the plashing of the waters,
Mingle in a lazy tune.
Here the Caliph and his courtiers
Loved to pass the leisure hours,
Stretched at ease upon their
cushions

In the drowsy summer noon.

But there came a righteous Cadi To hold court; and all the people Praised his justice and his wisdom, For he gave to each his due. So the widow sought the Cadi, And he listened to her trouble Till his heart was moved within him,

When he found her story true.

"Be thou patient," was his counsel;
"I will try to bring thee justice;
But the Caliph is our master,
And I dare not cross his will.

Leave thy righteous cause to Heaven. God is guardian of the helpless, And though men seek only evil, Shall their hands his laws fulfil."

Long he pondered what was wisest: And one day to the pavilion Came the Cadi with a donkey

Bearing but an empty sack.

Gaily laughed the wondering

Caliph

When he saw the judge approaching,

Driving slow the long-eared donkey

With the bag upon its back.

"You have brought me all your wisdom,—

And your counselor comes with you!"

Quoth the Caliph to the Cadi, Smiling with indulgent mirth. But the Cadi, with composure, Bent sedately to the Caliph, As he humbly begged



"Surely!" said the puzzled ruler.
so the Codt plied the shovel.
Filled the sack in solemn silence;
Packed it close and tied it tight.
Then he brought the patient donkey,
Stood him near, and tried to load him;
But he could not raise the burden.
Though he tugged with all his might.

Now the Caliph was a warrior Trained to arms; and all his muscles Were as supple as the tiger's— Firm as steel of temper tried.

- "Stand aside!" he cried out proudly;
- "Men of law are weak as women.

 Let me lift the burden for you!"

 So the Cadi stepped aside.

Quickly bent the smiling Caliph, Grasped the sack and tried to raise it,— Back and shoulders heaved together In a long and sturdy strain; On his brow the sweat-drops sparkled. Thrice he smilingly attacked it, Thrice he vowed that he would raise it; But his efforts were in vain.

- Then the Caliph lost his temper; "Cadi!" cried he, "why this folly? Dost thou dare to mock thy ruler? If thou dost—beware of me."
 Then the Cadi turned upon him.
- "No, my lord," he answered bravely;
- "I am not your lordship's jester;
 I have dared admonish thee!
- "If thou canst not bear this burden.—
 If this sackful thus o'erloads thee,
 Lo, there comes a day of judgment
 For the wronged one, soon or late!
 When the widow cries for justice,
 This broad field will press upon thee.
 Caliph! canst thou then endure it—
 All this great wrong's guilty weight?"

For a moment frowned the despot, While the Cadi calmly faced him. Then he groaned and beat his bosom, Hid his face, and turned away! So the widow's wrongs were righted; Twice tenfold was she requited, For the field with its pavilion was restored to her that day.



FROM HAKLUYT'S "VOYAGES."

SELECTIONS BY FLORENCE W. SNEDEKER.

MARTIN FROBISHER, a Yorkshire man and an English navigator of Oueen Elizabeth's day, greatly desired to distinguish himself.

The only thing in the world that was left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate, he thought, was to find a northwest passage to India-a favorite dream of his time.

For years he sought means. At last he obtained command of two small barks, sailed westward, and discovered the bay in Baffin's Land, near Hudson Strait, which we call Frobisher Bay. He thought it was the desired passage. Some black earth he brought back was called gold, and excited all England. Many people, including Queen Elizabeth, hastened to furnish him a fleet; and he sailed a second time, and returned with shiploads of the supposed ore. But it proved to be worthless,

Again he was equipped. This last time a colony went with him. The Queen threw "a chain of faire gold" about the neck of Frobisher, as he set sail upon his third voyage, in 1578. His lieutenant, George Best, describes the expedition, in quaint language, as follows:

Frobisher's Third Voyage.

thirtieth of May.

The second day of July, early in the morning, we had sight of the Queen's Foreland,* and bore in with the land all day. And, passing through great quantity of ice, by night we entered somewhat within the Straits; perceiving no way to pass further in, the whole place being frozen over from the one side to the

We were forced to stem and strike great rocks of ice, and, as it were, make way through mighty mountains. By which means some of the fleet, where they found the ice to open, entered in, and passed so far within the danger that it was the greatest wonder of the world they ever escaped safe, or were ever heard of again.

And one, the bark "Dennis," received such a blow that she sunk down in sight of the whole fleet. However, shooting off a piece of great cannon, new succor of other ships came so readily unto her crew, that the men were all saved with boats.

This was a more fearful spectacle for the fleet, that the storm which followed threatened them the like fortune.

WE departed from Warwick, the one-and- brought all the ice to seaward of us, upon our backs. So that, being thus compassed on every side, sundry men with sundry devices sought the best way to save themselves. Some, where they could get a little berth of sea-room, did take in their sails and lay adrift. Some moored anchor upon a great island of ice, under the lee thereof. And some were so fast shut in, that they were fain to submit themselves to the mercy of the unmerciful ice.

But, as in great distress men of best valor are best to be discerned, so it is greatly worth noting with what invincible mind every captain encouraged his company; and with what labor the careful mariners and poor miners unacquainted with such extremities, to the everlasting renown of our nation did overcome the brunt of these so extreme dangers. For some even upon the ice, and some within, upon the sides of their ships, having poles, pikes, pieces of timber, and oars in their hands, stood almost day and night without any rest, bearing off the force and breaking the sway of the ice with such incredible pain and peril that it was wonderful to behold. Which otherwise, no doubt, had stricken quite through and through For there arose a sudden tempest; which, the sides of the ships. For planks of timber blowing from the sea directly up the Straits, more than three inches thick, and other things

* Perhaps what is now known as Resolution Island.

cut in sunder at the sides of our ships.

And annotst these extremities, whilst some labored to save their bodies, others of more milder spirit sought to save their souls by devout

of great force and bigness, were shivered and sea-room. Where to their greater comfort they enjoyed the fellowship one of another. Some in mending the sides of their ships; some in setting up their topmasts, and mending their sails and tacklings; some complaining of their



PROFISHER'S VESSELS AMONG THE RELETIOUS

prayer and meditation; thinking by no other means possibly than by a divine miracle to have their deliverance. So that there were none that were either idle or not well occupied. And he that held himself in best secu-

Thus all the gallant fleet and miserable men remained all the night and part of the next

And, when they were all well-nigh exhausted, it pleased God with his eye of mercy to look down from heaven, giving them the next day a more favorable wind at the west-northwest: which did not only disperse and drive forth

ship's prow borne away; some in stopping the leaks; some in recounting their dangers past. spent no small time and labor.

And now the whole fleet sailed out to seaward, resolving there to abide until the sun might consume, or the wind disperse, the ice from the channel of their passage. And, there being a clear space off the shore, they took in

The seventh of July, as men nothing yet dismayed, we cast about toward the coast, and had sight of land, which rose in form like the land to the north of the Straits.* Which some of the fleet, and those not the worst mariners, judged to be North Foreland,1 Howbeit, other some

' What is now Probisher's Day

t Now Hall's Island.

were of contrary opinion. But the matter was not well to be discerned, by reason of the thick fog, which a long time hung upon the coast, and of the falling snow, which yearly altereth the form of the land and taketh away oftentimes the mariner's marks.

And by reason of the dark mists, which continued the space of twenty days, this doubt grew the greater.

For, whereas we thought ourselves to be upon the northeast side of Frobisher's Straits, we were now carried to the southwestward of the Queen's Foreland; and, being deceived by a swift current coming from the northeast, were brought to the southwestward of our course many more miles than we did think possible.

Here we made a point of land which some mistook for a place in the Straits called Mount Warwick.*

And here, truly, it was wonderful to hear the noise and see the rushing that the tides do make in this place, with so violent a force that our ships lying broadside to it were turned round about even in a moment, after the manner of a whirlpool; and the noise of the stream no less to be heard afar off than the waterfall of London Bridge.

The General, with the captain and master of his ships, being all in doubt of their course, began to question the pilots, and sent his pinnace to hear each man's opinion, and especially the opinion of James Bean, master of the "Annie Francis," who was known to be a skilful mariner, and to have been there the year before, and to have well observed the place, and drawn out charts of the coast.

But this matter grew the more doubtful. For Christopher Hall, chief pilot of the voyage, delivered a plain and public opinion in the hearing of the whole fleet, that he had never seen the aforesaid coast, and that he could not recognize it for any place of Frobisher's Straits.

Some desired to discover some harbor thereabouts, to refresh themselves, and re-form their broken vessels for a while, until the winds might disperse the ice!

Others, forgetting themselves, spoke more undutifully, saying: "They had as lief perish when they came home as to perish amongst the ice."

The General, not opening his eyes to the peevish passion of any private person, but chiefly respecting the accomplishment of the course he had undertaken, wherein the chief reputation and fame of a general and captain consistent, and calling to his remembrance the short time he had to provide so great number of ships their loading, determined to go on and recover his port, or else there to bury himself with his attempt.

In the meantime, whilst the fleet lay thus, without any certain resolution what to do, there arose a sudden and terrible tempest at the south-southeast, whereby the ice began marvelously to gather about us.

In the storm, being on the six-and-twentieth of July, there fell so much snow, with such bitter cold air, that we could scarce see one another, nor open our eyes to handle our ropes and sails, the snow being above half a foot deep upon the hatches of our ships.

Which did so wet through our poor mariner's clothes that he who owned five or six shifts of apparel had scarce one dry thread to his back. And all this wet and coldness, together with the overlaboring of the poor men amidst the ice, bred no small sickness among the fleet. Which somewhat discouraged some of the men, who had not experienced the like before; every man persuading himself that the winter there must needs be extreme, where they found so unseasonable a summer.

The General, notwithstanding the great storm, holding his own former resolution, sought by all means possible a shorter way to recover his port. And where he saw the ice never so little open, he got in at one gap and out at another. And so himself valiantly led the way before, to induce the fleet to follow after; and, with incredible pain and peril, at length got through the ice, and upon the one-and-thirtieth of July recovered his long wished port, and came to anchor in the Countess of Warwick's Sound.†

Here all greatly rejoiced, and welcomed one another after the manner of sailors with cannon. And when each had considered his sundry fortunes and perils past, they highly praised God; and, all together, upon their knees, gave him due, humble and hearty thanks. And

Master Wolfall, a learned man, appointed by Her Majesty's Council to be their minister, made unto them a godly sermon, and putting them in mind of the uncertainty of man's life, willed them to make themselves ready, as resolute men, to enjoy and accept thankfully whatever adventure divine proxidence should appoint

The General spent no time in vain. But, immediately at his first landing, called the chief captains of his council together, and consulted with them for the speedier execution of such things as then they had in hand.

As first, for searching and finding out good mineral for the miners.

Then, to give good orders, to be observed by the whole company on shore.

And, lastly, to consider for the erecting of the fort and house for the use of those who were to abide there the whole year.

The first of August, the captains were commanded to bring ashore unto the Countess's Island all such gentlemen, soldiers, and miners, as were under their charge; with such provisions as they had of victuals, tents, and things necessary for the speedy getting together of ore and freight for the ships.

The muster of the men being taken, and the victuals, with all other things, viewed and considered, every man was set to his charge. The miners were directed where to work, and the mariners discharged their ships.

Upon the second of August was published and proclaimed upon the Countess of Warwick's Island, with sound of trumpet, certain orders by the General and his council, applied to be observed of the company during the time of their abiding there.

In the meantime, whilst the mariners plied their work, the captains sought out new mines; the gold finers* made trial of the ore; the mariners discharged their ships, and the gentlemen, for example's sake, labored heartily, and honestly encouraged the inferior sort to work. So that small time of that little leisure that was left to tarry was spent in vain.

The ninth of August, the General with his council began to consider and take order for the enriching of the house or fort for them that were to inhabit there the whole year.

But there was not enough of drink and fuel to serve one hundred men, which was the number appointed.

Then Captain Fenton offered himself to remain there with sixty men.

Whereupon they caused the captains and masons to come before them, and demanded in what time they would take upon them to build a house for sixty men. They required eight or nine weeks, if there were timber sufficient; whereas now they had but six and twenty days in all to remain in that country. Wherefore it was fully agreed upon, and resolved, that no habitation should be there this year.

On the twenty-fourth, the General, with two pinnaces, went to Bear's Sound, to see if he could encounter and capture any of the natives.

For sundry times they showed themselves busy thereabouts, sometimes with seven or eight boats in one company: as though they minded to encounter with our company, which was working there at the mines in no great numbers. But when they perceived any of our ships, being belike more amazed at the appearance of a ship and a greater number of men, they did never show themselves again there at all. Wherefore our men sought with their pinnaces to compass about the island, supposing to intercept some of them. But having, belike, some watch in the top of the mountain, they conveyed themselves secretly away, and left behind them in their haste a great dart,† which we found near to a place of their caves.

Therefore, though our General was very desirous to have taken some of them into England, they, being grown more wary now by their former losses, would not at any time come within our reach.

The thirtieth of August, the masons finished a hut of lime and stone to the end that we might prove against the next year whether the snow could overwhelm it, the frost break it up, or the people dismember it. And, the better to allure these savage and uncivil people to courtesy against other times of our coming, we left therein divers of our country toys, as bells and knives, wherein they specially delight; also figures of men and women in lead, men on horseback,

[&]quot; Refiners or assayists.

t Vharmoon, probably

house was made an oven, and bread left baked therein for them to see and taste.



Also here we sowed pease, corn and other grain, to test the fruitfulness of the soil against the next year.

The fleet now being in good readiness, the

looking-glasses, whistles, and pipes. Also in the General, calling together the gentlemen and captains to consent, told them he was very desirous some further discovery should be attempted. And that, with God's help, he would not only bring home his ships laden with ore, but also meant to bring some certificate of a further discovery of the country.

Which, after long debating, was found a thing very impossible; and so it was decided to return homeward.

For the frost every night was so hard congealed, that if by evil hap the ships should long be kept back by contrary winds, it was greatly to be feared that they would be shut up fast the whole year; for which we being altogether unprovided, it would have been our utter destruction.

The last day of August the whole fleet departed from the Countess's Sound; and, thanks be to God, all the fleet arrived safely in England about the first of October, some in one place and some in another.

There died, in all this voyage, not above forty persons. Which number is not great, considering how many ships were in the fleet, and through what perils and adventures we passed.

TWILIGHT TOWN.

BEYOND the shadows lies Twilight Town, Where wee heads nod and lids shut down Over black eyes, blue eyes, gray, and brown; And through a gap in the city wall Is a beautiful spot where sunbeams fall And dance for aye, through tree-tops tall. Hush, baby! Soft and slow,

Soft and slow, let us go Through the shadows to Twilight Town.

Soft as the wind through rippling wheat, When the sun's last rays and the shadows

Sounds the patter of thousands of little feet. Through the gap in the wall, on their dimpled

The babies creep under the waving trees,

On the grass of the kingdom "Do-as-youplease."

> Hush, baby! Soft and slow, Slow, slow, let us go

Through the gap in the wall of Twilight Town.

In Twilight Town all things are fair, The music of waterfalls in the air. And bright wings flitting here and there; And through the wall is the Dream Hill, bright With the thoughts that please wee ones at

Dancing in rings on cobwebs light. Hush, dearie! Mother knows-Soft, slow, baby goes To fair Dream Hill in Twilight Town.

Maud R. Burton.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

By HENRY RUSSILL WRAY.

WHILE every lad and lassie in the land knows and has read all about the famous old Liberty Bell, now exhibited at the World's Fair, too little is known of the origin and growth of America's dearest emblem—her flag. William Penn's city—Philadelphia—is genimed with many historical landmarks, but none should be more dear to us than that little old building still standing on Arch street, over whose doorway is the number—239. For in a small back room in this primitive dwelling, during the uncertain struggle for independence by the American colonies, was designed and made the first American flag.



SIGN AT FRONT CORNER OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE

known as the "Stars and Stripes," now respected and honored in every quarter of the world, and loved and patriotically worshiped at home.

The early history of our great flag is very interesting.

It is a matter of record that during the early days of the Revolution the colonists made use of flags of various devices.

' See article entitled, " The Origin of the Stars and Stripes," in St. Metror vs for November, 1883.

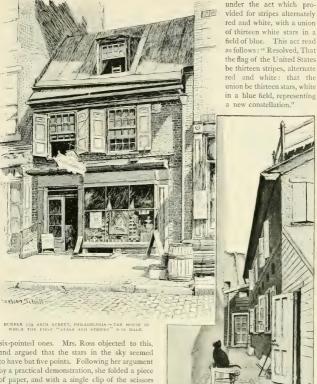
It is nowadays generally accepted as a fact that the final idea of the Stars and Stripes as a national flag was borrowed from or suggested by the coat of arms of General George Washington's family.*

The first definite action taken by the colonies toward creating a flag, was a resolution passed by Congress in 1775, appointing a committee of three gentlemen—Benjamin Franklin and Messrs. Harrison and Lynch—to consider and devise a national flag. The result of the work of this committee was the adoption of the "King's Colors" as a union (or corner square), combined with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, showing "that although the colonies united for defense against England's tyranny, they still acknowledged her sovereignty."

The first public acceptance, recognition, and salute of this flag occurred January 2, 1776, at Washington's headquarters, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The name given to this flag was "The Flag of the Union," and sometimes it was called the "Cambridge Flag." The design of this flag was a combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in a blue field in the upper left-hand corner, bordered by thirteen stripes for the thirteen colonies.

But in the spring of 1777 Congress appointed another committee "authorized to design a suitable flag for the nation."

This committee seems to have consisted of General George Washington and Robert Morris. They called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, of Philadelphia, and from a pencil-drawing by General Washington engaged her to make a flag. Mrs. Bets, Ross was a milliner whose principal customers were the Quaker ladies. She came from good colonial stock. The story goes that during this call at that little old building at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, General Washington, after explaining his drawing to Betsy Ross, directed that the stars should be



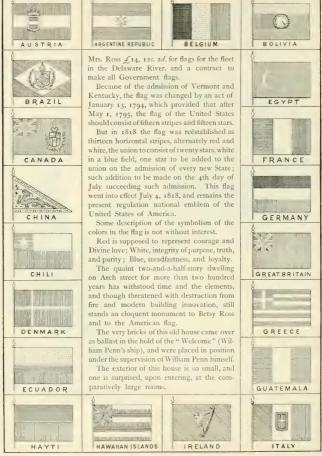
six-pointed ones. Mrs. Ross objected to this, and argued that the stars in the sky seemed to have but five points. Following her argument by a practical demonstration, she folded a piece of paper, and with a single clip of the scissors cut out a perfect five-pointed star. This was too much for the committee, and without further argument Betsy Ross prevailed.

This flag, the first of a number she made, was cut out and completed in the back parlor of her little Arch street home.

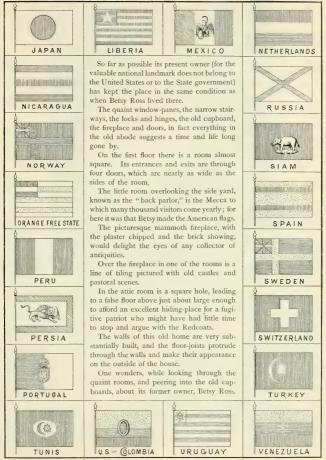
It was the first legally established emblem, and was adopted by Congress June 14, 1777, VOL. XX .- 55.

THE REAR OF THE HOUSE

Words in those days were few - actions were rapid, and spoke loudly. In May, 1777, Congress made an order on the Treasury to pay



PLAGA OF OTHER NATION



In these pictures of flags, white is left white, red is shown by vertical lines, blue by horizontal lines, green by diagonal lines, and yellow by a dotted space.



Griscombe) was the eighth child of Samuel and Rebecca Griscom. She was married three times - to Mr. Ross, to Mr. Ashburne, and to Mr. John Claypole, or Claypoole. Samuel Griscom, her father, was the grandson of Andrew Griscom, who came to Philadelphia from Yorkshire in 1682, and who is known in history as the builder of the first brick house in for many years on Arch street, between Third

Elizabeth Griscom (or, as it was formerly spelled, house-carpenter, and assisted in the erection of Independence Hall. So much for Betsy Griscom's family. As Betsy Ross, the widow, she lived for a long time in the old house before and after the Revolution, conducting a dressmaking and millinery business. She won for herself the name of being the finest needleworker in America, and this, and the high re-



THOUGHTS.

By Thomas Tapper.

In daytime, as I go about,
I hear my thoughts speak plainly out;
They bid me run and laugh and shout
And have all sorts of fun.
And when the lessons have been said,
They straightway put it in my head
To play again till time for bed,
Which comes when day is done.

At nighttime, quite the other way, I never once have heard them say That they'd like me to go and play; They are so still, you see. For if they speak, it is so low I cannot hear, and so I know How noiselessly they come and go While making dreams for me.



BY THE STA IN ACCUSE WEATHER



"GOOD-BYE, Summer!" and "Good-bye, girls and boys!" Soon shall these words resound more or less audibly all over the country-side. But what then? "Welcome, Autumn! Welcome home, dear boys and girls!" make the other and pleasanter half of the tune, which before long shall sing itself in hundreds and thousands of human hearts.

So, young folk who are coming back to town from sea and forest, and young folk who live in the country all the year round, and young folk who have had only their youth to brighten an entire summer of city streets (with city skies, too, thank Heaven!)—all of you in this and other favored lands have good schools waiting for you, and ambition in your stout little hearts, and room for lots of learning and wisdom in your clever little heads. And your Jack congratulates you, and wishes you success and joy.

And he knows what study is, too, if any one does—for do not nearly all Jacks-in-the-Pulpit stand knee-deep in the very best school in the world (if you only knew it)—the growth and grasses of the fields and brook-sides?

Ho, there! I thought to-day's assemblage seemed unusually large; and now the dear Little Schoolma'am tells me of the right welcome thousands who have come in under the Boston banner!

Welcome to you, may hearty welcome to you, my mew friends! The Little Schoolma'am and Deacon Green join in these salutations; and we hope all of you bright wide-awakes will like ST. NICHOLAS and his happy crowd.

Three cheers for the new-comers, my children! Good! let them see that you are not half-asleeps, at any rate, and that both ranks belong to the one great and beloved family of readers, listeners, and thinkers! And now let us consider.

THOSE HARDY MOSQUITOS.

My poor, dear bitten ones, - whoever and wherever you may be, - don't blame this too warm

weather for everything! These mosquitos, now perhaps you have savagely thanked the rising therwrath might have been less unfairly turned upon the falling barometer. Your damp day is an encourager of mosquitos; and, in fact, they like coldness, too, if the wind is not blowing. It makes them boom and sing with joy. Learned men, I am told, have puzzled their brains over the power of insects to withstand the cold of even an arctic winter. "Butterflies," says the Deacon, "have been found flitting joyously about in very cold regions"; and the mosquitos of Greenland and Alaska, he declares, are known to be among the finest and liveliest specimens of that engaging variety of man-eater ever seen. One would say that a winter of Greenland weather would freeze out the very possibility of any new mosquito ever coming into life; but it agrees with the race, and in that regard rivals even New Jersey itself.

A WELL-SPELLED TALE.

RUBY CARVER, Augusta, Me.: Isabel M. Kearny, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George S. Seymour, Washington, D. C.; Helen C. McCleary, Brookline, Mass.; and another Helen - Helen G. Elliott, Tarrytownon-Hudson, N. Y., sent the only absolutely correct versions of the "Misspelled Tail," published in the April number, that have been received by the Little School-ma'am. And of the corrected copies sent there were nineteen that were per-fect in spelling. The fourteen (besides the five already named) who sent copies so good that the Little Schoolma'am wished me to give the writers special notice, are: Lillian Hale, Florence Worthington, Ellen Parker Day, Richard D. Badger, Julia Brecht, Helen M. Wheeler, Gertrude Hardy, M. Eloise Schuyler, Charlie Scott, Irene Francis, Grace E. Oliver, Helen C. Bennett (four Helens!), Edward H. Lorenz, Henry Wallace.

E. McW., M. G. M., and E. M. D. each made one mistake; and these others made but few: I. W. S., H. B. S., E. G., E. P. M., F. L. De C., Katherine M. A.

Miss Helen C. McCleary, who is named above, sends with the corrected version this pleasant little letter and another Misspelled Story:

DIAR JUNE: In response to the Intile Schoolma'am's suggestion in the new July number, I herewith send a corrected version of Mrs. Corbett's funny poem. I am one of the young folks, indeed, but as I finished school last year, perhaps. I am too old to send an answer: but I wanted to try it for the fun of the thing, and I dare say I have made some mistakes. I inclose a little piece of the thought you might like to see it, although it may not be a novelty to you. I do not know who wrote it. Mrs. Corbett's poem is jolly. Sincerely, H. C. M.

SOUND VERSUS SENSE.

"A RITE suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode as quick as eh dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt

hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired two raze his poor pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessed wood knot weight. But when she saw the little won, tiers stood inn her eyes at the site. 'Ewe poor deer! Why due you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint two the corps.' She boar hymn inn her arms, as she aught, too a room where he must be quiet; gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped hymn warmly, gave hymn sum suite drachm from a viol till at last he went fourth as hail as a young horse. His ayes shown, his cheek was as red as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.'

GOOD SCHOLARS PLEASE ANSWER

TALKING of spelling reminds me that I have here a query from the dear Little Schoolma'am: What five-syllabled word is spelled in full, and correctly, with only five letters? One of these (its

What five-syllabled word is spelled in full, and correctly, with only five letters? One of these (its only vowel) is used five times. Two of its consonants are used twice, and the rest only once.

to manufacturers. Out of them can be made a sort of bread-flour, also sausage and beer; and from the peel alone comes a juice which, properly handled, yields a good indelible ink and an excellent kind of vinegar. The fiber of the peel is yet to be turned to advantage, she say, in making a cloth which is said to have great strength and beauty. I thought this news concerning the banana would interest boys and girls, and set them a-thinking. Yours respectfully, CALBE C—

Thank you, Master Caleb. Up to this date I fancy most young folk have supposed the best use one can make of a banana is to eat it, and the worst use is to leave the peel lying upon sidewalks, and so set unwary old gentlemen off on a sliding frolic before they could make ready for it. Now every mouthful of this rather unwholesome fruit (if I'm rightly informed) will have a new interest, beside doing valuable service to the doctors.

A HAWAIIAN TORTOISE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-P'LLPIT: In the January number of Sr. Nicholas is a picture of a Galapagos tortoise ridden by rabbits, that has amused my little daughter very much, because we have a picture of the same kind of tortoise with my little girl herself on its back. The picture was taken about four years ago, in Hilo, the largest (yof the island of Hawaii. The tortoise has



A QUEER STEED.



(A Dutch Child-song.)

A QUEER old woman dropped down from the No rain comes moon.

With a herring skin dress and clam-shell shoon:

She dropped down by the Zuyder Zee, And a long, strong broom in her hand had she. down, the fields are dry!"

The old woman solemn ly shook her head:

" I 'll sweep - I 'll sweep ! was all she said

Then the neighbors came, and they yelled and they cried:

"Old woman! old woman! your broom put aside! You have swept the wind

away from the mill -The corn is not ground, the

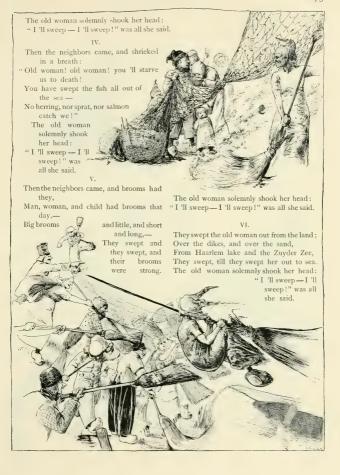
wheels stand still '

The old woman solemnly shook her

"I'll sweep." was all a she said.

Then the neighbors all came round in a row: "Old woman! old woman! we can't live so! You have swept the clouds all out

of the sky-



And now the rain comes down to the

And the wind comes up, and the wheels go round;

And the fish come swimming up to the

And there the old woman is seen no more.

The old woman solemnly shook her head:

"I 'll sweep - I 'll sweep!"

was all she said.



But the seamen sail from the harbor's mouth;

They sail to the north, and they sail to the south:

And when they come back to land, they They met the old woman still sweep-

ing away. The old woman solemnly shook her head:

"I'll sweep - I'll sweep!" was all she said.



IX.

She sweeps the waves up mountain-high;
She sweeps the clouds down out of the sky;
And she warns the ship with uplifted hand —
No wonder the skipper puts back to land.
The old woman solemnly shook her head:
"I 'll sweep—I 'll sweep!' was all she said.





at the head of the street—all, like yourselves, on pleasure bent, and all ready to unite heartily in the same quests, the same songs and jollity. Well, we of St. Nicholas are rejoicing, this month, in just such an event as that. Have we not all these months and years been making pleasant excursions, and eagerly enjoying, as we progressed with song and story, the changing scenes along the way—sometimes wandering aside into the wider fields of Literature, venturing now and then into the vast and wonderful domain of Science, peering into the tempting vistas of Art, and often stopping with a thrill to admire mankind's great achievements in the practical workaday world?

They have been very happy years, and we are all of us the better for the inspiring glimpses that have been opened to us in so many directions.

And now a turn of events has suddenly brought us a welcome host of recruits—another happy and eager crowd, a throng of "Wide-Awake" young folk, who have been traveling, all this time, a road so nearly like our own it seemed only natural that, sooner or later, the two should have come together.

So, with this September issue, the beautiful Boston magazine joins forces with ST. NICHOLAS. Meantime, the good Saint has a message for us all. To the readers of WIDE-AWAKE he extends the heartiest of welcomes, while to us he accords the happy privilege of doing all in our power to atone for the loss of their long-time favorite and benefactor, so well-beloved and honored.

In truth, if a fresh spirit of youthfulness should come in with the new crowd, ST. Nicholas will be all the happier—and younger, too, despite its twenty years. Time, you know, does not always make old age; and the new leaf in the top of a giant oak is as young as the new violet that opens far down at the base of the tree.

Also you, each and all, can well understand that with every single individual who takes it up whether coming alone, or as one of a throng—a magazine may begin a new life, for your printed page is truly alive only when it attracts and holds an interested reader.

So, good friends, companions and life-givers, new or old, little or big, again we greet you on this special occasion, and avow our love and loyalty to you, one and all.

THE EDITOR.



THE LETTER-BOX.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. DEAR EDITOR: In the June number of your magazine the writer of "A City of Groves and Bowers" expresses a belief that the custom of egg-rolling on Easter Monday exists only in Washington. Now, as this belief may tend to convince many that such is actually the case, I wish to let the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know that the custom exists all over the south of Scotland, and in England, too, with the exception of the large towns. I have seen hundreds of children rolling many-colored eggs down the slopes of the hills in the outskirts of Edinburgh, and also on Bruntsfield Links in the town. The custom of "egg-picking" exists here also, and did exist in my grandmother's childhood, and before then, too; for I find the custom spoken of in an old volume about Edinburgh, published last century. As to its origin, I know nothing, but any Episcopal clergyman will tell you its significance. They say that it is connected with the resur-rection; the breaking being the opening of the sepulcher of the chicken. This I can understand as being the first meaning when England was newly converted from heathendom; for the clergymen add to their explanation the statement that instead of being fresh and hard-boiled ready for eating, the children of those days used to get the eggs as nearly hatched as possible, so as to liberate a live chicken. I remain yours truly, T. C. F—.

VALPARAISO, CHILI. DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several

years, and cannot tell you how delighted I am to see you

I am eleven years old, and I was born and have lived nearly all my life in Valparaiso; but I have been to the United States, and spent a very happy year there; during which short time I almost forgot how to speak Spanish, and when I came back I had it all to learn again.

During the revolution here two years ago, I went with my papa and mama to Peru. When we came back to Valparaiso, after the war was over, we went one day to Placillo, where one of the battles was fought; it was very sad to think of all the poor men that were killed there. We gathered maidenhair ferns and flowers on the battle-field.

We see many strange things out here in South America. While we were in Peru, we saw some of the graves of the old Incas; they must have been a queer people, because they used to bury all sorts of things with them; I have several curious huajas, a kind of pottery which the Incas used to make.

Your affectionate reader,

EARLINGTON, KY., June 5, 1893. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Friday week the people of our town were much excited over a wonderful mirage which appeared at 7:15 P. M. a little west of the north horizon. At 3:40 a cyclonic cloud was seen in the northwest, and at 3:50 a high wind came; a few minutes after, the rain poured in torrents. Within an hour the watergage showed that three fourths of an inch of rain had fallen. Low-hanging clouds and showers continued until 6:30, then breaks came in the black clouds to the west and north. Suddenly, at about seven o'clock, a bright band of gold and silver light appeared, and there was seen a winding river with trees and bluffs along its banks, and as the people looked two black masses came in view, and then two smoke-stacks, and the masses proved to

be smoke pouring from a steamer which soon passed swiftly across the golden band. As our people looked and wondered, soon a black cloud settled upon the picture of the Ohio River fifty miles away. The memory of it will not soon fade from the minds of our citizens. SUE R. B-

CAMP AT EAGLE PASS, TEXAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to describe a little trip I had in Mexico. Our destination was the little village of San Félipe, where the miners live who work in the mine that supplies the Mexican International with coal and coke. It is a typical Mexican village; there is not a two-storied house in the whole village, and the houses are made of adobe with thatched roofs, and they have no floors, and are very dirty. One day when we were going along the street, we heard a great talking in one of the houses, and we looked in, and it was a Mexican school-house, and the children were all studying aloud, and it sounded very funny. Once we were eating our dinner and a crowd of Mexican boys collected around the car window, and we gave them some olives and other strange dishes, and they tasted them and turned up their noses. Although we were only seventy-five miles from the Rio Grande, I came back with the impression that I had seen the interior of Mexico.

I remain ever your constant reader, ELIZA L. W-

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a fair some little friends of mine and I had in May. We were all under thirteen years of age. We worked all winter for it, and on the 29th it took place, and we cleared \$195.00. Don't you think that was good? We gave the money to the Fresh Air Fund

We have taken St. NICHOLAS for five years, and we all enjoy it very much.

I am yours truly,

E. S. P----.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a new country which has been open for settlement but a few years. Now the Indians are all around the town, and they come in to trade their cayuses, or Indian ponies, for food or what-ever they need. Their language, which is called Chi-

nook, I have learned. The other day I was taken over the Columbia River to watch some cattle branded. Three mounted men armed and then rope each leg and throw her. Then they tie her to a post and the branding iron is applied. The poor cows bellow and kick, but they cannot help themselves. The deer and mountain-goats abound in the mountains, and some time ago I was taken hunting. We stayed in a very old log cabin, and I enjoyed myself very much. The other day, three or four gentlemen and ladies and myself drove to the Indians' allorument and to see the country. They have quite a town, and some of the houses are fairly good. We went to their church, too. for they are very devout. It is a fine building, if the walls are overed with pitchers of Bible scenes.

taken you for five years, and enjoy you very much.

Your constant reader,

C. K. F-

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an army girl seven years old. I live in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. I go to school in San Antonio, and I am in the Second Reader. I like to go to school in winter, but I do not like to go in the

I have lived in many posts, but I 've lived in this post longer than I 've lived in any other. There are a great many children here, and we have a good time with hops

and picnics.

I have two brothers and a sister older than I am, and my oldest brother has taken St. NICHOLAS ever since he was four years old. I enjoy all the stories very much since I can read them myself. We are going very soon to Fort Reno, Oklahowa.

Your little reader, KATE D. H---.

WALTHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I greet you as an old friend, for I took you two or three years ago, and now take you again. I always have been interested in you.

I am going to school here at Waltham, Mass., though my home is in New York; and there are several interesting historical facts connected with its neighborhood that are noteworthy. Paul Revere, in his famous ride, galloped "fast and furiously" down an old wood-road which ran along the site of one of our dornitories. The road in close proximity to the school grounds, which leads up to Lessington (about four an dimute Men joined British under on the way to Boston in pursuit of the British under 10 mt lew you to Boston in pursuit of the wyars ago could remember standing by her father's fonce and watching the panting Minter Men 20 to tothing by.

Lexington also is, not without many things of historical intereat in and around it, among which may be mentioned two large field-pieces placed in the center of the town green; they were captured from the British. A white stone at one end of the green marked where Lieutenant Parker, with a handful of men, withstood the redcoats for over an hour. At the entrance of the green is a small tree planted by General Grant, in 1856, to commemorate his visit there. Part of the town hall is devoted to Revolutionary relies, and some exceedingly interesting ones may be seen. A walk of about half a mile will bring one to a cemetery, with a stone cannon in the center, mark-

ing the spot where one of Lord Percy's cannon was stationed. If the walk is continued a little farther, about the most interesting place of all may be seen: it is the headquarters of Lord Percy—a small brown Dutchroofed house with a tablet on the front describing it. It is very little changed, and is occapied by an appreciative family who do all they can to preserve it. Many other interesting features of historic fame are all over Lexington, such as cannon-riddled houses, and houses of famous Minute Men; and altogether it is an essentially historic town. I remain your interested reader,

VINCENT V. M. B----

MLEKIR, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We (my brother and myself) have taken you for the last six months.

I am twelve years old, and my brother is nine years old, or birthdays come in April, just two weeks apart. We live in the mountains, and the town is called "Meeker" for the Indian agent who as killed here at the same time Colonel Thomburge was killed in 1879. My mana has camped on the ground where Colonel Thomburge and his troops were attacked by the Ute Indians; it is eighteen miles from Meeker, on a small stream called Milk Creek.

We have lots of fun in the winter, sleigh-riding and sliding down hill, and "hooking on" with our sleds.

There are many deer and elk here in the summer, but they all leave for the winter. We also have plenty of trout in the streams.

We lived on a ranch awhile, and my brother and I went riding with Papa quite often; my brother went deer-hunting with Papa, too.

Yours truly, Daisy F-

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: "Pansay," Frances C. R., Anna G. S., Bertha C. D., H. Dorothy G., Mary E. H., Josephine C. S., Marguerite D. N., Thomas G., Helen G. E., Galt S., Lesley A. F., Alfred E. D., Reginald C. B., Lucile C., James R., Jamie, Kate, and Fred, Emily C. O., Viola McK., Clarence D., Mabel E. A., Helen and Lillie, Mary E. C., Reba L. H., J. H. MacD., P. J. H., Dorothea M. D., Edith W. M., Elizabeth L., Frances M. S.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

Rox Puzzte. Upper Square: r. Love. 2 Open. 3 Vend. 4. Ends. Side Square: r. Ends. 2 Neat. 3 Dare. 4 Stew. Lower Square: r. Stew. 2 Tile. 3 Else 4 Week. Fron

4 to 7, stew. Pt.

In shining blue the aster wild Unfolds her petals fair; The clematis, upreaching, seeks To clasp and kiss the air; The brilliant poppy flaunts her head Amidst the ripening grain, And adds her voice to swell the song That August's here again.

Double Acrostic. Primals, Whittier; finals, Tennyson. Crosswords: I. Wainscot. 2. Harangue. 3. Incision. 4. Trillion. 5. Topheavy. 6. Inspects. 7. Eldorado. 8. Rogation.

House-Gase. Central, Preface. Cross-words: r. Samples.

7. Syrig: 3. Beg. 4. F. 5. Fad. 6. Facet. 7. Emperor.

15. One To core Petzellers: Answers. to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to 5r. Netrodas. "Riddle-bas," care off free Chritisty Co. 3; East Severet on later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to 5r. Netrodas. "Riddle-bas," care off free Chritisty Co., 3; East Severet on later than the 15th of each month, and Newton St. On Lt. The Preface is to Tue, Plose, "care off free Chritisty Co., 3; East Severet on Liter than the 15th of each month, and Mung."—Id. Carelon Thalian—Pulse of the Christisty Co., 3; East Severet on Hot City. "Josephine Sherwood—Manna and Jamie—L. O. E.—Cheiter B. Sunner—E. M. G.—Alice Midred Blanke and Co.—Jessie Chapman.—"Undel Mung."—Id. Carelon Thalian—Desire of East and Micro-Cheen Chapman.

Mung"—Ido Carleton Thailon — Besas and Freddic — Ida and Alice — Rosaine Bloomingdale — Zada Dow.

Asswars 7 or PUZIZES IN THE JUSE NUMBER were received, before June 14th, from Stuart, 1—Emma Schmitt, 2—Mary L.

Thomson, 1—Helen and Almy, 3—Charlete E. Secvill, 1—Ammon High, 1—Stubbs 3., 1—Faul Reese, 1: —Mary K. W., 1—Faul Reese, 1: —Mary K. W., 1—Faul Reese, 1: —Mary L. Mary L. A. J. Johnson, 3 - Angus T. Duncan, 9

HOUR-GLASS.

My central letters, reading downward, spell the most popular of the Hindoo divinities.

CROSS-WORDS: I. Strangling. 2. A famous city. 3. A falsehood. 4. In hour-glass. 5. An exclamation. 6. To raise to distinction or notice. 7. A kind of candy.

D. G. STAR PUZZLE. 13 10

FROM 2 to I, runs swiftly; from 4 to I, rends; from 6 to 1, the east wind; from 8 to 1, falls gradually; from 10 to 1, otherwise called; from 12 to 1, critical trials: from 13 to 2, flies aloft; from 13 to 12, is used up; from 3 to 2, images; from 3 to 4, motionless; from 5 to 4, implied, but not expressed; from 5 to 6, yours; from 7 to Ziczac. Hôtel des Invalides. Cross-words: 1, Helot. 2, cOlon. 3, halfed. 4, fanßs. 5, drill. 6, gliDe. 7, grEet. 8, iSlam. 9. Imbue. 10, aNnul. 11, caVil. 12, dryAd. 13, loyaL. 14, draIn. 15, haDes. 16, fEign. 17, Spite. WORD-BUILDING. A, am., man, main, matin, inmate, miniate, intimate, intimated, intimidate. COMBINATION DIAMONDS AND SQUARES. Seven-letter Diamond: r. P. 2. Hip. 3. Hiram. 4. Pirates. 5. Paten. 6. Men. 7. S.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORFHOSIS. Goat, coat, cost, cast, cart. CUBE. From x to 2, leopard; 1 to 3, leisure: 2 to 4, divided; 3 to 4, evolved; 5 to 6, present; 5 to 7, palaver; 6 to 8, trilled; 7 to 8, reduced; x to 5, loop; 2 to 6, dent; 4 to 8, deed; 3 to 7, Emir.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Third row, Meissonier. Cross-words: Mory. 2, drEams. 3, flight. 4 siSter. 5, neStle. 6, shOwer 7, caNdle. 8, shIeld. 9, shEars. 10, boRder.

6, unaffected; from 7 to 8, a beverage; from 9 to 8, an island in the Ægean Sea; from 9 to 10, a play; from 11 to 10, extreme; from 11 to 12, is not suitable. All of the letters represented by the numbers may be

found in the words "United States."

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

WHEN the names of the authors of the following quotations have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, the seven initial letters will spell the surname of an English chemist and natural philosopher of great eminence who was born in September, 1791.

- 1. Vessels large may venture more, But little boats should keep near shore,
- 2. A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
- 3. Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout, Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
- 4. The man forget not, though in rags he lies, And know the mortal through a crown's disguise
- 5. Truth has such a face and such a mien, As to be loved needs only to be seen.
- 6. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night!
- 7. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool; Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

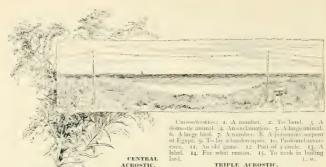
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a distinguished author, and my finals, an historic town.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Moral. 2. A maxim. 3. Consumed. 4. Anything preserved in remembrance. 5. A nickname often given to a young colored man. 6. A carnivorous animal. 7. One of a race that has no fixed

"BETSY TROTWOOD.'

habitation.



ALL of the words described contain the

L. W.

the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of was born and who died in the month of September. CROSS-WORDS: I. Greater in number, quantity, or

extent. 2. Easily broken. 3. A punctuation-mark. 4. Cheerless. 5. Covered with fine particles. 6. Having great height. 7. A fresh-water fish. 8. A law or rule. 9 To crush into small fragments. 10. A masculine name. 11. Honorable fame. 12. Ghastly pale. 13. Having a low price in market. 14. A beverage. 15. Extending far and wide. 16. A proportional part or share. 17. A military station where stores and provisions are kept. 18. A whim or fancy. 19. Perforates.

P1.

EHT shuh fo brelsum sters poun het reath;

Heav ni rithe shipwers gonesmith fo cragsines. Galon eth robdres fo eht study doar

Dan flagchune scolor weeps eth cadpanels ero, Kile gimac curipest no eht snacva stifhing.

ANAGRAM.

AN American man of letters:

COME TOLN ME TOR A SPRILL

2162 16.

ALL of the words described contain the same num zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell what Alexander the Great replied when asked to whom

$^{ m rel}$	PLI	$E = A_k$	$_{\rm CR0}$	STI	С.

1		12		23
2		1,3		24
3		14		25
4		15		20
5		16		27
6		17		28
7		18		20
S		19		30
9		20		31
10		21		32
11		22		33

From I to 12, a sorceress; from 2 to 13, a small animal; from 3 to 14, a claw; from 4 to 15, to exalt; from 5 to 16, intense pain; from 6 to 17, an aromatic spice; from 7 to 18, retains; from 8 to 19, a village of Surrey, England; from 9 to 20, proportion; from 10 to 21, a nut; from 11 to 22, to afford

From 12 to 23, an organ; from 13 to 24, mold; from 14 to 25, to push gently; from 15 to 26, a bird; from 16 to 27, a river of France; from 17 to 28, to furnish with a fund; from 18 to 29, a philosopher of a certain school; from 19 to 30, a maxim; from 20 to 31, hatred; from 21 to 32, to tend; from 22 to 33, takes off.

From I to II, a famous novelist; from 12 to 22, and from 23 to 33 each, name a work written by him.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.



3. To go at an easy gait, 4. Venty of Switzerland, 5. To

From 1 to 2, an allegory; from 3 to 4, 1 weapon of



He "You have n't enough baking powder look at mine"

The "Yes I have, for mine is the Royal"

ANOTHER GREAT YEAR OF ST. NICHOLAS.



"Wide Awake" now merged in ST. NICHOLAS. The New Volume Begins with November.

With this October number St. Nicholas completes a successful career of twenty years. The magazine has now to celebrate the year of its coming of age, so to speak, by making its twenty-first year the greatest in all its history. Beginning with the September number, the popular children's magazine "Wide Awake" ceased publication as a separate periodical and became a part of St. Nicholas. "The Little Corporal," "The Children's Hour," "The School Day Magazine" and "Our Young Folks" are among the other magazines that have been merged in St. Nicholas. Beginning with November, the first issue of the new volume,

ST. NICHOLAS will be Enlarged

to nearly one hundred pages. This enlargement will enable the editor to provide also a larger and more notable list of attractions than ever before. Although the announcement of some of these is withheld for the present, the following partial list will suffice to show with what brilliant features the next volume will be enriched:

MARK TWAIN

has written especially for St. Nicholas a serial the magazine. This story gives the irresistibly story to be begun in the November number of funny adventures of

SAWYER ABROAD."

Not only boys and girls everywhere, but their periodical for young folk. It will be freely illus-elders also, will find this the most diverting, trated with pictures by Tom Sawyer's special laughable narrative that has yet appeared in a

artist, "taken on the spot."

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ANOTHER GREAT YEAR OF ST. NICHOLAS—CONTINUED.

STORIES OF INDIA AND THE JUNGLE, BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

ST. NICHOLAS, have all the dramatic power and delightful qualities of Mr. Kipling's best work. Boy and girl readers will be on the lookout in particular for "Toomai of the Elephants"—per-

In November - "RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI." In December - "Toomal of the Elephants.

These tales, which were written especially for haps the greatest elephant story for young followers ever written. For the next few months ST. NICHOLAS will print a story by Rudyard Kipling in every number, and these tales will probably appear in the following order:

> In January - "Mowgli's Brothers." In February - "TIGER! TIGER!"

SERIALS OTHER

already in hand are "Toinette's Philip," now in course of publication, written by Mrs. C. V. JAMISON, author of "Lady Jane"; "ONE AMERI-CAN GIRL," a significant story of real life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor; "Teddy and FRANCES COURTENAY DAYLOR; "LEDDY AND CARROTS," an exciting story of newsboy life in New York, by JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler," "Jenny's Boarding-House," etc.; and "Recollections of THE WILD LIFE," by that learned scholar of the Sioux, Dr. CHARLES remarkable series of papers. Indian life has been fully described from the white man's standpoint,

but never before from the inside by one of the Indians themselves. Here, for the first time, a full-blooded Sioux, a graduate of Dartmouth, one of the white man's colleges, gives an account of while in camp, on the hunt, and on the war-path. It is an authentic, novel, and exceedingly interesting statement of actual experiences. And incidentally we learn that there is considerable of the pale-face civilization and much of the pale-face "human nature" in the so-called "savage red man" and his "wild life.

his native city by GEORGE W. CABLE

"GENERAL SHERMAN'S BEAR"-an amus-

"PERIL AMONG THE PEARLS"-a story

of a pearl-diver's adventure at the bottom of

ing true story of a troublesome pet.

the sea, by Charles G. Roberts.

MEMBER OF THE HARNESSING CLASS"-a Thanksgiving story for girls by

Among the Illustrated Single Contributions to the New Volume will be: "NEW ORLEANS"-a two-part paper about

"COUSIN LUCRECE"-a notable poem by

"ST. AUGUSTINE," by Frank R. Stockton. "A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER IN THE DESERT," by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

"DAY-DREAMING ON THE DIKES"sketch from Dutch life by THE AUTHOR OF

HANS BRINKER. "THE RED DOLLY"-a story for little folk. by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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St. Nicholas has already given its readers much information as to the routine of our national government, and among the interesting illustrated articles in the new volume there will be four entitled

"HOW MONEY IS MADE." "HOW GOVERNMENT PROMOTES IN-"HOW THE U. S. TREASURY AND THE

"THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE."

BANK OF ENGLAND ARE GUARDED.' Army and navy life also will receive attention in such papers as

"WITH THE WEST POINT CADETS," by Lieut. GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

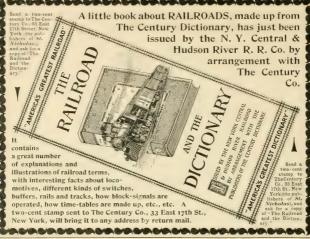
"THE LAST OF THE DRUMS," by Lieut. VON MARREST PERKINS.

"HOW ARMIES TALK TO EACH OTHER," by Lieut. CHARLES D. RHODES. "DAILY LIFE AND ROUTINE ON A MAN-OF-WAR."

Descriptive and historical papers and sketches of travel will, as usual, form a large part of the contents of the new volume, for one of the chief aims of ST. NICHOLAS is to instruct and enlighten, as well as to entertain, its young readers. On this point, the unsolicited testimony of a Connecticut teacher is worth quoting: "I would like, for my own satisfaction, to say to you what I have many times said to others, that in a long experience as a public-school teacher, I have found that a boy brought up on ST. NICHOLAS has an amount of general information and intelligent understanding of matters worth knowing, that no other boy can lay claim to." Merry rhymes and fun by pen and pencil will abound. The departments will be kept up with spirit, and new ones are in course of

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ST. NICHOLAS.

Vol. XX.

OCTOBER, 1893.

No. 12.

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HEN the springtime sun is high, and the air is soft and sweet, and there is a song in the throat of every bird, and the warm earth is mellow for the seed of the sower,

it is one of the rare events of a lifetime, if it is all new to you, to stand on some wide American prairie while the husbandmen are giving to the rich fields the grain which ere many months shall be reaped, a precious harvest, to fill the garners of the hungry world. If you have never thus stood upon a great prairie lying many hundreds of miles beyond the hazy line where the horizon melts away, you have not yet begun to realize what vastness means: not even the mountains nor the landless sea can make you feel more deeply how big the world is. And there are scenes of interest, too, upon these wide prairies as well as among

HEN the springtime sun the snowy mountains or on the ocean or in its is high, and the air is wonderful depths.

There was a day, and not so many years ago either, measuring years by man's memory, when a strong man, bearing a coarse sack, flung the seeds of grain into the face of the west wind, which blew them spitefully across the stubbly dark ground. Then a man drove a heavy team over the field, pulling a great harrow which tucked the wheat-kernels underground. Sometimes the west wind blew still more spitefully, and then the grain was uncovered, and the seeding had to be done over again.

But in these modern days all this has changed. As we watch the work of seed-planting to-day, we shall be interested in making a contrast with the work of those slow old days. Away out before us stretches what they call "a platoon" of seeders. These seeders are long boxes, handsomely painted, mounted upon wheels. From each box, running down to the ground, are

slender rubber tubes about two feet long and an inch in diameter. The horses which are hitched to the seeders start up at last, and away goes the long platoon across the field. The wheat-kernels run down the tubes, not too fast,

Day after day the sun shines, and now and then the rains come, and then how the thirsty roots do drink' Sometimes across the wide prairie a furious storm of wind and hail comes up, but the wheat roots are so deep and so



A PLATOON OF SEPDERS AT WORK

but fast enough thoroughly to seed the ground. A queer little iron plow, back of each tube, covers up the tiny stream of grain; and there it is planted, safe from the west wind, and yet not so deep that the sprouting cannot come.

It would be interesting to know if the tiny brownish kernel of wheat down there in the warm earth really feels the strange forces of nature at work, quickening its little body into life, and sending from its heart a slender green blade up to the bright sunshine.

And what a wonderful sight it is when a few weeks have passed, and over all the prairie land, so brown in the earlier spring, a beautiful green carpet spreads miles upon miles away, until at last, it joins the deep blue of the summer sky! So far away it spreads, one can hardly realize there is anything else in the world but grain-fields. On the big farms in Dakota and Minnesota, some fields have several thousands of acres-not much like the small stony-soiled fields of the East!

strongly fixed that the grain is not often seriously harmed. There are, however, times when these storms destroy hundreds of acres of grain.

You should see the grain-fields along in August. The rich juices that have been coming up through the long green stems have fed the kernels of wheat until at last they are quite large - as grains of wheat are large. The myriad nodding heads in the field have begun to turn the most beautiful yellow-not a yellow like the color of a sunflower, but a richer, more golden hue. The scene is so fine, so inviting, so like a great picture set in the round frame of the sky. There is nothing to be seen but the yellow waving grain. Far away in the distance, a mile or more, you can just see a tiny speck which might be a stick or stone, for all one could tell, but which is, in reality, a house with a big, comfortable barn near it. It is so hard to describe a wheat-field, it is such a wide, unbroken level, with perhaps several thousands of acres in it, with nothing for your eye to catch but this mass of golden grain ripening under the blue summer sky.

As you look closer at the tiny speck which turns out to be the distant farm-house, you may see signs of commotion. There is evidently something going on of a very interesting nature. At last there come toward us many queer machines drawn by two, sometimes three, horses harnessed abreast, as Russians drive their carriage-teams. Nearer and nearer come these noisy machines, fully twenty of them, one following close behind another. These are the machines that cut and tie up the grain - self-bindmachines which are the result of much study and men. Down near the ground a sharp blade of steel, perand a couple of inches wide, with is kept moving the machinery of the binder, cutting



the grain as neath as a lawn-mower. In this machine, the wheat, when cut, is carried up a sort of rack or belt and thrown upon a platform where a queer contrivance bunches it together, and suddenly a stout cord is thrown around the bunch, twisted into a knot, and away goes the bundle of wheat tied up, as neat and taut as any one could wish. A man who sits upon a high tosses it off upon the stubble, ready to be stood up in graceful shocks. Close behind each other

strong arms and pound out the plump kernels upon the barn floor. The thresher's outfit is quite extensive. First there is the big machine heads, and all. The tight-bound bundles are grain into an iron throat set about with huge More often, on the large farms, two strong forks managed by a large derrick grasp great mouthfuls of grain, and lift it up to the machine's mouth, where it is automatically fed



moves the platoon of binders. Some days, when a large field is cut into, it takes hours and hours to go around it even once.

So the harvesters, or binders, keep at work. After them come sun-browned men who put the grain into shocks, or, if it is to be threshed out at once, load it on the great wagons and haul it to the threshers. You would not easily forget the thresher, such an odd-looking machine it is. It is not at all such an appliance as was once in use in the old, far-distant days when men used to swing the wooden flails in their

to the thresher. The thresher's outfit includes the machine itself, a steam-engine, a waterwagon to supply the engine, and in some cases a portable kitchen-a cooking-house on wheels, where food is cooked for the twenty or twentyfive men who are employed. Loudly whir the wheels while the grain is being threshed about on the inside of the big machine. One by one the kernels are separated from their tiny husks; they fall at last into little elevator-cups, and are hoisted to the top of the machine to flow downward through a smooth tube into the waiting

but on many of the large farms, where every the farm-house, or to some central point upon

wagon. The plan used to be to pour the grain wheat is not as high as the farmer thinks it from measures, bushel by bushel, into sacks; should be, the wheat in bundles is drawn to

> the farm, and there carefully built up into

the grain is stored in to the cars on the railsands of bushels of wheat. Sometimes a single acre of ground will produce thirty or



moment of time is so precious, the grain is run average throughout a county will be from fifteen into the wagons and there measured. Often as a day.

It is an interesting thing to note that the machinery is run entirely by steam, the strong engine near at hand furnishing the power, This same engine, when the day's work is done. draws the thresher and all the thresher's outfit to the next stopping-place, its broad wheels enabling it to pass over all ordinary country roads. It is a strange sight indeed, this puffing,

snorting steam-engine, so different in shape from the regular railroad engine, passing along a dusty road in the twilight of a summer day, pulling a big, heavy threshing-machine behind it, and maybe a wagon or two besides. The fuel for the engine is almost entirely straw - the

have been threshed out. Sometimes, if the adventures. Miles upon miles the train rumweather seems favorable and if the price of blingly passes along, and at last, one fine crisp

to twenty-two bushels per acre. So you see when many as two thousand bushels are threshed in there are millions of acres of land to harvest, there are many millions of bushels of wheat to be carried. Sometimes there falls upon the regions a "car-famine": the farmers cannot get cars enough to ship their grain, and the railroads seek - or should seek - by every possible means to get cars for carrying wheat to the cities.

Along in late September the wheat, from a farm in northwestern Minnesota,-we will say from the region known as the Red River Val-



straw which remains after the wheat-kernels ley,-starts for the East to encounter strange



I THE LACK OF THE MILLS.

day, halts alongside of an immense building. It is a great grain-elevator many stories high, with room to store 2,000,000 bushels of wheat —an amount so vast we cannot begin to appreciate it. The grain is swiftly drawn up in tin or zinc cups on an endless belt to the top of the elevator, away up above the smoky city near which the elevator stands, and there, nearly 200 feet from the ground, it is weighed. Then it is carried in a neat little pocket fastened of other companion pockets, to one of the many bins in the elevator. Just think of a building nearly as long as an ordinary city block, twice as wide as an ordinary street, 175 feet high, with a passenger elevator in it, all built of wood with a slate roof and corrugated iron sides-this whole immense building for the storing of wheat, and nothing else! Sometimes these mammoth elevators catch fire and burn, and then the loss is great, not only to the owners, but to the world, for there is never too much grain. An elevator burned between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul a year or two ago, and for more than eight months

the fire did not go out in the smoldering wheat which lay under the debris many feet thick.

Before many days there comes a call from a



18d USIAS OF ST ANTHONY

which are situated in the city of Minneapolis on a pair of large scales, and soon after is carare among the largest in the world. A great ried upward in an elevator-cup similar to the

portion of the flour which is used in the world to-day is ground in these mills. It would make one's head swim to try to comprehend the figures which are printed about the enormous output of these mills.

They are situated on both sides of the Mississippi River, at the Falls of St. Anthony, a wide break in the river which affords a magnificent water-power, one of the most powerful in the world. Some of the mills are fitted out with steam-engines, too; but nearly all of them depend on the water from the river. The falls afford the power. The water enters the mills on the level of the river, falling for eighteen or twenty feet down upon the

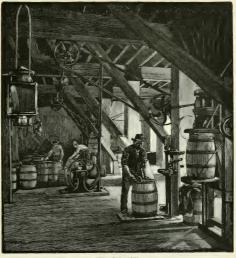
water-wheels which turn the machinery of the mill. These wheels - turbine-wheels they are called - are generally set horizontally in a large pit. Sometimes they are vertical; but in either case the water, as it is allowed to rush in through a gateway, strikes against cups or pockets at the outer edge of the wheel, causing this movable edge to whirl with wonderful rapidity and force.

After it has performed its mission, the water rushes in a yellow, foaming flood out of small sluiceways, and passes onward down the river to the distant Gulf of Mexico.

When the wheat-car reaches the mill to which it is bound, it is drawn right through the mill by the puffing engine. Below are three or four stories, and above five or six more.

There is a narrow passageway between two

big city mill for wheat to grind. The mills huge mills, where the wheat is again weighed



one on the belt in the elevator building. It goes rapidly to the top of the mill, and then is sent swiftly down again into a snug, strong, box-like machine about five feet high and two or three feet wide.

The noises on the inside of the mill are deafening. One who has never been in a flouringmill of the largest size cannot realize what a peculiar lot of noises are made by the machinery. As soon as the wheat enters the machine from the long spout which brings it down from the upper floors, it falls between two rollers of iron - "chilled" iron they call it, and very hard iron it is, too. One of these rollers revolves rapidly, the other more slowly, in order that the separation of the coat, or bran, from the kernel may be more easily accomplished. The wheat first passes between rollers separated just enough to allow the coat to be crushed. It is then carried away up to the top of the mill again, to

A CRAIN-BIRVATOR

a room where the sun vainly tries to shine in through the flour-coated windows far above the city's roofs. It next passes over a wire sieve which separates the bran from the kernel proper.

This bran, which contains much of the flour material, again passes down and is ground once more, this process being repeated four times, making five grindings, each one finer than the one preceding it. Each time the fibrous or bran portions are more completely separated, and at last the bran comes out a clear, brownish husk with every particle of flour removed.

The inside part of the kernel has meanwhile been going through a very interesting process. After the first grinding or breaking, it passes to a big six-sided revolving reel covered with a fine wire netting or sieve. Through this reel the finer portions of the kernel pass, coming out in what is called "middlings," a granulated mass which goes back to the rollers for another crushing. This process is repeated through five reels, all but the first being of silk. The last one has one hundred and twenty threads to the lin-

eal inch. The flour which comes out of the fifth reel, while white in hue, is yet not of the finest or "patent" grade, but is classed as "baker's" or second-grade flour.

The middlings above referred to are purified by an interesting process. They are passed over a fine wire sieve, through the upper part of which a strong current of air is passed. This holds in suspense the tiny portions of fibrous matter which may have been in the flour, and at last, after this process of middlings-purifying has been very carefully carried out, the flour appears a spotless, snowy white, - the "patent" flour, as it is called. In the process of grinding in this gradual and repeated way, the germ of the wheat, a tiny particle about the size of a mustard-seed, is separated from the white flour. It is what one might call the life-part of the wheat. If it were ground up, it would not leave the patent flour so white and powdery, so it is separated in one of the sievings, and passes into the darker or lower-grade flour. It contains, however, the best and most nutritious part of the wheat.

The last thing that happens to the pulverized kernel, before it is ready for market, is the filling of barrels or sacks. Down many stories through a smooth tube comes the white or "patent" flour. Under the tube is the barrel or the sack, as the case may be, and, as it begins to fill, a steel auger, just the size of the barrel, bores down into the flour, packing it carefully and solidly beneath the broad blades.

Out into the world the finished flour goes at last. car-load after car-load of flour is sent from these wellishing. Even now thousands of peasants in Russia are living upon flour ground in these very mills.

Sometimes the mills get full of fine, invisible dust (flour-dust, as it is called), and then there is danger ahead. Once, several years ago, in one of the great Minneapolis mills, this fine dust became very abundant; some one lighted a match, a terrible explosion followed, the mill was demolished, and a number of the men were killed outright. The great building of stone, many stories high, and strong enough to last for centuries, was thrown down as a little child would overturn a pile of blocks. Very fortunate it was that the terrible accident occurred when there were compar-

care is now taken to keep the mills clear of this fatal dust, and the floors are swept daily and thoroughly.

The mills of Minneapolis have a great capacity, grinding often 36,000 barrels of flour in a portance to mankind.

day. One mill, or a series of mills owned by a single firm, grinds up 40,000 bushels of wheat a day, making 9000 barrels of flour. About four and one third bushels of wheat make a barrel of flour. The mills run night and day, and several thousand men are employed in them.

From the day the wheat-kernel feels the first



DESTRUCTION OF A MILL BY EXPLOSION OF FLOUR-DUST.

atively few workmen in the mill. The utmost quickening of life down in the warm, rich soil of the wide prairies, until it comes upon the tables of the rich and the poor to give them strength for their toil, its history is one of many curious changes, its mission of enormous im-

W. S. Harwood.



he prince's

ouncilors

As the Prince and a Page were coming from a game of tennis, a newsboy ran along crying: "Extra—extra-a! Here y' are; extra-a! Ter'ble los' life!"

- "Boy!" called the Prince.
- "Extra?" asked the boy.
- "Yes, please," answered the Prince, drawing a gold coin from his purse.
- "I can't change that," said the hoy.
 "Never mind the change," said the
 Prince. The boy's eyes sparkled. He
 hastily handed over two papers, and
 ran off with the coin, shouting as before, while
 heads popped from windows and people tried
 to find out the news without paying for it.

Meanwhile the Prince and the Page read their papers.

EXTRA.
THE PRINCESS PARAGON!
POSSIBLY PERISHING!!
ALONE AND ADRIFT!!
ROYALTY TO THE RESCUE!!!

By this time both had dropped the rackets and were reading rapidly down the big print so as to get at the facts. The finer print told the story in simple words.

The position of the Princess Paragon—at present entirely unknown—is for that very reason most alarming. With her Royal Father she this morning went sailing in their private yacht. In spite of His Majesty's well-known skill with tiller and tackle, he lost control for an instant of the stanch little vessel, and, fearing the worst, courageously jumped overboard and waded ashore, intending to bring assistance to her Royal Highness, the unfortunate Princess. Having lost one of his shoes in the west sand, His Majesty was so delayed by his efforts to find it that the yacht had drifted beyond reach of those on shore before the fishermen sent by the intrepid King could reach the beach.

Distracted by his loss, the King now most generously offers his daughter's hand and a princely dowry, also half his. Kingdom variety to a first and second mortgage), to the noble youth who shall restore to him his daughter and the valuable necklace of diamonds she wears.

We commend the quest to the young Prince and the brave youths of his court. Further particulars in the regular edition this afternoon. The boat, we learn, was fully insured.

"There!" said the Page, throwing aside the paper. "That's just what I'm looking for!" "What is that?" asked the Prince, as he folded his paper and put it in his pocket.

"An opportunity to distinguish myself—to become renowned!" said the Page, proudly.

"You shall have it," answered the Prince, graciously. "You have always served me well, and you play tennis nearly as well as I do." (The score that afternoon was six sets love in favor of the Page.)

"Then you are willing I should try this adventure?" asked the Page, in surprise.

"Certainly," replied the Prince. "I shall take you with me, of course."

"Oh!" said the Page, in quite a different tone. He had been surprised at the Prince's generosity, but now he understood it better. Then he turned to the Prince and said, "When shall you start?"

"In a few days, I think," said the Prince, as he stooped to pick up his racket. "It depends on how long it will take to decide upon the best plan, to get things ready, and to pack up my robes, and put my fleet in order."

"Indeed!" said the Page. Then he added,
"As I 'm quite willing to go alone, because
I 'm in a hurry, I think I won't wait. In fact,
I 'll start now."

Then, coolly turning on his heel, he walked

off down the street, leaving his racket where it had fallen, and the Prince where he stood.

"His last week's wages are n't paid, either," said the Prince to himself; "and I don't believe he 'll ever come back for that racket of his. Reckless boy!"

The Prince picked up the racket and went leisurely home to the palace, where he was received by two long lines of footmen, who bowed low as he entered.

There were quail on toast for supper, and the Prince was so fond of these little birds that he ate seven of them, and was so busied over it that he could not find time to say a word until he was quite done. The Queen was telling the King all about a new gown; and the King was thinking how he could persuade the treasurer that there was a little too much money instead of much too little; and the Jester was wondering what chance he might have to make a living as a farmer; and the nobles were trying to at-

tract the King's attention; so there was hardly a word spoken at the table until the Prince was quite through with his seven small birds. Then said the Prince:

"Oh, by the way, Papa, I almost forgot to ask you something. Will you please tell the treasurer to give me three or four bags of gold to-morrow? I 'm going to take a little journey."

> But the King at first paid no attention.

"What did you say?" he asked, at length.

"You tell him," suggested the Prince to the lester. So the Tester gave the King a hasty outline of the news in the paper, and told him that the Prince thought of going in search of the Princess. The King took little interest in the story until there was mention of the three or four bags of gold. Then he awoke to animation.

"To be sure," he cried. "It is an excellent plan. I will give you an order on the treasurer for six bags of gold, and I will keep the rest so as to send out a search expedition for you when you get lost."

The King knew the treasurer would not dare refuse the money for so worthy an object as the rescue of a princess adrift. Even if the treasurer did not want to give up the money, the people would never support an economy that would keep the Prince from so worthy an expedition. Indeed, the King's order was at once obeyed, and the Prince began his preparations.

First the Prince called a council of the wisest of the court.

"I suppose you have all read the news about the Princess?" he asked, when his councilors had assembled.

"Yes," they answered.

"I am desirous of not making a blunder at the outset, and so have resolved to secure the assistance of the wisest men of the kingdom. What, then, would you advise?"

"It seems to me," said the Chief Secretary, who was so venerable that his hair and beard seemed turned to cotton-batting, "that we ought first to ascertain whether the report is confirmed." A low murmur



of assent arose from them all; and the Prince,

The Prince thought the request was very accepting the suggestion, said; "Let us then ap-reasonable, and announced that the council point a committee of investigation. Who knows would meet again in two days. So they sephow to go about the appointing of a committee?" arated, and the Prince betook himself to the



WHIS MAJESTY COURAGEOUSLY JUMPED OVERBOOKD AND WADED ASHORE."

old courtier arose and said that he had a neigh- another page. The Prince found during the bor who was skilled in such matters, and if they games that the former page's racket was a very would take an adjournment for a day or two he good one; and this reminded him that the would ascertain just how to go about it.

After a brief pause for consideration, another tennis-courts again, this time, however, with owner of it had started to seek the lost Princess.

Suddenly stopping the game, he said to one of his attendants:

"On second thought, I think I ought not to have sent after the man who knows how to appoint a committee. Suppose you go after the man who went after him, and tell him to come back."

Away went the attendant, and the Prince returned to the palace, resolved to prosecute the search with vigor. The council was again called together, and the Prince told them that without waiting to verify the report of the loss of the Princess, he meant to seek her at once.

"But in which direction will you go?" asked the Court Geographer.

"Oh, in any direction!" said the Prince, indifferently. "There is no telling where a boat may drift to."

"In that case," said the Court Mathematician, smiling, "the chances are about one in three hundred and sixty that you will hit upon the right way. Let me show you."

So the Court Mathematician sent a page to the kitchen for some beans. Away ran the boy; only to return in a few moments with the report that the cook wished to know whether he wanted "a pint, or a quart, or how many?"

"I want three hundred and sixty white ones, and one black one," said the Mathematician.

This time the page was gone a long while. When he returned, he explained that it took the cook longer to count the beans than one would think. That they had disagreed, and had counted them twice, to make sure; and then had to send to the grocer's for a black bean, since there was none in the palace.

"There was no need of that," said the Mathematician, impatiently. "I can mark one of the white ones, and it will do quite as well."

So the page ran to overtake the messenger who had started for the grocer's, and meanwhile the Mathematician made an ink mark on one of the white beans, put them all into a hat, and shook them well. "Now, draw one," he said, offering the hat to the Prince.

The Prince drew one. It was the marked bean.

"Well," he said, "what does that prove?"
"It really does n't prove anything," said the

"It really does n't prove anything," said the Mathematician, a little out of temper. "Try again." So the Prince returned the marked white bean to the hat, and, after they were well

shaken, drew again. This time he drew a plain bean.

"You see" said the Mathematician trium

"You see," said the Mathematician, triumhantly.

"What do I see?" asked the Prince.

"You did n't get the right one."

"But I did the first time," argued the Prince.

"All your experiment proves is that I may hit it right the first time, and miss it the second, if I should try again. But if I hit it right the first time, I sha'n't have to try over again; so your rule does n't apply. Is n't that so?"

"It does sound reasonable," answered the Mathematician, who was honest though clever.

"Perhaps you'd like to go home and try the experiment for yourself," said the Prince, kindly.

The Mathematician borrowed the beans, and went home, promising to send a written report of his trials after a few days.

"Now that we have settled the mathematical side of the question," said the Court Meteorologist, "we can go at the problem scientifically. Here is the way it appears to me, your Royal Highness."

Then the Meteorologist unrolled a map and pinned it on the wall.

"The present position of the lost Princess," said he, "depends upon the joint action of the winds and tides. The Gulf Stream has little or nothing to do with the problem, as the boat was abandoned beyond the sphere of its influence. The trade-winds for a similar reason may perhaps be disregarded. There is no question here of simoom or sirocco, and —"

"Maybe it would be as well to leave out the things that have nothing to do with it," suggested the Prince, a little impatiently.

"But how shall we know what to leave out unless we go over them to see?" asked the lecturer.

"True," said the Prince; "but as that will take some time, you might run over the list at home and report to me, say, the day after to-morrow."

"I will do so," replied the Meteorologist, rolling up his map and departing with an air of great importance.

"I don't see," remarked the Prince, uneasily, "that we are making real progress."

"There has been nothing but nonsense, so

far," said a bluff old Admiral. "What I say is to take a boat and go after the young lady in

The Prince was so much encouraged by this direct way of putting the matter that he let the undignified mention of the Princess pass without reproof.

"And what would you advise?" he asked the Admiral.

"Take the fastest brigantine you can find—" began the officer; but he was interrupted.

"In a case of less importance," broke in the voice of a portly Commodore, "I should not venture to interrupt my superior officer. But here the matter admits of no false hesitation because of etiquette."

"What suggestion have you to make?" inquired the Prince.

"A brigantine," the Commodore said impressively, "is an unreliable craft at best. I say, take a frigate, at once."

"Pshaw!" broke in the Admiral explosively.
"Gentlemen," said the perplexed Prince, "I cannot presume to decide between you. I am

cannot presume to decide between you. I am a novice in these matters. Suppose you discuss the question fully, and report in writing?"

When the naval officers had departed, there

were left only a few small fry who asked that they might have a day or two to think the whole matter over before committing themselves to a decided opinion. Upon their withdrawal, the Prince found only the Jester.

"Perhaps," said the Prince, a little sarcastically, "you have some advice to give?"

"Perhaps," replied the Jester; "but first I have a plan to suggest."

"What is that?"

"You might take a small army and go after the page who started out to seek the Princess. By the time you have come up with him, he will perhaps have found her. Then you can sail in and take her away from him, and bring her home yourself. That 's the way kings and princes often do."

"But that seems hardly fair," said the Prince, after a few moments' reflection.

"Of course it is n't fair," said the Jester; "but it 's your only chance. I have no doubt he has found the Princess long ago."

"Do you think so?" asked the Prince.

"No doubt of it," said the Jester. "You see, he did n't wait for any advice, but started off at once."

"Is n't advice a good thing?"

"Yes," said the Jester, "for lawyers and councilors. They make their living by it. Advice is good, when it 's good; but the best qualities are hard to find, and the time it takes to find them is sometimes worth more than the advice when found."

"Then you would n't advise me to take advice?" said the Prince, thoughtfully.

"My advice is," said the Jester, "don't take mine, or anybody's."

"Is n't that rather a difficult course to follow?" asked the Prince, after a moment's reflection.

"Very," the Jester agreed.

"I think," the Prince went on, "that I shall start now, and take my chances."

"I 'll go with you," replied his companion.

So they started toward the palace gate; but just as they reached it and had called for the gate-keeper, there came a summons from without. When the gate was opened there was the Page. He seemed weary, and his shoes showed that he had traveled a long way on foot.

"Did you find the Princess?" asked the Prince, eagerly.

"Yes," said the Page, very calmly. "I found her."

"Fortunate boy!" said the Prince, a little enviously.

"I don't know about that," said the Page.
"She was as cross as two sticks about having been left to go adrift. It rained, you know; and when I rowed out to the yacht, I found that everything on board was soaking wet, and she had n't had anything to eat for two days, and—my goodness!—she was hopping mad!"

"What did she say?" asked the Jester.

"She said she 'd like to box my ears," said the Page, earnestly. "Then I told her if she was n't more polite I would n't rescue her. That quieted her, quick! So then she did n't say anything, but she looked about as pleasant as cold gravy. As soon as I towed the boat ashore, she gave me some money and told me to get along home. So I did, and I was glad to get away. I did n't tell her who I was,

won't tell, will you?" pleaded the Page, as he can't you arrange it that you 'll marry the finished.

and I don't think she will ever find me. You suppose I 'm entitled to the reward. Now, Princess? I think she 'll just suit you. She

"No," said the Prince, laughing. "I won't is a fine-looking Princess, and I don't believe



THE COUNCILORS RETURN TO THE PALACE WITH THEIR REPORTS

"what we'll do. I found the Princess, and I vantages. You can say that I went with your

tell. But perhaps you did n't treat the Prin- she meant to be cross. Do you think you can cess with proper courtesy. No wonder she arrange it? It would be a splendid thing for was out of humor, after being adrift so long." the kingdom, you know. It would unite the "I 'll tell you," said the Page, suddenly, two kingdoms, and there 'd be all sorts of ad-

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permission, you know, and that I 'm engaged to be married, and would n't presume to aspire to a princess's hand."

"It's a good suggestion," said the Jester; "for otherwise there "Il be war, of course. The other king will be bound to know why this young man won't accept his daughter's hand, and then there "Il be a lot of diplomatic correspondence, ultimatums, protocols, and all sorts of goings-on. If you don't mind, I think you would do well to marry this Princess."

"I don't mind at all," answered the Prince;
"and I think I 'll write a letter to her this very
day. But how," he went on, turning to the
Page, "did you come to be engaged? I
did n't know anything about it."

"The fact is," said the Page, "I'm not quite engaged; but there's one of the maids of honor who will have me, I'm sure. She told me the other day that she wished it was leap-year every day; and I think that's a distinct encouragement, don't you?"

His friend agreed that it was a marked observation.

"You'll be safe for a day or two," remarked the Jester to the Page; "and meanwhile you can be getting your clothes brushed and your shoes mended. The Prince will write to-day."

Early on the following morning, as the Prince came down to breakfast, he was told that a deputation was awaiting him in the Council-Room. "Who are they?" he asked.

"The Councilors with their reports," answered the messenger.

"But," said the Prince, "they are-"

"Hush!" said the Jester; "let us not lose their words of wisdom."

"Very well," the Prince agreed, smiling.

So the Prince, the Jester, and the Page entered the room where the Council were assembled. All bowed profoundly.

"Your Royal Highness," began the Secretary, "in order to verify the report of the loss of the Princess, I sent an inquiry to a friend of mine who stands very high in favor at her father's court. It was thus worded: 'Is the Royal Princess absent from the Court?' And I have his sealed reply: 'She is not.' That I consider conclusive. Is it not?"

"Yes," said the Jester; "it is not."

"I have no doubt," said the Prince, "that your information is correct; and I thank you for your diligence."

The Secretary bowed and was seated.

"I," began the Meteorologist, "have prepared a list of the things that may be disregarded in the search. It contains 872 items, with two appendices and voluminous notes. I will read it."

"Never mind," said the Prince, very graciously. "I will order it filed in the Royal Archives. We will now listen to the Mathematician."

"I have tried the bean-experiment several hundreds of times," said the Mathematician, "and have not yet succeeded in drawing the marked bean. The formula of chances I have worked out. I find that 'If Henry puts 360 white beans into a hat, and John draws a good many times, no one can tell whether he will draw the marked bean the first time, or not at all.' I consider that an exact statement of the matter."

"I am not prepared to dispute you," said the Prince, "and I will ask leave therefore to express my indebtedness to you."

"We," said the Admiral, speaking for himself and the Commodore, "I regret to say, have as yet arrived at nothing more advanced than a compromise. We have agreed to recommend a squadron composed of equal numbers of brigantines and frigates. Thus you will secure the advantages of both forms of craft."

"A wise conclusion," said the Prince; "and I gladly offer to you both my fervent gratitude."

A few of the smaller fry of Councilors yet remained to be heard, but the Prince announced that he had bestowed upon each councilor The Order of the Brazen Owl. But, as he was about to leave the room, the Councilors, after a moment's consultation, begged permission to ask a question. It was granted.

"We should like to know what use Your Highness wished to make of the information we have furnished?"

"To find the Princess who was lost," answered the Prince.

"Oh, yes," said the Councilors' spokesman.
"We had forgotten what it was all about. But it's of no consequence now."

"No," said the Prince; "she is rescued."

interest. Then they put on their cloaks, and went their several ways, all reading their reports to one another, and none listening.

The Prince and Princess were married soon The Page and the Maid of Honor are mar-

"Indeed?" said the Councilors, with polite ship. The vessel is several days overdue, but undoubtedly will arrive in safety after the Admiral ence of opinion as to where they had better land.



THE PAGE AND THE MAID OF HONOR KEEP A CANDY-STORE

after, and the Page and the Maid of Honor ried, and keep a candy-store where they sell a were best man and bridesmaid.

sent them to America. They all sailed in one learn that I have mislaid it.

dollar's worth of candy for five cents. They The Prince pensioned the Councilors and sent me the address, but you 'll be sorry to

Tudor Jenks.



THE ORCHARD ON THE HILL.

By Maurice Thompson

Grandfather's home!—that dear old place,
A house with gables wide
Embowered in trees, a great red barn
With haystacks at its side,
A brook spanned by a rustic bridge,
A gloomy, rumbling mill,
And set against a dreamy sky
An orchard on a hill!

Oh, every summer I go there, When school is out, to stay; I look for hens' nests, drink new milk, And tumble on the hay. Grandfather is the best of men,—
He lets me start the mill,—
And oh, the pippins growing in
The orchard on the hill!

She's sprightly, though she's gray; She feeds the chickens, milks the cows, And churns, 'most every day, Such yellow butter! And her pies The pastry-cupboard fill; They're made of yellow harvests from The orchard on the hill.

Grandmother's old, too, but so sweet!

Across the farm I love to run,
Through fields of grass and grain,
And fight the thistles by the brook,
The mulleins in the lane.
I love the dear old garden set
With rosemary, rue, and dill;
But best of all, and most of all,
The orchard on the hill!

Oh, the berries from the briers!
Oh, the melons green and gold!
We put them in the spring-house
To make them good and cold;
And from the beehives, now and then,
A honey-bowl we fill,
To sweeten our baked quinces from

At night Grandfather tells me tales
Of long and long ago,
Grandmother knits and knits and smiles
To see her stocking grow,
While all outdoors it is so calm,
So dusky and so still,
And then the moon rolls up behind
The orchard on the hill.

At nine o'clock we have our prayer,
And then I go to bed,
Away off in the darkest room,
And cover up my head,
'Most scared to death, and listen to
The lonesome whippoorwill
Calling to its mate across
The orchard on the hill.



THE CRICKET KEPT THE HOUSE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

'T was not as lonesome as it might have been; A little sunbeam oftentimes looked in, And played upon the hearth, and on the wall. Your picture smiled at mine. But, best of all, The cricket kept the house while we were gone, And sung from dawn to dark, from dark to dawn.

SANTO DOMINGO AND THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

By EUSTAGE B. ROGERS.

SANTO DO-MINGO is the oldest city built by Europeans now standing in the

western hemisphere. It was founded by the brother of Columbus, and is said by some to have been named after their father. Domenico, and by others to have received its name because it was on Sunday that the ship sent from the north arrived there—Santo Domingo meaning "holy Sunday." Curiously enough, its founding was the result of a quarrel.

On the northern shore of Hispaniola, as the island of Santo Domingo was then called, was Isabella, the first Spanish colony in the New World. There, one day, a young Spaniard named Miguel Diaz, one of the followers of Columbus, stabbed a companion in a fight; and, affail of the anger of Columbus, he fled into the mountains and went toward the south. After wandering for some days, he came to a river, and following it to where it emptted into the sea, found a tribe of Indians called the Ozamas. They had heard of the wonderful white men who had landed on their island,



SANDO DOMINGO, FROM THE SEA

fair-faced Spaniard, and they were married. For a time all went well, but Diaz soon tired of the simple life; and his wife, to please him, told him of gold to be found in the river Jayna, and guided him to it. Diaz then went back in haste to Isabella, knowing that the news of the discovery would secure his pardon, - as it did. He guided his avaricious companions to the golden stream, and afterward to the mouth of the Ozama River. There Columbus chose the place for the town. It was begun in 1496, and it was called Santo Domingo.

The Spaniards ill-treated and made slaves of the simple Indians, and Zameaca, seeing the evils she had brought upon her people, fled to the mountains and was never heard of afterward. The new city grew and prospered until the year 1502, when it was entirely destroyed by a frightful hurricane, and was rebuilt on the other bank of the river. There it stands to-day, not much changed from the Santo Domingo of four centuries ago.

It is very curious to go from one of our cities, with its new, bright, tall buildings and its broad streets alive with the hum and bustle of business, to this sleepy old Spanish town, where (on account of the earthquakes) the houses are rarely more than one story high, and are painted various colors-blue, green, brown or red; where the narrow streets have sidewalks only three feet wide, and where nobody is ever in a hurry; and to remember, as one walks over the town, that those streets were once trodden by Pizarro, who gathered there the first money that enabled him to start on the expedition that conquered Peru; by Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; by Ponce de Leon, who discovered Florida; by Balboa, the first European who saw the Pacific Ocean; by Ojeda, who discovered Venezuela; and by Columbus himself, and his brothers and his son, and the companions of his voyages.

The city is situated just at the mouth of the river, where once rode at anchor the caravels of

and they received him with awe, but with a massive wall which seems very formidable; kindness and hospitality, and took him before but it is crumbling, and the cannon were cartheir queen, Zameaca, who was famous for her ried away years ago. On the point at the beauty and gentleness. He had not lived long river entrance stands the Homenaje, or castle, with them when Zameaca lost her heart to the erected in 1506. It seems as solid and massive



THE CANTLE, BUILT IN 1500.

as the day it was built, with its battlements and walls and high signal-tower. All about it are the barracks where, in the old days, ten thousand Spanish soldiers lived-those strong and hardy adventurers who conquered Mexico and Peru. Now about a hundred San Domingoan troops are quartered there, and queerlooking soldiers they are: all negroes, dressed in a uniform of blue jeans trimmed with red braid-ragged, lazv, impudent.

Landing at the Custom-house, the city is entered by the Diego Gate, where the wall is thirty feet high. Just inside, on the right, is a roofless ruin, now a stable and chicken-house. It was once the palace of the governor, Diego Columbus, son of the great admiral. Walking along the wall to the left, past old buildings, the sun-dial of Columbus is to be seen. It is still in use. From there the street leads to the oldest church in the New World, built in 1507. It contains a beautiful chapel and a curious old pulpit. The pulpit rests on the open jaws of a carved wooden snake rising from a coil upon the floor. Back of this church are the ruins of the first American university.

The principal building in the city is the cathedral, which faces the great plaza or square Columbus. It is on a bluff, and surrounded by containing a fine statue of Columbus. It is a



THE OLD BARRACKS NEAR THE CASILE.

large structure, shaped like a cross, and built in 1542. The interior is imposing. The lofty arches, the great pillars, the carved altar, give it an air of solemnity. In one of its chapels, set into the wall, is the old mahogany cross which Columbus placed on a hill near by. On the right of the high altar is another chapel, small and dark. At its end, stretched out on a tomb, is the ghostly figure in white marble of some old archbishop who lived long years ago. At his feet, behind a dim lamp that always burns, is a low door which leads into a dark vault lighted only by a small and heavily barred window. In the center of the vault is a wooden box, and in that a box of glass, and in that a casket of lead

which contains all that is left of Columbus, the renowned navigator.

How this boxwas found, after having after having been unknown for over three centuries, is a very curious story. But first let us see how it came to be in Santo Domingo.

Calumbu

was sixty years of age when he returned to Spain from his last voyage. Queen Isabella was dying. Ferdinand was indifferent to the fortunes of the man who had added a world to his crown. Columbus was worn out, his spirit broken by his many disappointments, and his great strength exhausted by the hardships of his life. Poor, friendless, and alone, he died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and was buried in the convent of Saint Francis in that city. A few years later his remains were removed to Seville, and in 1541 were taken to Santo Domingo and placed in the vaults of the cathedral; and in the same church were buried later the remains of his brother, his son, and

his grandson. None of these tombs seems to have been marked, or, if they were, all records of the places were lost. The city was bombarded by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, and one of his cannon balls can still be seen buried in the massory of the case of the old.





cathedral; and at this time the records were all

In 1795 Spain made a treaty by which Santo Domingo was given to France; but it was understood that Spain was to be allowed to remove her most precious possessions, and among these she included the remains of Columbus. So, on December 11, 1795, a Spanish fleet arrived off Santo Domingo city, and its admiral said that he had come for the bones of the great discoverer. All the arrangements were made, and everything was done with much show and ceremony, for which the Spaniards are famous. Tradition said that Columbus rested in a vault on the right of the high altar. There a vault was opened in the great wall, and in it were found some slabs of lead, which had originally been a coffin, but which had fallen to pieces. There were no marks nor inscriptions to tell that here were the true tomb and casket of Columbus. But tradition said that he was buried in that spot,



DOOR AT WEST END OF CATHEDRAL.

hence these must be his bones. Don Gabriel de Aristizabel, the Spanish admiral, said they were, and Don Francisco Fernando Portillo y Toms, the archbishop, also said they were; and that settled it, as there was nobody to say that they were not. So they were put in a gilded box,





"THE CURIOUS OUR PURPER RISES ON THE OPEN DAWS OF A

the place of those of Christopher Columbus. But, as time went on, all this uncertainty was forthis was borne out to the man-of-war "San gotten, and the world believed that Columbus' bones were resting in Havana.

with black velvet, and, with much ceremony, Lorenzo." The fleet sailed away, and these remnants of a coffin were placed in the cathedral at Hayana, and thousands have visited the spot and stood in front of what they supposed was the grave of the great navigator. When great opposition on sorts of stories were told: one. that the guardians of the cathedral



K INS OF THE THEFT AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

One day, nearly a century after these events, some repairs were being made in the cathedral at Santo Domingo, when, quite by accident, a vault was uncovered which proved to belong to Don Luis, the grandson of Columbus. Then the people recalled the long-forgotten story of the substitution of some other coffin for that of Columbus, and it was resolved to search thoroughly. On the right of the high altar another

vault was found. It was empty, being the same from which the broken box had been removed over eighty years before. A further search revealed, next to this empty vault, and separated from it only by a single thickness of bricks, another which was found to contain a small box that nobody knew anything about. The vault was immediately sealed up. A few days later the seals were broken, and it was opened in the presence of all the officers of the church and of the state of Santo Domingo, and of all the foreign consuls; and from it was taken a small box made of lead which was found to contain some human bones and dust, a little slab of silver, two screws, and a bullet.

The metal was dull and tarnished with age. As one by one the inscriptions were made out, it became certain that it was the real coffin of Columbus. The inscriptions were all in Spanish. On the top was found this:

D. de la A. per A.

which stands for the words: Descubridor de la America, Primero Almirante, meaning: "Discoverer of America, First Ad-

inscription :

Illtre y Esdo Varon
Don Cristoval Colon.

This stands for the Spanish words:

Illustre y Esclaricido Varon Don Cristoval Colon.

which, translated, read: "Illustrious and famous man, Don Christopher Columbus."

But the silver plate was the most curious of

One day, nearly a century after these events, all. It had been fixed on the inside of the box, some repairs were being made in the cathedral for the holes were found in which the small at Santo Domingo, when, quite by accident, a screws fitted. They had rusted away, and the vault was uncovered which proved to belong to plate had fallen on the inside. The inscription

Ua pte de los ritos del pmer Alte Im Cristoval Colon Dr.

was engraved upon one side of the plate; and



STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN THE HUBLIC SOUARE.

miral." On the inside of the cover was another filling out the abbreviated words makes the full inscription:

Ultima parte de los restos del Primero Almirante Don Cristoval Colon Descubridor.

These words mean: "The last part of the remains of the First Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus. Discoverer"

On the other side of the plate were found Spanish words meaning: "The urn of Christopher Columbus."

could not be accounted for; but in one of his letters, written in the last year of his life, Columbus speaks of his wound having reopened. There is no record of his having been shot, but during some of the wars in which he was en-

cized, but not the least item of proof has of his own little city of Santo Domingo.

For a long time the bullet was a mystery that ever been brought out to show that it is not

So we are now almost certain that the unmarked and broken slabs that were taken to Havana belonged to some one else (probably to Diego, son of Columbus); and we are glad to believe that the bones of Columbus rest, after all these centuries, in the spot where it is best The casket has been examined and criti-that they should rest-in the great cathedral

RAB, TO THE PHO-TOGRAPHER.

By Chas. F. Lummis.

"SIT for my picture? Of course I will!

That I am handsome is not amiss.

Eh? I should say that I can keep still.

'And now, look Well, how is



THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

By Rounsevelle Wildman, U. S. Consul at Singapore.



It was on the occasion of the great sporting event of the year at Singapore that I first met that remarkable man, Rajah Brooke of Sarawak.

He had come across in his gunboat from his kingdom to attend the races, and had

brought with him a gold cup bearing his arms, which was offered as one of the prizes.

There were a dozen other dignitaries on the grand stand and in the paddock, but the Malay sultans and rajahs, arrayed in all the finery of their native dress, held no place in my thoughts beside the modest, gray-haired man who moved so quietly about, shaking hands with old friends. He possessed a history which was as romantic and soul-inspiring as the wild careers of Pizarro and Cortez; as charming as those of Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson; as adventurous and tragical as those of Captain Kidd or Morgan. And yet it was very unlike the career of any. Like Pizarro, he conquered a kingdom,-a kingdom of tropical jungle and brown-skinned natives,-but, unlike Pizarro, he conquered to build up and not to tear down, Like Robinson Crusoe, the elder Rajah Brooke landed on an equatorial island amid cocoanuts and breadfruit, and built himself a home. Like Morgan the pirate, he engaged in raids and sea-fights in which no quarter was given; but, unlike Morgan, he sought to crush piracy and not to foster it. For this English rajah was the nephew and the successor of the remarkable man who, unaided except by his own feeble means and his own indomitable will, had carved a principality larger than the State of New York out of an unknown island, reduced its savage population to orderly tax-paying citizens, cleared the Borneo and Java seas of their thousands of pirate cruisers, and filled the harbors instead with a merchant fleet engaged in a commerce of nearly five millions a year,

A little later I was introduced to the rajah. whose English title is Sir Charles Brooke, G. C. M. G. * I looked upon him almost as a character out of a wild South Sea tale, come to life. I found him unaffected, genial, and up with the times. He was as familiar with the provisions of our latest "Silver Bill" as he was with the details of the last head-hunting raid on the frontiers of his own country. He was dressed in an ordinary light tweed suit and black derby hat, spoke with a clear, well-bred English accent, but always slowly, as though wearied by his early years of fighting and exposure to the searching heat of the Bornean sun. Although he was unpretentious, yet there was that in his manner which caused one always to bear in mind that one was speaking to the rajah.

A few nights afterward I met him at the Government House at a fancy-dress ball; and while the maskers - as cavalier and roundhead. Arab sheik and Mohammedan hadji, ladies of the court of Louis XIV. and Neapolitan fishermen, Swiss peasant girls and pirates, were waltzing to the strains of the regimental band, I sat down with the rajah in a cool recess, and talked of Sarawak, of its people, its past, and its future. He talked of political matters, and related to me an incident in the Chinese outbreak during the reign of his illustrious uncle. I left the Government House that evening carrying away a lasting impression of his ability, courtesy, and kindness. I understood, I thought, how two such men might turn a tropical jungle into a tropical kingdom, and do it in one man's lifetime.

The life of the first rajah, Sir James Brooke, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., Ll. D., f reads like a romance such as Stevenson or Verne might write. His was a wild, restless nature that in his youth made him dissatisfied with the quiet of his own English home, and with the even tenor of the days about his father's vicarage. He entered the English army, and was danger-

* Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. † Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George,—Doctor of Laws.

ously wounded in leading a charge against a detachment of natives in India. He gave up his commission and retired on a pension about the time he reached manhood.

A long and nearly fatal sickness did not quell his thirst for adventure. He had hardly regained his strength when he started out to explore India, Malaya, and China. He wrote a valuable journal of his wanderings, and returned home fired with the thought of exploring the then unknown islands of the Pacific. The sight of the millions of acres of rich, untilled land that were embraced within the boundaries of some of these islands populated by a race of peaceful, indolent beings, and claimed by no European power, raised in his mind dreams of a great East-Indian Empire.

The death of his father left him with a property worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In spite of the protests of his friends, he very soon proceeded to fit out a small schooner, manned and armed it, and sailed for Singapore, and thence to the northwest coast of Borneo, landing at Kuching, on the Sarawak River, in 1818.

A field of conquest and a hope of empire at once dawned upon him. The province of Sarawak, a dependency of the Sultan of Brunei, was



governed by an old native rajah, whose throne was menaced by the fierce, head-hunting Dyaks of the interior. Brooke saw his chance, and cast

his fortunes with the weak but rightful ruler. After many marches with his little crew and an army of natives through the almost impenetrable rubber jungles, and after many hard-fought battles, the rebels were dislodged from their forts and order was restored. The young general then interposed between the combatants, and protected the defeated from the revenge of the victors, thereby winning the gratitude of the former and the confidence of both sides.

The sultan conceived a great liking for Brooke, and finding that his native rajah could not rule the province, he arranged that Brooke should become Rajah of Sarawak, as an independent ruler.

Upon his accession to power, Rajah Brooke set about to reform abuses and build up the country. He abolished military marauding, did away with every form of slavery, established courts, missions, and school-houses, and waged fierce war against head-hunting and piracy.

Head-hunting was a remarkable and extraordinary custom of the native Dyaks. They
strove to secure heads to decorate their houses,
much as the American Indian longed to go hunting for scalps. It was an ancient custom. No
Dyak woman would marry a man who could not
display, as a trophy, at least one human head.
Immense flotillas of head-hunting canoes would
sally forth from the rivers and cruise along the
coast, proceeding sometimes as far as 400 miles
from home. Often there would be 7000 warriors in a single expedition. They landed wherever they saw a village, and slew man, woman,
child, and foe, carrying off their heads in triumph.

To-day head-hunting is practically stamped out. Occasionally there appears in the local papers an account of a small party of young warriors breaking away into the interior, and returning with their grim trophies; but the strong hand of the rajah's government finds them out and inflicts just penalties.

Piracy had been for a century the curse of the Java seas, but Sir James Brooke knew that the future of his kingdom depended on its suppression. Every island and harbor swarmed with pirates. They lived in big towns, and had fortresses and cannon. They were stronger than any of the native rulers, and, knowing this, defied them. Brooke began with the feebler towns, conquering one after another; then burnt General of Borneo, Doctor of Laws by Oxford them, and took possession of their swift outrigger canoes, increasing his forces from the worked relentlessly on. Combined with the noble faculty of winning the good will and approval of his foes to such an extent that all through the struggle

University, and indeed was the lion of the hour.

He returned to Sarawak, accompanied by very pirates that he was exterminating, and so European officers and friends, to carry on his great work of civilization, and to make of his great qualities of a fearless fighter, he had the little tropical kingdom a recognized power.

He died in 1868, and was carried back to England for burial, and I predict that at no distant day a grateful



Mooke Rajah planavak

they fought half-heartedly, knowing the while that they were really fighting against their people's good.

At the end of nine years the last pirate stronghold was taken, and the victor felt free to return home, pay his friends a visit, and solicit

missionary aid to civilize the country. There were greetings by enthusiastic crowds, The country produces gold, silver, diamonds, banquets by boards of trade, and gifts of the antimony, quick-silver, coal, gutta-percha, rubfreedom of cities. He was lodged in Balmoral ber, canes, ratan, camphor, beeswax, edible

people will rise up and ask of England his body, that it may be interred in the peaceful yellow sands and under the gracefully waving palms of the little nation of which he was the Washington.

Sarawak has to-day a coast-

line of over 400 miles, with an area of 50,000 All England was awake to his great deeds, square miles, and a population of 300,000 souls. Castle, knighted by his queen, made Consul- birds' nests, sago, tapioca, pepper, and tobacco; all of which are loaded into big, lumbering vessels by Chinese coolies, and shipped to Singapore for transhipment to America and Europe.

The rajah is absolute head of the state, but is advised by a legislative council composed of two Europeans and five native Malay chiefs. He has a navy of several small gunboats, and an army of a few hundred men, who look after the wild tribes in the interior of Borneo, and guard the coast-line from piratical excursions; otherwise they would be useless, as his rule is almost fatherly, and he is dearly beloved by his people.

If the American boy who loves to read stories of the most exciting kind will go to the public library and get the "Life of the Rajah of Sarawak," his desires will be gratified. The fights with pirates of which he will read will equal those of the bucaneers of the Spanish main; the battles with bloodthirsty Malays

and savage Dyaks will outdo the stories of Ballantyne and Kingston.

The true story of this building up of a kingdom in thirty years out of a wilderness of jungle almost equals the wildest careers of sensational fiction, yet the untiring benevolence and philanthropy of its founder place his name alongside those of great philanthropists.

Later in the evening, as I shook hands with the slightly built, gray-haired man who had inspired this sketch, I said, "Your Highness should visit America. You know we are soon to have a great World's Fair."

He looked up and smiled pleasantly, and gave my hand a second pressure. "I should like to visit your great country," he said. "Do you know the debt of gratitude I owe her?"

I shook my head.

"The United States was the first country to recognize the independence of Sarawak. Goodnight!"

THE PUSSY-CAT BIRD.



By Clinton Scollard.

To-day when the sun shone just after the shower, A song bubbled up from the lilac-tree bower, That changed of a sudden to quavers so queer, For a moment I thought something wrong in my ear. Then I called little Herbert, and asked if he heard. "Oh, yes!" he replied; "it's the pussy-cat bird."

The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills, With which she makes all of her trebles and trills: She can mimic a robin, or sing like a wren,

And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen; And sometimes you dream that her song is a word, Then quickly again—she's a pussy-cat bird!

The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun, But she's chirk as a squirrel, and chock-full of fun. She lives in a house upon Evergreen Lane,— A snug little house, although modest and plain; And never a puss that was happier purred Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird.

TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

Author of "Lady Jane."

[Begun in the May number]

CHAPTER XVII.

A LITTLE HEIRESS.

Two elderly ladies sat in a handsome drawing-room of a fine house on Madison Avenue, in the city of New York. They were each not far from seventy, but owing to their rich and fashionable attire they did not look their years. One was Mrs. Ainsworth, the mother of the artist, the other a friend who had just returned from a long residence abroad.

Mrs. Ainsworth, or "Madam Ainsworth," as she was always called, because of her having lived a great part of her life in France, was a handsome old lady, tall, stately, and somewhat severe, with an inflexible expression, and clear, steel-blue eyes, which seemed to pierce one like gimlets when she looked at one with disfavor. She was left, when quite young, a widow with a large fortune and three children: Philip, the elder and favorite son, was among the first to enlist at the breaking out of the civil war, and went to the front at twenty-five a captain in his regiment, but never returned from the scene of the conflict; Edward, the artist; and Mary, Mrs. Van Norcom, who was now, like her mother, a rich widow, but with only one child, a daughter, a little heiress to a large fortune in her own right.

The old ladies were talking very rapidly and very earnestly. They had not met for years, yet they had been friends since their school-days, and their conversation was a jumble of reminiscences, histories of family affairs, and the current events of the day.

"And so Mary has gone to Nice for the winter, and left the little heiress with you," said the friend.

"Yes," said Madam Ainsworth, with a sigh. do you think "Poor Mary is a confirmed invalid. The doctor sulting me?"

said she must go, and we could n't expose Lucille to the dangers of a sea voyage and a change of climate. You can't think what a responsibility she is, she is such a frail child; and just think of all that money, if anything should happen to her!"

"It goes to some charitable institution if she should not live to be twenty-one, does it not?" said the caller.

"Yes, that was John Van Norcom's strange will. Of course he left Mary well provided for, but we should not like all that money to go out of the family, especially when a part of it was originally our money. You know, after dear Philip's death," here Madam Ainsworth sighed more heavily, as she glanced at a beautiful portrait, on the wall, of a young man in an officer's uniform, "I divided what would have been his between Edward and Mary. John Van Norcom and Philip were like brothers, and I felt that Philip would want John to have the control of his part; and John managed it well—he made a great fortune by clever investments, and that railroad doubled it."

"I hear Edward has really settled down to an artist's life," remarked the friend,

"Yes. Poor Edward!" her voice was quite doleful, "he never had any faculty for making money, but an excellent one for spending it; and Laura is a little—just a little—unconventional." She hesitated slightly for the right word. "She likes their wandering life. I'm not surprised at her; but Edward, where does he get the Bohemian taint?"

"Oh! one does not necessarily inherit these tastes; they can be cultivated," replied the friend. "I suppose the loss of their son has unsettled them."

"Yes, it has unsettled their judgment. What do you think they have done, and without consulting me?" "Really, I can't say. What have they done?" asked the friend, leaning forward eagerly.

"Why, my dear, they have adopted a boy, and a little waif at that—an orphan of whose parents they know nothing. As nearly as I can find out, he was a little street gamin. Edward sent me a sketch of him, barefooted, selling flowers."

"Where did they find him?"

"Oh," with a very bitter sigh, "in the South, of all places. It is like opening an old wound; and, strange to say, the boy's name is Philip. I think the name interested them in the first place, and now Laura is really daft over the child. She is quite foolish about him; says he is the image of my grandson, who was singularly like my poor Philip; that he is charming, handsome, refined, and all that. But think of it! The idea that a child of his class could resemble one of our family!"

"Impossible," said the friend, gravely.

"And the worst part of it is that they will spend the winter with me. You know they have had my house while I was away, and I can't refuse them, as there is plenty of room for us all. In fact, I think they imagine it is their home, they have lived here so much. They have been in the mountains all the autumn, and now they write (I had just read the letter when you came in) that they will be here this evening with that boy-and Lucille here for the winter! What am I to do? I really don't want her to have a rough, common boy for a companion. Mary would n't like it. It is very annoying. However, I must make the best of it. I must keep Lucille away from him, and I don't think it will be difficult; she is a born aristocrat, and so discriminating for a child of her age. Mary has brought her up so well; and her governess, Mademoiselle d'Alby, is the granddaughter of a count, and so elegant; and her maid is the orphan of a poor clergyman, and really a lady. The little heiress is surrounded with the best. We will not have any common, ignorant people about her; she is so delicate and sensitive, she can't be too carefully shielded."

"I should like to see her," murmured the friend, quite awe-stricken; "she must be like a little princess."

"She is out taking her airing. I wish you would stay until she returns. She is really worth seeing."

At that moment the door was thrown open by a very dignified servant in a neat livery, and quite a striking group entered. First a little girl of about eight years, dressed in a rich gray velvet coat trimmed with silver-gray fox fur, a broad hat covered with feathers, silk stockings, and patent-leather shoes. In one hand, covered with a white chamois-leather glove, she held a small muff on which was fastened a large bunch of lilies-of-the-valley tied with a broad blue ribbon. She was thin, fair, and slightly freckled; her mouth was wide, her nose tip-tilted, her eyes small and light; but her hair was beautiful. It was a dark auburn, and hung like waves of molten copper over her velvet coat. Behind her walked a stately middle-aged lady, dressed in rich black covered profusely with jet. Bringing up the rear came a sweet-faced, refined-looking girl in the white apron and neat cap of a maid. On her arm she carried innumerable wraps of fur and cashmere, and by a broad blue ribbon she led a small French poodle, as white and soft as new-fallen snow; he wore an embroidered blanket, and amid the silken hair around his neck sparkled a gold collar set with brilliants, and under his chin, tied with an immense bow of ribbon, was a large bunch of lilies-of-thevalley. The pretty creature was obliged to hold his head well up when he walked, which gave him a ridiculously haughty appearance, while his fastidious little black nose sniffed the air disdainfully.

When Madam Ainsworth saw the child, she went with the greatest solicitude to meet her. One would have thought a little princess was making her *entrée*, there was so much ceremony.

"Why, my dear," said the old lady, taking the child's small hand between both of hers, "you are back earlier than usual. Did n't you enjoy your drive? Were you cold? Was 'Fluft' troublesome? I hope Mademoiselle and Helen kept plenty of wraps around you." Then she added, as she led her across the room: "Here is a dear old friend; will you come and speak to her a moment before you go up-stairs?"

The child smiled coldly, and reached out a

gloved hand. "I am very happy to see you," she said, in a clear, high-pitched voice, and with the composure of a leader of society. "I think I have heard Grandmama speak of you. You have just returned from abroad, have you not?"

"Shall I remain until Mademoiselle goes to her apartment?" asked the governess.

"Does Mademoiselle wish Fluff to stay with her?" asked the maid.

"You may all go; I will come presently," replied the little heiress, with a haughty turn of her head. "And, Helen, take Fluff's coat off, and give him a small—a very small—piece of biscuit, and just one caramel." Then she turned again to the visitor, and began a conversation upon the topics of the day with the dignity of a grown woman.

When she considered that she had discharged her duty with propriety toward her grandmaar's friend, she bade the visitor a formal good morning and walked haughtily from the room.

Both old ladies watched her admiringly; then Madam Ainsworth said, "Am I not right? Is she not a rare little creature?"

"She's remarkable, she's charming," replied the friend, warmly; "such intelligence, so gracious, so lovely! Dear, dear, what a sensation she will make some day!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LITTLE WAIF.

MR. AND MRS. AINSWORTH arrived, bag and baggage, Philip and Père Josef's "children" included, an hour before dinner, and went directly to their rooms on the third floor. Madam Ainsworth had taken the apartments usually occupied by her son and his wife, for the use of the little heiress and her attendants. This innovation did not please Mrs. Ainsworth, and she sighed discontentedly as she mounted the extra flight; and when she saw the small room, little more than a closet, which had been carelessly prepared for Philip, she looked indignantly at her husband, and said in a low voice, "This shows plainly how we shall be received. I wish we had gone to a hotel!"

"My dear Laura, Mother would never have forgiven us had we done so. Let us make the

best of it, and not resent her unkindness. Philip will be very comfortable here, and I like our rooms as well as the lower ones."

Mrs. Ainsworth did not so much object to the change, only that she saw in it an indication that made her anxious and unhappy.

"I dread your mother's seeing Philip," she said, when they were ready for dinner. "If she treats the poor child coldly and severely, he will feel it, for I have found out that he has a very sensitive nature. Have you noticed how he shrinks from anything that is harsh and unpleasant?"

"Don't borrow trouble, my dear," replied Mr. Ainsworth, soothingly. "Let the boy make his own way with her. He is so handsome and winning. Then perhaps she will see, as I do, his likeness to my brother when he was a child. Why, often, this summer, when Philip has been with me in the fields and woods, I have fancied myself a boy again, so vividly has he brought back the memory of our happy childhood. If Mother can only see him as I do, his future is safe. You know Philip was her idel; to her he was simply perfection; but I—I was always faulty." And Mr. Ainsworth sighed a little sadly at the memory of past injustices which he had forgiven, but not forgotten.

Madam Ainsworth, elegantly dressed, was walking impatiently up and down the drawingroom, waiting for dinner to be announced.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, with Philip between them, entered the drawing-room, they were prepared for a very cold reception. The old lady retreated to her chair and sat upon it as an offended queen might sit upon her throne; her face was severe, her eyes were like points of steel. She allowed her son to kiss her, then turned her cheek, with a cold "How do you do, Laura?" toward her daughter-in-law.

Mr. Ainsworth flushed a little and his voice was tremulous as he said, *Mother, this is our adopted son—another Philip; I hope you will love him. My dear boy, this lady is my mother; I 'm sure you 'll be as fond of her as you are of us."

Philip came forward readily, and held out his hand with a friendly smile.

Madam Ainsworth put up her lorgnette and looked at the boy steadily and severely; then she reached him the tips of her fingers, while she said sharply: "So this is the new member of your family? Where is the resemblance I 've heard so much about? This boy is very brown; my grandson was fair."

Philip shrank back as though he had received a blow; instinctively he felt the hostility of the old lady's attitude; he looked surprised and grieved, and his lips were tremulous.

Mrs. Ainsworth put her arm around him pro-

Toinette's Philip became Philip Ainsworth, the boy had changed somewhat. The aging process that had begun with his first sorrow had continued, and now all the chubby infantine look was gone from his face; he was taller and thinner, and his outdoor life among the mountains had browned his rosy skin and added a more mature color to the delicate tint of his cheeks. He was a handsome, manly boy, a little shy at times, but never awkward or ill-bred; his

adoptive parents had never had cause to blush at any silly shyness or rudeness on his part. As far as one could perceive from his deportment, he might

tectingly and said with unusual tenderness, "Come, my dear, let us look at the pictures while your papa talks with Madam Ainsworth.

"This," she continued in a low voice, stopping before the portrait of the young man in an officer's uniform, "is Mr. Ainsworth's brother, who was killed in the war. Your papa thinks you are like what he was at your age; he told me so before I ever saw you."

In the six months that had passed since

THE LITTLE BURESS BUTTERNS FLOW HER UNIVE.

have been born to the purple; and, as Mr. Ainsworth had said, he was a child that any one could love. To say that he had never regretted his old life would not be true. There had been times through that delightful summer when he

had felt a little homesick, a yearning for his to pull a strand of the copper-colored hair to see he pined for the Major and the melodious notes of the Singer; often and often he fancied that he heard among the Northern forests a little brown bird twitter its low musical notes. Sometimes he would go away by himself and lie down under a tree and cry a little because the voices of nature were strange to him: but he would comfort himself by talking to Père Josef's "children," who were a neverfailing source of amusement. "We will go home soon," he would say confidently. "Père Josef will be back. It will be spring, and we will smell the sweet olive and jasmine." But he never breathed his regrets to any one besides the "children"; he was always bright and happy, because he was always occupied and amused; the newness of a life of ease and luxury had not worn off, and he had not yet felt the restraints of a higher civilization.

While Mrs, Ainsworth and Philip were still looking at the pictures, the little heiress entered, followed by her governess. When the boy glanced up at her, he thought that she looked like a large doll he had seen one Christmas in a shop-window. Lucille was dressed in a blue silk frock covered with filmy white lace. Like the doll, she wore blue silk stockings, and the neatest little shoes with narrow straps buttoned around her ankles. In one slender hand she carried the bunch of lilies-of-thevalley that she had worn on her muff during her drive. She had been taught that it was an indication of high breeding to be polite to every one, so after she had welcomed her uncle and aunt with great formality, she went directly to Philip, and gave him the tips of her fingers in exactly the manner of her grandmother, as she said, in her little artificial voice, "How do you do? I am very happy to see you." Then she stood off, and scrutinized him from under the copper-colored fringe that covered her forehead.

Philip was not in the least disconcerted, but rather amused. It was as if the doll had stepped down from the shop-window and said, "How do you do?" So he began to chatter in the most cordial way, and even felt a desire

mammy and the old garden; a longing for if the "doll" would resent the liberty; but he Dea, for Seline, and even Lilybel. At times restrained himself because Madam Ainsworth was looking at him severely, and she even frowned at him. She did not like to see the little heiress and the little waif walking out to dinner side by side, "This will never do," she thought; "I sha'n't encourage any intimacy." So she put them at opposite sides of the table.

> There is a sort of freemasonry between children which makes them understand one another. In spite of Lucille's haughty airs, Philip felt very friendly toward her, and from time to time he looked across the table and smiled at her as she sat in state beside her governess. He thought it very amusing that the fine lady next to her treated her with so much deference, that Helen in a white cap stood behind her chair, and that the stately butler in livery bent almost double when he spoke to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth had been living in fashionable hotels all summer, and Philip had become accustomed to formal service and more or less ceremony; but he had never seen anything like this dinner. He could scarcely eat, so busy was he watching the movements of the butler and the airs of Lucille. When the butler changed his plates, he thanked him audibly, and gazed up in his face as if he were an old friend; and the butler, although he looked like a wooden man, was thinking to himself, "Clever little chap! I'd like to smile back at 'im, if I dared." And Philip felt that the butler was a friend. In fact, so well did he like him, that he tried to be helpful in little ways. He smiled pleasantly at him as he changed the plates, until Madam Ainsworth looked at him so severely, and the fine lady in the glittering jet frowned so, and even his papa and mama made little signs of displeasure. He only meant to be kind, but perhaps after all he was not behaving quite properly at so grand a dinner. Then he wondered if it was like this every day, and he thought how tired he should get of seeing the butler change the plates so many times. However, he was glad when at last it was over and he was in the drawing-room again. Then he thought of the "children" all alone in his room, and wondered if the red-haired little girl would like to see them: even though she looked like a doll, he was sure she would be pleased with Pêre Josef's "children." So he watched his chance, and while the elders of the party were looking over some of his papa's sketches, he boldly approached Lucille, and ask her if she would like to see Pêre Josef's "children."

"Children!" she exclaimed, raising her haughty little head and looking at him with cold surprise. "Where are they?"

"They 're in my room, in a cage."

"In a cage! What do you mean? What are they?"

"They are little mice — dear little white mice."

"Mice! little mice! Oh, oh!" And her voice sounded quite shrill and unnatural, while her little blue feet were drawn up under her in a trice.

"Mice! Where? What is it, darling? What has frightened you? She is quite pale. Run, Mademoiselle—run for my vinaigrette!" cried Madam Ainsworth, excitedly.

"Oh, Grandmama, he says he has them in his room. Just think—mice in his room! And he wants to bring them here! Don't let him bring them here."

"No, no; indeed, he sha'n't. Edward, take him away; he has given Lucille a dreadful shock. Take him away immediately!"

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth were almost convulsed with laughter at the absurd scene, and Philip did not understand in the least what had happened, nor why they led him so hastily from the room.

"He has gone now, darling. Do you feel better? Dear me, what a strange boy! I shall have to request your uncle not to bring him into the drawing-room again if he talks about such things as mice." Then she added to herself, "But what can one expect of a little waif, a little street gamin! It is just as I thought: I must keep Lucille away from him."

When Philip reached the door of his room, he turned to Mrs. Ainsworth and said in a puzzled voice, "Mama, did she, or did n't she, want to see Père Josef's 'children'?"

"She did n't want to see them, my dear. She is afraid of them, and you must not speak of them to her again."

CHAPTER XIX.

QUASIMODO FURNISHES A CLUE.

A FEW mornings after his arrival in New York, Mr. Ainsworth was in his studio busily engaged in finishing his picture for the Academy exhibition. It was the study of Philip and Dea, his little New Orleans models, and it was very natural and charming.

He thought it better in color than anything he had ever done; and he was longing to have the opinion of an art critic, when the door was opened, and the one of all others whom he most wished to see entered briskly. He was a tall, dark man with a foreign air and a decidedly foreign accent.

Mr. Ainsworth turned in his chair, and holding all his implements in one hand, held out the other cordially. "Why, Detrava, how are you? The very man I wanted to see. Take a chair, and tell me what you think of this."

"Hard at it, eh, my friend? Something good, I see." And the visitor laid his hat and stick on the table, and leaning over the artist's shoulder, looked critically at the picture.

"Excellent, my friend, excellent!" he said heartly. "It's admirable in composition, and there's feeling in it; the pose is natural, and the color fine. Interesting little subjects, picturesque—very. Where did you pick them up?" "Oh, in that artists' EI Dorado, New Or-

leans!"

"You were there all winter, were you not?"

"Yes; I went to stay a month, and I stayed

six."
"You like it, then?"

"Very much. An odd old town, drowsy and dull, but full of color, and no end of material for a painter."

"I have always meant to go there. I ought to go: I have a little property there. One of our family settled there many years ago, and made quite a fortune, but the most of it was lost through the war. However, there were none of that branch left to inherit it, and the remnant came to me. I have never been able to sell it, and it's been more trouble than profit. I think I'll go some day and look after it."

"I would, if I were you," returned Mr. Ainsworth. "You would enjoy the place. It 's

Northern cities."

"Well, what did you pick up there in the way of curios? I'm told that one sometimes happens on a good piece."

"Yes, there are some old Spanish and French things well worth having. I got that cabinet and this chair; rather good, are n't they? Oh, but here is a little curiosity, an example of exquisite modeling." And Mr. Ainsworth jumped up with alacrity, and taking Quasimodo from the cabinet, he set the remarkable little figure on the table before the visitor. "There! What do you think of that?" he asked with satisfaction.

Mr. Detrava looked at the little object silently for a moment; then he said in a subdued voice, "I had a brother who did that kind of thing remarkably well. It reminds me of his work." Then he took the little figure from the table to examine it more closely, and on the base he saw engraved, in tiny letters, Victor Hugo fecit, as artists sign their work. "Why, Ainsworth, how strange! Victor Hugo-my brother's name. Who made this?"

"The father of my little model, there," pointing to the picture. "The child was selling images on the street, and I bought it from her. A very sad case, as near as I could find out. The artist was ill and poor - so wretchedly poor! I bought a number of his things, all subjects from Victor Hugo's works. The little girl was named Dea, and she had an old dog she called Homo. It was really interesting, so original and picturesque."

"See here, Ainsworth," said Mr. Detrava, after a moment of deep thought; "I believe the man who modeled that figure is my brother Victor. I have been looking for him for the last eight years. It was a fancy of my mother's, who was an ardent admirer of the great French writer, to name him Victor Hugo. He was a strange, dreamy character, and from childhood he had this peculiar talent. My father wanted to make a sculptor of him, but he had no ambition. When he was a little over twenty-one he married my sister's governess. You can imagine the result: offended parents on one side, pride and a stubborn will on the other. One fine day, without a word of farewell, he took his revoir, my friend, and not good-by."

an artists' paradise compared to these busy wife and started for America, and from that time we lost every trace of him. My father relented, and tried to discover his whereabouts. but he never succeeded. And since my residence in New York I have spared neither time nor money in my efforts to find him. This is the first clue," with a glance at Quasimodo; "and I think it will lead to something."

"I am sure it will," returned Mr. Ainsworth. "Everything agrees. The artist in wax came was named Dea for her mother. Her father simply called himself Victor Hugo, dropping his last name. I think there can be no doubt. I feel confident that he is your brother."

"And you say he is poor, miserably poor, and ill; and I have plenty. I must start at once and follow this clue. Can you give me directions so that I can find him when I reach New

"He lives on Villeré street; I never heard the number, but I think I know how you can find it," replied Mr. Ainsworth. Then he told Mr. Detrava about Seline. "If you can find the old woman, she will assist you, and possibly Dea might be with her. I am sure there will be no difficulty when you are once there."

After Mr. Detrava had written all the directions very carefully in his memorandum-book, he examined the picture again with a great deal

"What a delicate, sweet-faced child! Poor little thing, how hard it has been for her! If I find her, and she is my brother's child, I mean to take care of her for the future. I feel interested in her already. How lucky that I happened in here this morning, Ainsworth! I intended to start for Paris next week; instead, I shall start for New Orleans. I can't rest until I know. So good-by, my friend. I shall see your artists' paradise sooner than I expected, and I trust my journey won't be in vain,"

"Good-by, and good luck," replied Mr. Ainsworth, heartily; and as Mr. Detrava reached the door he added, " If you remain in New Orleans all winter, you may see me there. If nothing happens, I intend to be there when the jasmine and orange-trees are in bloom."

"Ah, well, we may meet there, then.



THE BRAVE HUSSAR.

THE BRAVE HUSSAR.

By JENNIE E. T. Dowe.

THIRTY thousand Austrians were ranged in grand review, Mounted on their chargers proud, all soldiers good and true. Joyously the tumbling bells throbbed on the summer air, And lovally the people cheered that martial sight so fair.

From out the thirty thousand a thousand wheeled away, The chosen warriors of them all—the flower of that array, A regiment without its peer, well proved in deathly stific, Who prized their spotless honor as dearer far than life.

Their high-bred steeds were galloping, the matchless horsemen swept Before their sovereigns, in review, whose hearts with hope upleapt. But as the line came dashing up, there echoed to the sky Above the thunder of the hoofs, a mother's piercing cry!

And every heart ceased beating, in dumb and helpless fear, But still the swift steeds' iron hoofs were coming ever near, While just before their fatal tide, that mother's little child Gazed fearless on the dread array, and clapped her hands and smiled.

But see! Out from the charging line a stalwart hussar leapt Far forward on his horse's neck; and, clinging there, he swept His strong arm out, and caught the child, nor slackened he his speed, Nor lost the pace, nor broke the line, for doing of the deed.

A thousand voices rent the air in rapturous acclaim, A hundred thousand joined to swell the hero's sudden fame, As safely on his saddle-bow the laughing child was seen, Her fair hair dancing on the wind, a glittering, golden sheen!

How proudly gleamed the soldier's eye as by the royal stand He saw the cross of honor gleam there in his sovereign's hand; And—oh, what joy the hussar feels!—the emperor bends down, And fixes on that valiant breast the cross of high renown!

We do not know the hussar's name, nor is there any need; We know him as the brave hussar who did this gallant deed: A man as true and tender as he was strong and brave— Who had no thought of self, but dared a little child to save.







She stooped beside the mossy well,

Beneath a gnarled pine,
And would have drawn, but that she spied
A morning-glory vine,

Which in the night the pail had wreathed In exquisite design. The dainty thief smiled up at her,
With velvet eyes of blue.
Uncertain, little Noshi stood
Debating what to do;

Then sudden raised her empty pail And to a neighbor flew.

"Gift-water, friend, I crave," she said:
"For in the night a vine

Has seized my bucket; and so fair Its fragile arms entwine,

I could not rudely tear them off— Pray let me fill with thine."



THE WHITE CAVE.

By William O. Stoddard.

[Begun in the N vember number]

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION.

THERE was a careful watch kept in camp that night, the greater part of the vigilance being exercised by Yip, for that good dog's mind was disturbed about something. Once he made a rush and was absent for some time in the bush, but he came back with a wagging tail and a satisfied expression of countenance. Perhaps the next best watch was kept by Ned and Hugh, a little before dawn. Marsh was on sentry duty, and he was sound asleep, trusting to Yip, when Ned and Hugh slipped quietly out of camp. Ned carried a travelingbag, and Hugh had a small portmanteau.

They were gone for only about half an hour, and they came back empty-handed.

- "No, Hugh," said Ned, as they got to the camp; "it's all right. That's where he told us to leave them, between the two grape-trees."
- "I hope nothing has happened to him," said Hugh. "He's a daring fellow, and ready to run any risk."
- "Boys," asked the baronet, "did you see him? Was he there?"
- "He was n't there, Father," replied Hugh, much."
 "but we left the things." "But
- "Well," said their father, "we'll have an early breakfast, and then we'll go and see. I'd like to know just what that blast did to the cave and the mountain."

Before breakfast was ready, Lady Parry and Helen came out of their tents. They seemed to be in a state of expectation.

"Come, Ned and Hugh!" said Sir Frederick, as he finished his coffee. "Are the horses ready? Bob, we may be gone only a short time, or we may be out till noon. Keep a sharp lookout. Don't be uneasy, but on no account must any of you leave the camp."

It was plain that Sir Frederick was making

an effort to appear cool and unconcerned, whatever the reason might be. He recovered his composure, however, the moment he and the boys were in the saddle.

"Tom Gordon runs a great risk," he muttered, as they rode out into the forest.

"I hope not. Sir Frederick," remarked Ned Wentworth. "He's very savage-looking, you know."

"That 's the strong point," said the baronet.
Then suddenly be cried out:

"Tom Gordon! Is it possible?"

There, between the grape-trees, on the ground, lay the luggage Ned and Hugh had carried out. Beside it lay a lot of little leather bags. In front of them stood a tall man and near by were tethered seven horses.

The man was dressed from head to foot in clothing as stylish and as costly as Sir Frederick Parry could provide.

"Well. Sir Frederick," he replied laughingly, "what do you think? Do they fit?"

"They fit perfectly," replied the baronet.

"I am a little awkward yet," said Tom; "the stockings and the boots are especially strange. I 'll get used to them, but they 'll hurt my feet for a few days. I must n't try to walk much."

"But that head of hair! The sooner I play barber the better. I 've brought a pair of scissors—"

"Do your best," said Tom. "My neck may depend upon having my hair properly cut!"

Sir Frederick dismounted, and the tangled hair fell to the ground in masses.

"I will make it as close a cut as mine," said the baronet. "How shall I trim your beard?"

"Cut off all my whiskers, and I 'll wear only mustaches. Change my face all you can."

"What do you think of that, Ned?" exclaimed Sir Frederick, as the long, shaggy, red beard was shorn away.

"Think?" said Ned. "Why, he would n't

know himself, and nobody would dream he is the same man. He 's not a bad-looking sort of fellow, now," he added, with a laugh.

The barber processes went on to their completion, and then Mr. Thomas Gordon stood still to be looked at.

- "It's a success!" exclaimed the baronet.
- "Hugh," said Ned, "he is n't the same man."
- "No, Ned, he is not!" said Sir Frederick.

"It's all here," said Tom. "You know I told you I had some bags sunk in the ruin-a heavy horse-load of nuggets. I went there and got them out. Then I found the horses of that gang picketed by their camp. That told me what had become of the owners. I just took them to the cave and loaded them up. The horse-blankets you and the boys gave me helped me make packs. Some of the loads are "But, Tom, tell me, where did you get all heavy-more than they ought to carry far."



MR. THOMAS GORDON IN CIVILIZED GARB AGAIN.

those horses? What have you been doing? How about the blackfellows?"

"Why, you know how it is with them," replied Tom. "They never stay where they 've done such a piece of work as they did yesterday. They 're far enough away - the few that 's left of them."

"Why, were any of them knocked over?" asked Sir Frederick.

"I can't say," said Tom. "I did n't try to find out how many. I think they had a fight among themselves. What I wanted was to keep clear of them."

"But these bags?" said the baronet.

"We can put part of it in the wagon," said Sir Frederick. "But how about the blast?"

"You must go and look at that, after breakfast," said Tom. "It's only five or six miles, going straight. Now we'll load up and go in."

"It 's the best plan we can adopt," said the baronet.

Lady Parry and Helen were uneasy after the baronet and the boys had ridden away. They grew more and more uneasy and fidgety every minute, until at last Bob McCracken shouted:

"There they come!-and Mr. Thomas Gordon is with them!"

"Yes, there he is!" exclaimed Helen.

into camp. It was headed by Sir Frederick Parry, side by side with a stately, elegantly dressed gentleman,-a man who seemed as large as the baronet. Behind them rode the boys, urging along several heavily laden packhorses.

"Helen," whispered Lady Parry, "I never expected to see him look like that, I 'm sure. It is really wonderful!"

"How changed he is!" Helen answered.

In another minute the riders had dismounted, but Lady Parry said:

"Tom, come into the tent! Come in, Fred and Helen! I can't speak to him out here."

"Bob," said the baronet, before he disappeared, "Mr. Thomas Gordon has not had his

"All right, sir! Yes, sir," said Bob, darting toward the coffee-pot and the frying-pan. "Get me some more wood, boys."

A few minutes later he remarked to them: "Did ye ever see the like o' the Gordons and Parrys? They'll all dress up and shave clean, out in the bush, as if it was at the Grampings. There 's Mr. Thomas Gordon, now, right from the mines, and he looks as if he'd stepped out of a bandbox!"

Within the tent there had been greetings and even tears; and at last Sir Frederick remarked to his wife:

"My dear, Ned's idea will work perfectly, if we can go straight through to England."

"I am sure I do not wish to stop a needless hour anywhere," she said; "not even at the Grampians,"

"I have no doubt," said Tom Gordon, "that Ned's entire plan is the safest for me."

"His entire plan?" asked Helen. "What is it, Uncle Tom?"

"Why, Helen," he replied. "I wish to see England again, of course, but it will not do for me to stay there. Ned is going there with me, as soon as he can get the consent of his father and mother. We can see all we wish to see, and then we leave for the United States."

"Do you see, Maude?" asked her husband. "Nothing could be better. As for America, not only will he be entirely safe there, but he can step into business at once derstand, now, Sir Frederick?"

A very important cavalcade came plodding with his really large capital. They have some of the largest and finest sheep-farms in the world, in their western States and Territories; not equal to ours, of course-not like the Grampians; but then you could make a farm to satisfy yourself very well, Tom."

> "Ned says I could start a new city, or go to Congress," said Tom, laughing. "I shall indeed have capital enough to start on. Something like half a million, counting it in dollars."

> "Count it in dollars, of course," said Sir Frederick, smiling. "You're going to America! Come to breakfast, now, and then if you 're sure the woods are clear, we'll go to see what your blasting-powder and dynamite did for that mountain."

> "I think we are perfectly safe in going," said Tom; "and, while we are gone, the men can get things ready for a start. I can pilot you to the Grampians."

> The men were left in charge of the camp, with instructions to take down the tents, pack the wagon, and make ready for moving.

> "We can make quite a journey before dark," said Sir Frederick, "and we 've been here long enough."

"Indade we have, sir," said Bob, heartily.

The ladies had many questions to ask as they rode along, and Tom told them his experiences. At last, after a long ride through the forest, they came out again on the river bank.

"Why!" exclaimed Helen. "This is where Ned Wentworth found me, when I was lost. Yip found me here, too,"

"I wanted to look up-stream from this point," said Tom. "Yes, there 's a cleft in the hill. There always was a sort of deep gorge there, I think, where the stream came out from the chasm. Listen!"

"It sounds like a waterfall," said Sir Frederick. "Was there one there?"

"No, there was not," said Tom. "We must ride to the front door of my house. I want to see how it is."

They rode rapidly for so warm a morning, and it was still early when they came out near the great tree.

"Look!" exclaimed Tom. "Can't you un-

"My house is gone," exclaimed Gordon. "The whole cave has fallen in. When I was to reach my gold."

"The roof fell in?" asked Hugh.

"Yes," said Tom, "and filled the deep chasm. It made a great gorge - what the Yankees call a cañon. Everything was ready to tumble, and the blast and the fire did the business! That stream won't run underground any more - at least at this point,"

"Aunt Maude!" shouted Helen. "Look! Look under the tree-right at Uncle Tom's

"I declare," exclaimed Tom. "I knew the water inside must be setting back and rising, but I did n't expect that. Splendid spring it makes, too."

"Hurrah!" shouted Hugh. "Ned, see it burst out!"

There, indeed, bubbling and gushing, was a fine young rivulet, forced out at the burrow between the roots of the tree. It had easily pushed away the bark door, and now it poured forward, seeking a channel for its further

"It 'll turn all this forest into a swamp for a while," remarked Sir Frederick.

"The chasm is gone," replied Tom, "but that spring won't run a great while - only till the river has plowed its new channel among the rocks and rubbish."

Suddenly Tom Gordon cried:

"Follow me! Quick! There is danger!"

They wheeled their horses and followed him, as he dashed away, but he rode only a short distance before he pulled in and turned his head toward his former home.

"We got away only just in time," he said. "See that? I could see that the roots had been loosened, but the water has been undermining them all night. The tree always leaned a little southerly. It 's coming, now!"

at the vast bulk of the forest king.

The great tree was swaying, tottering, and the air was full of a strange, groaning, tearing sound, that grew louder until it burst into a re-

"The top of the hill is gone!" said the port like that of a cannon. In another instant there was an awful crash, and the very earth shook as the gigantic trunk came thundering down. The big trees of common kinds that it fell among splintered like dry reeds. Its outreaching roots tore up the soil in all directions, and their rugged mass stood up, over the deep cavity left behind them, like the side of a small

> "That is one of the grandest sights I ever saw!" said Sir Frederick. "It is really sublime. But Tom, we brought you out of that cave only just in time."

> "Somehow or other," said Tom, "a great many things happen only just in time. I don't quite understand, yet, why I came to be out here at all, or what brought you here. It 's a

"Is n't it time we went to the camp?" asked

"I think so, Tom," said the baronet. "The sooner we are at the Grampians, the better for all of us."

Several months later, the same party that had gathered in Sir Frederick Parry's tent that morning in the Australian bush, were gathered again in a breezy, open-windowed drawingroom of a stately country-seat. They were in the ancient English home of the Parry family.

"Well, Ned," said Lady Parry, "I am sorry you must go home, but I 'm glad you and Tom have had time to see England."

"I'm so glad I have seen it," said Ned. "It's a great country, and I 'm coming over again, some day."

There was some general conversation, and then Sir Frederick remarked: "Ned's plan has worked perfectly, Tom. I don't see why you need go to the States. Why can't you stay here?"

"Stay here?" said Tom Gordon. "Why, you are going back to Australia, just to see your sheep-farm again, and to be where there's plenty of room. It 's just so with me. I 've got to live in a new country, to be comfortable. I'm going away out west when I get to America,-to some place where there are mountains, and forests, and mines. I want some Indians, to take the place of the blackdeer, and buffaloes, instead of kangaroos."

"You can open as large a sheep-farm as you live with my father in India."

wish," said Sir Frederick. were feeding.

" Ned," he remarked, "it does seem so unnatural to have regular hot January weather right in the middle of July, with a warm breeze from the south, instead of from the north. I want to get back to Australia, where things come in their regular season. What are you going to do, first, after you get home?"

"Oh," said Ned, "Father and Mother are there, long before this. I 've got to go to college, but I 'm going west, first thing, with Mr. Gordon, to see him settled."

"By the way, Maude," said Tom. "I 've attended to that: I have settled enough on Ned to set him up handsomely for life. He is all the boy I have, you know."

They had known that Tom Gordon intended to make provision for Ned, and they all were de-

lighted, excepting Ned himself. He was silent, through college, I will come to India, unless until Helen Gordon said to him: "I am so you are in Australia by that time." glad of it, Ned! But I am not going back to "Will you, Ned?" said Helen. "Do come!" Australia. I'm not to go to college, exactly,

fellows. There will be wolves there, too, and but I'm to be put into a boarding-school for two or three years, and then I am going to

"Oh, Helen!" said Ned. "It seems as if Hugh had been looking out of a window, that were further away than Australia, but I across a closely cut lawn upon which deer know it is n't. Well, then, as soon as I get



THE FALL OF THE GIANT THEF.

- "I will surely come!" said Ned.

A. Seventh. Son.

By MARGARET IOHANN.

"SAY,
Bee-sting,
go 'way;
bee - sting,
go'way!'Say
it, Hippy,
quick, now, before I go for a

switch o' the cur'n' [currant] bush."

The tone was much kinder than the words, and the speaker's appearance was in keeping with the tone. She had a plump, good-natured face, and her figure was such that, as her boys sometimes told her, "it took longer to go 'round her than it would to jump over her." She wore a gingham frock and sunbonnet, both of a large plaided pattern and of a cut not likely to make her seem less stout than she was.

She held in hers the unwilling hand of her youngest son, with which she tried to knead the slightly swollen wrist of his elder brother, Hiram, who had caught a bumblebee to see whether it had a white face or not, and had found out to his sorrow.

Hiram, or "Hire," as they called him, made up a pitiful face, whereupon his mother gripped more tightly the limp hand she held, and scrubbed away with it harder than ever.

"If you had only put your hand and your mind onto it both at once in the first place. Hippy," she said, "an' kep' assayin'. Beesting, go 'way,' as I told you to, it never 'd 'a' swelled up like this. What 's the use of your bein' a seventh son if you —"

"I wish I was n't!" wailed Hippy, rubbing across his eyes the sleeve of his one available arm, and pulling back in a half-hearted way as if his courage failed to second his inclination.

"Now, Hippy," exhorted his mother, "I do hate to break off the cur'n' branches to whip

"SAY, you with,—just now, too, when they 're hangin' ee-sting, in ropes of green curn's; but if you make me 'way; do it,— mind what I say,— not one spoonful of -- sting, cur'n' jell' do you get next winter."

She waited a minute for this argument to take effect, and then continued:

"Come, now, just lay your hand on, this way, and keep a-sayin," Bee-sting, go 'way; bee-sting, go 'way,' like a good boy."

Her illustration made the performance seem more ridiculous than ever in the boy's matterof-fact little brain. He looked ashamed, drew his breath quickly, but did n't attempt the miracle of healing.

"Well, if I must, I must," said his mother despairingly, and started toward the currant bushes. Then Hippy began to bestir himself, exhibiting a wit and skill born of his need.

Seizing a basin of water that stood handily near, he dashed its contents upon the ground, and in a twinkling made up a mud poultice, of which tears were one ingredient, using his nimble little hands to gather and mold it. He had no time to be gingerly, and no inclination, for he took to the soil as naturally as a mole.

Before the mother came back, Hire's wrist was covered with the wet mud, spatted and held in place by Hip's hands, which looked themselves like a pair of little mud poultices.

She had got very near before the little fellow began to mumble sobbingly and with a very red face,—it is fair to say that only shame had prompted his disobedience,—"Bee-sting, go 'way, bee-sting, go 'wa-a-ay."

"It feels better now, Mother," said Hire, hastily, for he was not an ill-natured boy, and was willing to save his brother from any punishment now that he had seen him reduced to a becoming state of submission. Besides, the mud really had a soothing effect, and perhaps, too, Hire had not at any time suffered so much pain as he had imagined.

He whistled to his dog, called out, "It 's all right now, Mother!" and, though his motions



"HIS MOTHER BEGAN TO TACK TO HIM IN A HALF SCOLDING, HALF PETTING WAY."

and then a repetition of the magic words, and his mother, Mrs. Half, went into the house.

But the good angels did not desert our hero in this trying hour; for, in less than five minutes, Hire, sufficiently recovered "to view the landscape o'er," saw a woodchuck come out of its home under a huge rock, on the hillside in an adjoining field.

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hour's treatment of his brother's wrist, with now out to verify his statement he was over the fence and half-way up the hill.

Hip took up the basin, filled it with water, and set it upon the wash-bench that stood by the kitchen door. He dabbled a while in it, and, as he wiped his hands upon the towel, sighed in a grieved way.

His mother looked wistful, and came and put her arm about him. She drew him down upon the bench, and began to talk to him in a half scolding, half petting way.

"Now, Hippy, only see what a fuss you've made, an'how you've got us all worked up just fur nothin' 't all. You might jus' as well have cured that bee-sting in the first place as to have kep' Hire a-sufferin' an' me a-worryin' all this while."

"If it hurt him so much, why did n't he put salt or mud or something on it himself?" suggested Hippy, with mournful petulance.

"Oh, now, Hippy! It was n't the mud that cured him; you know well enough it was n't. A seventh son always has the gift of healin' and other things besides. I should think you'd be proud of it, instead of tryin' to deny it an' shirk the trouble. And, Hippy," trying to pat the little fellow back into cheerfulness, "I expect you to make us all rich yet. I don't expect to live on a hired farm forever. Why, I said to your father last week when we heard this place had changed hands, 'If it could only have stayed as 't was a few years more, Hippy could have bought it for us.' I expect my seventh son to grow up to be a great doctor, and buy us a farm and put a mansion on it as big as Judge Gifford's,"

"Has n't Hire got to help?"

"Now, Hippy, I am ashamed of you—always wantin' Hire to do somethin'! Why, can't you see the lot was n't laid upon Hire? He 's only the sixth son. Now, I expect that you will put Hire through college."

Mrs. Half never planned for the education of her seventh son, believing that the physician, like the poet, "is born, not made."

"If Hire wants to go to college, Mother," argued Hippy, "why does n't he begin to get ready for it now? Fellows that go to college have to do lots of hard sums; why does n't Hire begin to work very hard at the easy ones? Now, I don't want to go to college, I just want to be Father's hired man; but I can beat Hire all to pieces at the school lessons."

"Oh, Hippy! That 's no fault o' his — no, nor any merit o' yours. Lessons an' sums an' things come easy an' natural to you because you 're the seventh son."

Here Ann Jane, the "help," wheeled a churn out under the arbor. Hippy looked sad, knowing well what was expected of him. He soon had the dasher going in good earnest, however, only he muttered:

"I wish I'd been some other number!—then I would n't have had folks expecting me to cure their warts and bee-stings and chills and everything, when I don't know any more about it than they do themselves."

His father came round the corner of the house.

"What 's the matter with Hippy?" he asked, noticing the cloud upon the lad's usually cheerful face.

"Why, here he 's been an' saved his brother's life, for aught I know," explained Mrs. Half, "an' now he 's mad about it. Hire got stung on the wrist, an' his arm was a-swellin' an' a-swellin', an', if it had kep' on, it would have been as big as his body before night; an' then, jus' as likely as not, his body would have begun,—an' there 's no knowin' what the end would have been."

"Father," said Hippy, appealingly, "I did n't do any more than Hire could have done if he 'd had a mind to try. I don't feel as if I had any 'special gifts,' as Mother calls 'em."

"Now, Hippy, you have, I tell you; you have, an' I don't want to hear you say you have n't. Why, once, when you was a dear little baby, I had an awful sore throat,—'t was the quinsy,—an' I really thought I should suffocate to death, till it struck me about you; an' I jus' held you up close an' took your little hand an' laid it on my throat an' kept it there, an' in the mornin' I was 'most well. You see, the virtue worked out through your hand into my neck an' cured me."

Hip looked a little bored,—he had heard the story so often,—and he looked wounded in spirit; for the belief that he had unusual powers was, from his point of view, a crying injustice involving calls upon him which he could not meet; but the only expression he gave to these emotions was to splash down the dasher rather more vigorously than was necessary.

"You forget to mention, Mother," said Mr. Half, mildly, "that you gargled your throat with brewer's yeast that night, and bathed it with liniment, and tied a piece of salt pork behind your ears, and —"

"That's nothin' to do with it, Father; nothin' at all. An' how you can find pleasure in denyin' the gifts of your own son is more 'n I can comprehend. Now, look at those chickens yesterday. Nine or ten of 'em were moping around with distemper, an' I fully expected to lose the whole flock. Hip goes down after supper an' tends to 'em a little, and this mornin' there was n't a sick chicken in the yard. How do you 'count for that?"

"I ascribe it," settling himself for a little humorous talk on a frequently disputed subject, "to the kind heart and the thrift of our seventh son. If you or I had had the time, or Hire had been willing to take the trouble, to catch each of those chickens and rub its head with olive-tar, as Hippy did, the same result would have followed."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Half, disdainfully, rising to retire from the scene of strife.

Her husband watched her amusedly as she stepped up into the kitchen door, expecting her to turn and add another argument. He was not disappointed.

"I s'pose now," she said, "you'll try to make out that he does n't know before anybody else when any of the stock is ailin', an' how to doctor 'em; an' that he does n't know jus' where to go to find any wild herb that I or any of the neighbors want; an' that he does n't know all about every livin' thing that flies or walks or creeps or burrows. Yes,—an' he can tell when a storm 's comin' on better 'n the almanac; an' he can stand clear out by the gate an' tell the time o' day more exact than the clock."

"No, Mother, I won't deny that he 's got as sharp a pair of eyes in his head, an' as good a stock of perseverance and common sense, as any boy in the county; and I do wish, Mother," persuasively, "you could spare him to go and help me plant that corn in the corner lot. The hired man has gone home with the chills. Can't Hire do the churning?"

"There you are, Father," exclaimed Mrs. Half, her good nature returning with her triumph; "now ain't that a clear come-over to my side of the argument? Why don't you take Hire yoursel? Oh, you know well enough! Whatever you may say, you know that Hippy has special gifts and everything prospers under

his hands. Hire's no good to churn. Seems as if the thing's bewitched when he gets hold. The butter won't come for him, anyhow."

"'T would come for him, Mother, as quick as 't would for any one if he 'd keep the dasher going," murmured Hip, longing to go with his father, for he loved the fields and his father, too.

Here Ann Jane accommodatingly came to the rescue and "guessed she could manage"; so Hip set off with his father, only stopping at the woodshed long enough to throw a pick and a shovel into a wheelbarrow which he trundled along before him.

Hire, sprawling upon the boulder that roofed the woodchuck's abode, espied the pair setting out, remembered it was churning-day, and quietly slipped away to a neighbor's.

Hip, trudging along in his father's wake, had reached the garden gate when his mother called, "Hippy, son!" He turned promptly, a suspicion of a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth, and walked back. She came a step or two to meet him, took his face between her hands, and gazed affectionately into his eyes until a laugh danced there. Then she released him with a little love-pat. Not a word was said, but the boy rejoined his father with a lighter step, and the mother went happy to her duties.

"A better boy than my little Hippy never breathed the breath of life," she said to Ann Jane; "but I do have to be right up an' down with him once in a while, or he 'd never develop his gifts,"

Poor woman! She had mourned over five baby graves in the old churchyard; and no wonder that she had watched and coddled her sixth son till she had well nigh spoiled him; and no wonder that when the seventh would n't be spoiled, was "as independent as a lord," and began to wait upon himself as soon as he could toddle, every one of his baby tricks was a new proof of her faith in the old superstition that a seventh son is born to do great works—works in the art of healing, the story runs, so Mrs. Half had inflicted upon her innocent baby the name Hippocrates.

Still, in her eyes this art of healing was only one of many "special gifts" possessed by her child of wonderful promise; and Hippy found, as many an older person has done, that even a good reputation has its drawbacks. His it was hard to support; but his efforts to do his best made him so observing and painstaking that he acquired many odds and ends of knowledge and skill that served him quite as well as a magic gift.

Father and son worked harmoniously together until the corn was dropped and covered. Then, having been rewarded with "the rest of the day to himself," Hip sped away with his barrow to the edge of the woods, where a brook gurgled leisurely toward the valley below.

The boy stood a moment, watching the water glide along through the little canal he had dug to turn it a while from its course; and then, pitching his hat upon a stone and tucking his sleeves into a tight roll above his elbows, he went to work with pick and shovel in the old bed of the stream.

For an hour or more he worked patiently and eagerly, picking away the stones and roots and soil, shoveling them into the barrow, and emptying them right and left. But after a while he encountered a large rock. He pried and tugged and strained at it until his strength was exhausted; then, panting, he leaned back against the wall of the cavity he had dug. As he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, never once taking his eyes from his stubborn adversary, some one spoke.

"What civil-engineering design is this, young man?"

Hip started like one awakened suddenly.

A man seated upon a rock was regarding him with a smiling face. He was a very finelooking gentleman, Hip thought, and the boy instinctively raised a hand toward the place where his hat might have been.

"I 've been sitting here about ten minutes," said the stranger, "and you have been too absorbed in your work to notice me. What 's your scheme?"

"Well, sir," said Hip, planting his two hands upon the bank behind him and lifting himself to a seat upon it, "there 's a dreadful lot of churning to do at our house, and I 'm going to make this brook fall perpendicu-lar-ly," stumbling over the big word, "and make it turn a wheel and do the churning."

- "Pretty good idea that," said the man, looking amused. "Whose boy are you, anyway?"
 - " Mr. Half's."
 - " Mr. Half who hires this farm?"
 - "Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm Mr. Lane, the man who has just bought it. I did n't want it," musingly, "but my mortgage took it. I 've just run up from the city to see what my pig-in-a-poke is like, and, as far as I 've gone, I consider the land somewhat scrubby."

Mr. Lane knew more of stocks than of farming, and he turned over a stone or two with his foot in a dissatisfied manner.

"Oh, it 's a grand place!" cried Hippy, talking warmly in defense of his beloved farm.
"Of course this woods is rough, but it 'll be just fat when it 's cleared; and just over that knoll there 's a stretch of beautiful land, as level as a floor and as mellow as—"

His flow of eloquence was interrupted by the rustle of a black snake that, probably routed by Lane from a retreat under the stones, was hurriedly seeking a more retired locality. Hip without ceremony assisted his snakeship, taking him by the tail and flinging him across the brook.

"That's a natural product of my farm, I suppose," said Lane, with a shrug.

"Oh, he 's harmless," said Hip; "in fact, he 's useful—catches mice"; then, returning to the subject at heart, "I only wish Father could have bought this farm."

"I wish so, too," said Lane in a half joking tone, absently picking among some low weeds at his side.

"Look out!" The next instant the boy's stout little boot was where the man's hand had been, but planted firmly upon the head of a serpent; and the man was pinching up the flesh upon one hand where two tiny beads of blood showed that the reptile's fangs had entered.

Frantically seizing the injured hand, Hip set his teeth about the wound and began to draw the venom out. He spat it out and repeated the process again and again; and when, with a long breath, he relinquished the hand, it was ornamented with a great blue spot, the result of the strong suction.

"That 's a red adder!" In great excitement

Hip pointed to the squirming reptile. "I'd shivery" when he thought of the adder, and rather be bitten by a rattlesnake!" for that reason, probably, did not mention the

"So bad as that?" asked Lane, with a shiver. adventure to his father or his mother.

" Yes, but - I - I think you 're all right now. I would n't be afraid if I were you. You see, your hand is n't the least bit swelled."

They had killed the snake, and were both their fright, when Lane

"What's your name?" Hip dropped his eyes. "Hippocrates," he said; then added in apology, " Mother named me that because I am a seventh son. You know, he was an old doctor,-a Greek one, I think. But I am not a bit different from

"A little different, I think," said Lane, as he lifted the limp viper upon a stick and wrapped it in thick folds of newspaper.

He shook hands with Hip, thanked him, and walked away, holding his parcel gingerly at arm's

Our hero went home feeling a general shakiness that he could n't understand. He left his supper almost untasted, and in the night they heard him tossing and muttering in his sleep.

" He's overtired," said his father. "He has worked like a Trojan at that water-power pro-

to contrive. I must turn to and help him."

The next morning the boy was still "all



ject. It is n't a bad plan either for a youngster Two days passed. Hip sat by the brook, complacently watching it do the churning. "Too-oo-oot!" A single blast upon a horn.

That meant Hip. Two blasts meant Hire, and three their father

"I wish a hundred blasts stood for me!" said Hip, impatiently, starting homeward; "then they would n't call me so often."

Bolting into the kitchen, he was abashed to see again his acquaintance of the woods, but Hippy put his hand into the offered one. Lane held it fast, settled back into his chair, and said:

"Well, my boy, I 've had that reptile among the scientists. They call it by a longer name than you do, but I doubt whether any of them has a readier sight acquaintance with the species than you have. You 've a cut near your lip, I see," drawing the boy closer; "according to what they tell me, it 's a good thing that was n't there the other day."

"It was there, sir, but I put my finger over it while I drew the poison out of your hand."

while I drew the poison out of your hand."

Lane shuddered and glanced at the parents.

"Young man," he said, taking a folded paper from his pocket, "I have two boys of my own at home, and as good a daughter as ever lived. They and their mother have been talking together, and they 've come to the conclusion that

my life is worth a farm to them. So, as you gave me my life, I have conveyed this farm to you, Hippocrates Half. Your father is your guardian. He will run your farm, but I shall make him promise to give you six years at the Academy."

He rose, put his hand upon the boy's head, bent it back, and looking earnestly down into the honest, wondering eyes, said:

"The more knowledge you can stow into this busy brown pate of yours, my boy, the more will the accident of being a seventh son avail you."

After a few formal arrangements with the parents, Lane took his leave.

Mrs. Half first recovered from her surprise.
"Now, Father," she cried triumphantly, "see

what it is to be a seventh son!"

With a stretch and a yawn Hire tilted his

with a stretch and a yawn Fifre titled ms chair against the wall and said:

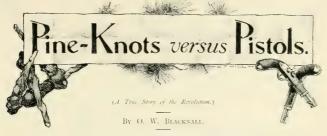
"Well, Mother, seventh sons have gifts, of

course; but they have to work too hard to develop 'em. I 'm satisfied to be a sixth."

The father put his hand lovingly on the shoulder of his seventh son, and said nothing.



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The battle of Camden. South Carolina, fought on the morning of the 16th of August, 1780, ended disastrously for the American arms. Among the prisoners captured by the British was Humphrey Hunter, a lad fresh from the school of Liberty Hall, at Charlotte.

After being kept seven days in a prison pen near the battle-field, the prisoners were conveyed about sixty miles further south to Orangeburg.

The whole State being in British hands, and indeed the Southern colonies being considered as conquered and reannexed to the crown, the captives were allowed freedom so long as they kept within a not very well defined portion of the town.

Humphrey Hunter had been robbed of his hat and coat on the morning of the battle, and for three months went without either. Cold weather coming on, he started one day for a house in the suburbs, for the friend who lived there had promised to give the boy prisoner a coat. Humphrey was not aware of going beyond his prison bounds till he met a mounted Tory, armed with sword and pistols. The soldier halted him, and ordered him back to town to be punished for breaking his parole.

In vain did Hunter attempt to explain or to excuse himself. He pleaded his ignorance of the limits, and his need of a coat. The only replies were threats, abuse, and prods from a sword to hasten his steps.

The military rule of those days was severe, and especially so at the British posts in the South. The captive, knowing that his punishment would be humiliating and cruel, determined to escape, even at the risk of his life.

They came to a spot where some trees had been felled. Close by the road lay the trunk of a large pine, and around it were numbers of half-burnt lightwood (pine) knots, the remains, doubtless, of a camp-fire.

Humphrey dashed from the road, cleared the log at a bound, caught up two heavy pine-knots, and turned at bay. Nor was he a moment too soon. The Tory had drawn from its holster one of his ponderous horseman's pistols, and cocked it. But our young Whig was an expert thrower, and in his hands the fire-hardened pine-knots were dangerous weapons. At the same instant that Humphrey threw a pine-knot, the soldier drew his pistol; but when he fired, a moment later, the heavy ounce-ball flew wide of its mark.

The Tory now drew the other pistol and leaped his horse over the log, determined to come to close quarters and finish the combat with his last shot. Humphrey with equal promptness also jumped across the tree-trunk, thus keeping the log between them. This manœuver was repeated more than once. Mean-while the horseman was so belabored with pine-knots that his second and last shot failed to take effect.

His sword was useless, owing to the fact that young Hunter kept ever on the side of the log beyond sword-reach.

At length a well-directed knot emptied the saddle and stretched the Tory on the ground. Hunter then sprang upon him, seized his sword, and forced a surrender on the following terms:

The Tory bound himself to make no mention of the duel or the cause which led to it, and also promised not to inform on any other prisoner for a like transgression. Upon this condition Humphrey returned the sword, and agreed never to breathe a word of the combat or its issue.

But secrecy was harder to keep than it seemed. The riderless horse had galloped on to headquarters, and caused alarm. Nor was suspicion lessened when the horseman arrived on foot in a very forlorn and battered plight.

escape with several companions on Sunday night. A hundred and fifty miles of Toryinfested roads lay between the fugitives and the North Carolina border.

But, lying hid in the woods during the day and traveling only by night, they eluded pursuit, and on the ninth day they crossed the Catawba River, and reached a place of comparative safety. During their flight they had subsisted entirely on corn taken from the

fields by the roadside; they ate it raw, the danger of recapture being so great that they dared not kindle a fire.

After resting but a few days at his mother's house, Humphrey again took the field as lieutenant of cavalry. At the battle of Eutaw Springs, the last important engagement at the South, Lieutenant Hunter displayed great gallantry, and was slightly wounded.

A little later he witnessed the reduction of Orangeburg, and had the satisfaction of finding among the captured arms the identical sword of his roadside battle.

The war being now over, he returned to

school, and after graduation studied theology and entered the ministry. As there was then a great scarcity of physicians, he also acquired some knowledge of medicine.

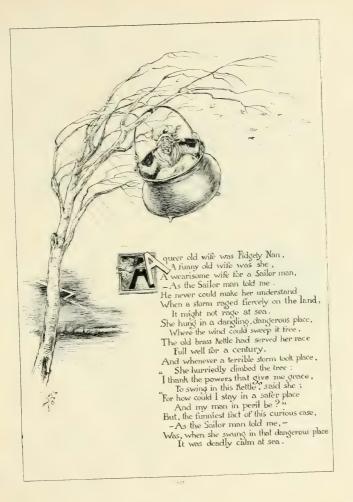
For more than forty years he lived to minister to the souls and bodies of his fellow-men, honored and respected for his charity and nobility of nature.



" AT THE SAME INSTANT THAT HUMPHREY THREW HIS PINESKNOT,

A searching investigation followed. The unique duel had taken place on Friday evening. Early on Sunday morning, orders were issued by Colonel Fisher, commander of the post, requiring every prisoner in town to appear at the court-house on Monday at noon.

Hunter, seeing the reason for the order and knowing that he would be identified, made his



THE WAY THINGS VANISH



t.

Across the flowing river.

On a pretty little hill,

There rests a little city,

And a busy little mill.

The people on the long curve The boats that move so slow.

111.

I am sure that in the little streets A tiny people walk;
I am sure that everything is neat And small, and clean as chalk.

IV.

And some day I will go there, too, And live in a tiny house; And own, perhaps, a little horse No lagger than a mouse.

١.

But not for some time yet; because A small child went from here.

And ere she 'd reached the other side I saw her disappear.'

Enabeth Chase.



(The Story of a Fortunate Misjortune.)

By JOHN BENNETT.

A LONG time ago, in fact several years before there was any such thing as time, there lived a sturdy miller and his wife in a cottage at the edge of a great black forest near the village of Weisnichtwo, in the southeast corner of the kingdom of Niemandweis, just this side of the other end of nowhere.

This worthy couple had one son, Fritz, a funny little tow-headed fellow with big blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and baggy little trousers that he could almost turn around in. He was a queer little chap, too; for when the other boys played along the dusty highway and narrow street with whoop and halloo, Fritz crept quietly away to the field or forest, where, among the kaiserblumen or the fern, he would sit alone for hours, singing baby-songs to the brook as it babbled out of the woods, and making quaint little tunes for the lambs to play to-tunes that sounded like the wind in the pines, the birds calling in the tree-tops, or the stream rippling down the rocks to the water-wheel at the mill.

"Father," said he one day, "when I grow up I will be a master-fiddler and make music on the fiddle."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said his father; but he bought him a little vellow fiddle at the next kermess, and let him play it all day long.

It was surprising how soon Fritz could draw

stubby bow! He made it fairly laugh and cry and sing and gurgle and whistle and hum, until the birds flew down from the treetops and hopped about him; and the lambs came and lay down at his feet; and mothersheep rubbed their noses

against his knees; and the marmots peeped among the rocks: and the rabbits paused in the thick grass with listening

the brown



HE GAVE HIM A LITTLE VELLOW LIDDLE.

bees buzzed about his head. None of them were afraid, for Fritz seemed one of themselves.

But he grew up,-as healthy boys will do. who eat good meat, and sweet brown bread. and amber honey with creamy milk as rich as nectar,-and he fiddled better and better every day, until at last he said: "Father, I fiddle too well for Weisnichtwo. These dull villagers care only for the drone of the dudelsack and a bawling song with their muddy beer. I must go out into the world and seek my fortune."

So he took his cap and his fiddle, was blessed melody out of that Swiss-pine box with his by his father and kissed by his mother, waved a

farewell to Weisnichtwo, and went out into the world.

At first he fiddled merrily as he went along, and thought to fiddle himself into a fortune soon. But no one stopped to listen; no one seemed to care whether he fiddled or not; and,

no one offering to might fairlyhave fiddled himself into the poorhouse if one angry goose-herd had not



rated him soundly for scaring the geese with his "nonsensical noise." After that Fritz indignantly tucked his unappreciated fiddle under his

arm and trudged on silent and discouraged. "Oh, dear!" he sighed wearily, "if they won't let me fiddle, how can I ever find my fortune? I wonder where it can be."

So he began to ask the passers-by, "Good sir,"-or "madam," as the case might be;- "have you seen my fortune?"

Some laughed at him. Some told him to mind his business. Others were too busy hunting their own fortunes to pay him any attention whatever. And at last, in one rough village, they called him a silly dunderhead, and pelted him with mud and stones

until he took to his heels and ran off. All out of breath as he turned

into the cross-road, he tripped over a stone and fell flat upon his fiddle with a dreadful crunch. And when he picked it up out of the dust it was of repair, with one peg bent up, and one peg and the other that, while the neck was twisted



"Oh, my fiddle, my little fiddle, my dear little fiddle, it is ruined!" he sobbed; and, clasping the spoiled instrument to his breast. he limped ruefully on, hardly caring where he went or what became of him, and only knowing that his beloved fiddle would never make sweet music again.

Just at nightfall he came to the city of the king, and wandered through the gloomy streets heedless of them all.

"Hullo, Master Fiddler!" called some revelers beside a cozy inn. "Come fiddle for us, and we will pay you well!"

"I do not care to play - pay or no pay," said Fritz bitterly, as he clutched his ruined fiddle to his bosom and passed on.

"What?" cried the amazed revelers, "a fiddler who will not fiddle for pay!" And the little boys took up the shout, and followed him down the street, crying, "Look, here is a fiddler who will not fiddle for pay!" And all the



people stopped to see; and many came out of their houses, hearing the cry; and soon the narrow way was so crowded that the king's carriage could not pass, and a footman came to learn the cause of the blockade.

"It is a fiddler who will not fiddle for pay!" yelled the gamins in the gutter.

"Indeed?" exclaimed the king. "Then he must surely be a great fiddler! Tell him he may come to my palace and play."

But Fritz thought only of his poor, twisted or no king!"

"Dear me!" cried his Majesty, surprised; "this must be a very fine fiddler, indeed, who fore a king. I surely must hear him!"

So he sent his coach and a regiment of grenadiers to bring Fritz to the palace, or to take him to prison if he would not play -for he gave him his choice, being a magnanimous king.

does not fairly jump at the chance to play be-smiling, he hastily filled his ears with cotton and began to play.

> Such a shrieking, such a squeaking, such a wild, ear-piercing scream as came out of that crooked fiddle! Ugh-h-h-h!

Why, even the sparrows under the palace



"FRITZ CLIMBED INTO THE COACH AND WAS WHIRLED TO THE PALACE."

were torn, his fiddle was spoiled, - but there was no way to escape; so in sheer despair he faced the music like a man. "If the king will hear me play, he shall!" said he grimly, as he climbed into the coach and was whirled to the palace.

"So," said the king, "you are here, are you?"

"Yes," replied Fritz, as he looked about: "I believe I am."

"Then call the court," cried the king: "we will have some first-class A No. 1 music! But where are your notes?"

"This fiddle does not play by note," faltered Fritz; which was very trueit certainly did not!

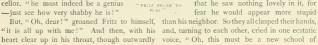
"Ah," whispered the king to the vice-chancellor, "what did I tell you? This fellow is a genius - he does not fiddle by note."

"Yes," whispered the vice-chancellor, "he must indeed be a genius -just see how very shabby he is!"

Then Fritz was at his wit's end. His clothes eaves jumped out of their nests, flew over the fence, and never came back again; the king's pet cat crawled under the cellar door and yowled with fear; while, for a moment, paralyzed with amazement, the courtiers sat motionless and dumb!

They had never heard any such music as

that before. It set their teeth on edge, made their flesh creep, and raised goose-flesh on the very marrow of their shivering bones! But there stood Fritz, placidly playing away as if he were producing the sweetest sounds in the world. And had not the king himself said that this fiddler was a genius? Certainly he had! And since the king had said it, it must be so. Consequently, every man Jack of them was afraid to say he did not like it. And no one dared to admit that he saw nothing lovely in it, for fear he would appear more stupid



overpowering - is n't it forceful - is n't it thrilling - is n't it just too utterly ne-plus-ultra

" 'IS N'T IT THRILLING!

for anything!" "Ah," said one. body who can have taste for such music!" " No. indeed." answered another: "one should know

how to listen!" And then they all listened with rapt

attention and clasped hands, while they fairly squirmed, and longed for the roof to fly off, the walls to fall in, the floor to blow up, or something-or anything, oh, anything!-just to stop that horrible noise!

Now it happened that, seven years before, the Crown Princess Hilda's favorite wax doll had fallen head first into the royal soup-tureen one day at dinner; and the soup, being hot, had melted off her nose. Whereat, after one wild burst of childish grief, the princess had been seized with profound grief, and had gone into deep mourning for her disfigured darling, refusing to be comforted, and had never smiled again. The court physician had given her potions and powders until she was pale as a



HIL BOLL LIGHT INTO THE SOLE

ghost. She had traveled to all of the fashionable watering-places for change of air until she was worn to a shadow. Fabulous rewards had

music - it must be a new school! Is n't it been offered for anything to break her sorrow, but in vain. Her sorrow remained unbroken.

There, attended by a favorite maiden, and with a trusty grenadier within call, upon a raised dais at the end of the great hall, a fragile little waxen princess in gloomy black, brown-haired and hazel-eyed, she sat so deeply wrapped in melancholy that nothing seemed to move her.

But at the first shriek of Fritz's crooked fiddle she jumped with surprise and looked up with a sudden sparkle in her heavy eyes. And as she listened to the squeaking, screaming, shrieking squeal, a gleam lit up her face, she cast one quick look around the vast audience all in its rapt attention, and falling back into her chair broke into a peal of uncontrollable laughter.

"Oh, my! - oh, my! - oh, my!" she cried,



THE DRINGESS, HER MAIDEN, AND THE GRENAUES

holding her sides; "it sounds like - a little pig under - a - gate!" and she laughed until the tears ran down her face.

Oh, the scene of wild excitement that ensued! The king tossed his crown up to the ceiling, the lord high chamberlain fell over two small pages trying to dance a jig, the whole court rolled off their chairs in delighted surprise, and the court physician had three conniption fits in rapid succession behind the Japanese screen for the melancholy spell was broken, the princess was cured, and his high-salaried situation was at an end!

kissed him, to his great embarrassment; and the courtiers, delighted that the fiddling had



"THE COURT PHYSICIAN HAD CONNIPTION FITS.

stopped, cheered until they were hoarse, crying, "Long live Fritz, the Master-Fiddler!" And the populace out-

side, hearing the shout, took up the cry until they were twice as hoarse: "Long live Fritz, the Master-Fiddler!"although they had not the slightest idea what it was all about -which made no difference at all with



THE KING FELL ON FRITZ'S NECK

"And now, Sir Master Fiddler," exclaimed the king, when the hullabaloo had stopped; "since you have cured the princess, of course you will marry her."

"Shall I?" stammered Fritz, blushing like a girl. "Why?"

"Because that is the way I am going to have this story end," said the king, firmly, "And I am not going to have it spoiled by any nonsense!"

"Well," said Fritz, thoughtfully, rubbing his chin; "if I must, I suppose I must-but," he continued uneasily, "I would like to ask the princess one thing before the wedding takes

"What is that?" asked the princess, smiling up into his face.

"Will-will-will." he stammered bashfully -" will you marry me?"



"But what?" cried Fritz anxiously.



FRITZ AND THE PRINCESS.

"You must never-" "What?" gasped Fritz, turning pale with apprehension.

"Play that horrible fiddle around the house!" "Oh!" ejaculated Fritz, with a smile of relief that spoke volumes, as he removed the cotton from his ears; "I promise you I never will."

And he never did.





TWO BELLS.

By Christopher Valentine.

THE rooms of the students in a certain college were strangely decorated. The usual furniture was to be found in them, but here and there one saw strange objects. Perhaps over a mantel would hang a neatly painted warning, "Keep off the grass"; against the door would be a board marked, "Exit for passengers"; on a bedroom door would appear "Dentist," and about the walls and in corners were door-knockers, street-numbers, a gilt wooden key, or other bits that were neither bought, borrowed, nor given to the student occupiers.

No room was richer in such spoils than that of Arthur Bell, an athletic member of the Sophomore nine; but when he returned to college at the beginning of his Junior year, all these "trophies" were solemnly taken down and never replaced.

It might have been supposed that Arthur Bell considered them beneath the dignity of a Jumor. But that was not the reason why he took them down; indeed, other Juniors were not so particular. The real reason was to be found in something that had happened during the preceding vacation. The conversion of this Bell boy was due to what we may call a namesake—a bell-buoy he spent some time with one dark night.

Arthur owned a canoe, in which he cruised

about the coast of the island where his father owned a cottage. It was at some distance from the village, where a few families of fishermen still carried on a diminishing business.

Not far from the island there was a dangerous reef, and just over the reef a bell-buoy was anchored. When the wind was right, the irregular beating of the bell could be heard, and Arthur made up his mind that the tongue of that bell would make a very nice addition to the collection of oddities in his college room. The attraction that the bell-tongue had for him came from the fact that he could take it only at night. "Was n't it stealing—and might it not cause the loss of a vessel?" Well, yes,—but some Sophomores do not think of such things. They prefer to call these exploits 'pranks."

So one night he crept out of bed, dressed himself in flannel shirt and knickerbockers, made his way to the wharf, and succeeded in launching his canoe without being seen. It was a quiet, starlight night, with hardly a ripple on the water. There was just enough wind to fill his triangular sail, and he moved steadily out toward the buoy. He had taken its bearings carefully, a few days before, and sailed by a pocket compass.

There was nothing exciting about the vov-

age. He reached the buoy without trouble, fastened the painter to one of the rods that held the bell, and stepped carefully upon the flattopped buoy. Then, with a pair of pincers, he reached up inside the bell, and tried to unfasten the tongue. He found this hard to do. It was fastened with thick wire twisted tight, and he worked leaning down and reaching up into the bell. This constrained position made him tired, and he had to stop often to rest. Besides, he had to hold the clapper for fear it would ring, and attract attention on so quiet a night. In reaching over, and working at the clapper, and in straightening up again, Arthur made the bellbuoy rock considerably, and when he finally loosed the wire, he turned around to find that his canoe had worked loose and drifted away. He did n't say anything, but he sat on the buoy with his legs in the water, and looked at the canoe as it sailed peacefully into the distance. He did not cry: he was a Sophomore. But he could not see any hamor in the situation. It had lost all the fun out of it.

"A body of land entirely surrounded by he told his story like a man. water," thought he to himself. Then he no-

ticed that the wind was freshening, and he reflected that he was not in the safest situation in the world if there should happen to be a storm, or even a squall. He did n't relish calling for help, for it was hard to think of explaining how he had come to be in so ridiculous a situation; but he did not dare risk his life to save his pride.

He began to shout, but soon saw that his voice could not reach the shore. Then he remembered the bell. Turning half about, he seized the clapper.

"Clang! Clang! "went the bell. To Arthur the sound seemed deafening, but he knew it was faint enough on shore. For fully two hours Arthur rang the changes upon the bell, and upon his own folly.

Luckily, he was heard. It happened that an old skipper was coming home late from a trip down the coast, and he heard the rapid strokes of the bell. Some of his crew thought him foolish, but he persisted in rowing out to the bell-buoy. So Arthur was brought home; and

"You'll have reason to say a good word



THE RESCUE FROM THE WHISTLING-BUOY (SEE NEXT LAGE.)

for the bell-buoys!" said the skipper; "but I might have thought nothing of all your clang-clang, if it had n't been for the fine moonlight night I once spent on a buoy myself. I did n't go to do mischief, either!"

Arthur was glad it was dark.

"Mine was a whistling-buoy," the skipper went on. "My mate and I went out to repair it, and our boat worked adrift, too. You can't be too careful to tie a good knot when you 're hitching to such a frolicsome craft. Anyway, there we were, and the whistle bent, so it would n't sound. I tell you, we worked hard to get it straight again. And when it began to whistle once more (for there was something of a sea on) we were glad, though we did n't see at first that we were much better off. We had

nothing to show a light with; and it was a moonlight night, too. But after a while my mate—who was a clever fellow—took off his sea-jacket and wrapped it around the whistle. Then, whenever she 'd give a blast, he 'd tighten and loosen the coat so as to make the whistle go 'to-o-o-o!' Well, the lighthouse-keeper must have been sharp enough to notice this, for pretty soon we saw the boat coming with him and his father. Maybe we were n't glad to see them! That 's all,—but that 's what saved you, young fellow! I guess you won't want any more bell-clappers."
"No sit!" said Arthur.

And that is the reason why one college student changed the decorations of his room at the beginning of his Junior year.



"THE T LOSS" GLI AND DEEK CARDILLEY TO TONG, I THE TEMES ONE MASS OF DELCKIES !"



BESSIE'S BONFIRE.

(A True Story.)

By Helen B. Dole.

"OH, Grandma, why won't you let me go down to the oak-trees this afternoon and get some acorns? You know you said I might some day. The boys are going in a little while, and I want to go with them. Do say yes, Grandma dear!"

It was a glorious September afternoon, and Bessie Field's seventh birthday. She had come the day before with her grandmother from the city to spend a few days with her cousins on Uncle John's big farm. There were five of the cousins: Will, Frank, and George, little Mary and baby Rob. The three oldest were real country boys, barefooted and sunburnt, dirty and happy, and always ready for a good time. They were all devoted admirers of brown-eyed Bessie, who was an only child, but not wholly spoiled.

When she came to visit them, they could never do enough for her entertainment. The orchard was ransacked for the reddest apples and ripest pears. They scratched their bare legs and hands gathering the largest berries, and drenched their trousers catching shiners and polliwogs, all for Bessie. On the other hand, Bessie entered into all their sports with great delight, and was seldom scared unless by an unusually big snake; so they all got on beautifully together and had a very jolly time.

Now, Bessie's grandma had promised to make her an acorn tea-set such as Grandma used to play with when she was a little girl, and this was why Bessie was so eager to gather the acorns. For the tea-set it was necessary to have two kinds of acorns: the large ones with flat, shallow cups, and the small ones with rounder, deeper cups. The shallow acorn-cups made the saucers, and the smaller ones made the tea-cups. Then Grandma knew how to make a charming tea-pot from a big acorn by adding a nose and handle from a burnt match, and by cutting off the top to make the cover. The pitcher was made by putting on handles in the same way, cutting off the top, and scraping out the inside of the nut. When completed, one of Grandma's tea-sets was fit for a fairy queen, and it was no wonder that Bessie was so eager to have one for her own.

It was her birthday and a lovely day; and Bessie saw nothing to hinder her going with the boys after the coveted treasures. But Grandma saw with different eyes. As she looked out of the window, across the garden and orchard toward the oak grove, she saw bright flames leaping up from behind the trees, and blue smoke curling up and spreading far away toward the horizon; and she hesitated about giving her consent.

"Well, dearie," she said, after a moment, which seemed at least a quarter of an hour to Bessie, "I would like to have you get the acorns; but I see they are burning brush in the pasture, and you will have to go through the pasture to reach the trees. If anything should happen to you, your mother would never forgive me for letting you go. I think you had better wait till to-morrow. Then the fires will be out. One day won't make very much difference."

"But, Grandma," said Bessie, "I won't go near the fires. I 'll go through the pasture just as fast as I can run, and I won't even look at the fires!"

Just here came a pattering of bare feet on the stairs, and in another moment in rushed the boys, all out of breath, and all talking at once. Their hands were full of peaches and flowers, and at first it was impossible to make out what they were saying.

"One at a time—one at a time!" said Grandma. "Let Willie speak first."

"Oh, Grandma, we 're going to take a jug of molasses and water down to the men in the pasture! It 's so hot working over the fires, they 're thirsty; and we want Bessie to go with us. Do let her go, Grandma."

"Oh, yes, Grandma! I won't go near the fires—truly I won't!" pleaded Bessie, with the tears gathering in her eyes as she hugged Grandma around the waist.

"No, we won't let her go near the fires," said Willie; "I 'll take care of her, and—oh, the acorns are as thick as bees down in the grove!"

The children begged and coaxed till Grandma finally consented; and then they started, the boys with the jug, and Bessie with a basket, all promising to be very good and obedient.

When they reached the orchard there were birds' nests to be shown to Bessie; and further on they came across the hollow trunk of a tree where some field-mice had a nest; then Rover, the dog, scented a woodchuck in a stone wall; and altogether it was some time before they reached the pasture,—so long, in fact, that the children had almost forgotten about Grandma's charge to them and their solemn promises.

The boys started toward the men with their jug, while Bessie stopped to gather some catnip for her pet kitten. She had picked quite a

bunch when the boys rejoined her, and all were soon busy picking up the shiny brown nuts, which lay abundantly scattered on the mossy turf beneath the big, shady oaks. After filling the basket with carefully selected specimens, Willie began filling his pockets with the smaller acorns, which, he assured the others, were almost as good to eat as chestnuts. Bessie tried one, but found it far too bitter for her taste, and threw it away in disgust. The boys then picked up their somewhat battered straw hats, Bessie gathered together her catnip, and they started back through the pasture on their way home, intending to have Grandma make the tea-set before supper-time.

So many things had attracted their attention since the children left home that they had wholly forgotten their promise, and stopped just a moment to watch the flames dance and crackle and then disappear amid the smoke, only to break out again merrier and brighter than ever.

A big bonfire is such a fascinating sight! The temptation was too strong for Frank. His black eyes danced till they seemed livelier than the flames. At last he said:

"Oh, let's get some sticks and each make a little pile of them, and play that we are burning brush too!"

The suggestion was no sooner made than all four began to gather a pile of sticks and leaves. Then Willie said:

"I'm going to get a stick from the big fire and light mine, and then smother it with moss and leaves, and roast some of the acorns."

- "So am I," said Frank.
- "And so am I," said George.
- "Light mine, too," said thoughtless Bessie.
- " All right," said the boys.

Soon there were four little bonfires burning brightly on the edge of the woods. Each of the children was working with might and main to smother a tiny blaze. Willie went into the woods a little farther than the others to get more moss for his pile.

Bessie at last succeeded in smothering her fire so that not a flame escaped, and as she watched the pretty smoke creeping out from the edges, she clapped her hands, saying: "Oh, boy just see how nicely I have smothered my fire!" Then she turned around to look at the

others, and as she did so a sudden puff of wind cause keen pain; but that was not half so hard brought forth the flames with a leap, and they seized the back of Bessie's dress. In a moment her skirts were ablaze, and she shouted to Willie who came running from the woods and threw his coat about her. Fortunately

to bear as the thought that she had disobeved her grandmother.

"Oh, what will Grandma say?" sobbed penitent Bessie, "I did n't mean to be so naughty. Grandma 'll never trust me again, nor Grandma had taken off the gingham dress believe me any more. Oh, dear! oh, dear! If

> I had only minded her and gone right straight home!"

The boys stood looking at Bessie for a moment, then Frank and George burst out crying, while Willie picked up Bessie's basket and tried to comfort her by calling her attention to a white rabbit skipping across the path just in front of them. But Bessie cared not for rabbits nor acorns. She was thinking of something far more serious.

Bessie and the boys left the bonfires

to their own destruction, and the roasting acorns to burn to a cinder. Such a melancholy procession of naughty children slowly making their

way along the little path leading from the pasture to the farmhouse never was seen there before.

Grandma met them at the door, and listened gravely to their pitiful story of disobedience, which was told with all frankness. The wise old lady said never a word of blame, but set about making the acorn tea-set, and finished it that very night. The tea-set was a work of art, but its charm was gone. Bessie never cared to play with it, and acorns brought a solemn look to her face for a long time after that unfortunate birthday.



which Bessie had worn in the morning, and put on instead a brown-and-white dress of wool. Fortunately, too, Bessie threw her hands behind her and rolled her skirts tightly together, and so succeeded in putting out the flames; but her poor hands were sadly burnt, and the back of her dress was almost entirely gone. If she had started to run, Bessie perhaps might never have seen her grandma again. As it was, she was burnt enough to



Good days to you, my friends!—bright, soft, and ruddy October days. They are coming apace, and in their name your Jack greets you, wishing you completeness and the joy that is better than iollity.

Now we'll proceed to business—first stating, by request of the Little Schoolma'am, that the five-syllabled word of five letters given out mysteriously from this pulpit last month is ABRACADABRA. You will find it in all first-class dictionaries, I am told.

Now, dear fifth-readerites and upward, I take pleasure in calling your attention to a letter from Brother Stacy on

CHINESE MUSIC.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once I went to the Chinese theater in San Francisco, and it seemed to me that nothing could be more painfully unmusical than the din made by the so-called musicians, who sat on the stage and played upon their noisy instruments at intervals during the entire performance. To my ears it was only a series of jarring noises—no melody, no harmony. Every person of our party felt as I did about it, and we were surprised when the interpreter assured us that the music was not a burlesque, but was "very fair of its kind," and, to the Chinese mind, compared most favorably with that made by our own orchestras.

But judge of my astonishment on learning, later, through "The Encyclopedia of Ancodotes," that there are upward of five hundred journals in China consecrated exclusively to the musical art! And not only this, but that almost all the principal (or capital) cities contain two or more theaters for operas!

Well, all I can say is, I should like to go to China and hear Chinese music there, with my own ears. Now, who can tell me whether Chinese music, as heard in China by travelers from Europe or America, is at all like the Chinese music that is given at the Chinese theater in San Francisco?

Yours truly, JOEL STACY.

AND here is something about

A CHIVALROUS PIG.

My DIAK JACK: I saw a very funny scene the other day, and I think it is worth describing to the little girls and boys who read S1. NICHOLAS.

We—a mery party—were driving through the country, on top of a big coach, when a flock of sheep appeared on the road before us. One little lamb with its mother had lingered behind the rest, and, before we could stop him, our naughty dog flew at the poor little lamb and began to bite and shake it terribly. We could not get to the rescue, and the frightened lamb was in great danger. Then a very funny thing happened. Four pigs, standing by the fence, suddenly rushed up, and for a moment there was dreafful confusion. Barks and squeaks, and pigs, dog, and lamb created great consternation; but the pigs soon drove the dog away, and the bably lamb was saved. Now, did you ever think that pigs would do so kind a deed? A constant reader, K. C. H.

THE HORSE AND THE ANT.

THE dear Little Schoolma'am has laid upon this pulpit a small book sent out by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is composed of questions to be asked by teachers, friends, or relations, as the case may be, and answers to be recited by young folk either in the words given, or in words to the same effect. Now, the dear Little Schoolma'am thinks the lessons contained in this book are in the main well worth your learning; and, therefore, she requests me to show you a couple of them as samples. Here they are:

TITH WEEK THE HORSE

- Q. Do you know what a check-rein is?
 A. It is a rein fastened to a part of the harness, so as to hold the horse's head back.
- Q. Is the check-rein of any use in driving the horse?
- A. No; it is of no use at all.
 Q. If the horse stumbles, does not the check-rein keep him from falling?
- A. Not any more than it would keep us from falling, if we were to have our heads fastened back with a strap.
- Q. Does the check-rein help the horse in any way?
 A. No; it only tires his neck and hurts his mouth.
- Q. Does it do any other harm?
 A. Yes; when his head is held back by a check-rein, he cannot lean forward to pull his load.
- Q. If he cannot lean forward, how can he pull?

 A. He is obliged to strain his legs, and that hurts
- Q. What do you think of check-reins?
 A. They are useless and hurtful, and it is a cruel thing

Now we'll jump over to the 48th week, and land upon

140 ANT

Q. What does the Bible say about the ant?
A. It says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider

Q. What is a sluggard?

1 A lazy person

Q. Why should lazy persons consider the ways of the poor little ant?

A. Because the ant is so industrious.

O. At what does the ant work so hard?

A. It works hard all summer gathering food for the vinter.

Q. Is it right to step on a little ant if we can avoid it?

A. No; we should not like a great giant to put his foot on us and crush us to death.

Q. Sometimes we find an ant-hole, where the ants are going in and out; is it right to trample it down?

A. No; we should not like a great giant to trample

A. No; we should not like a great giant to trampour houses down about our ears.

LITTLE JUMBO

LITTLE JUNBO is not an elephant, as you may plainly discover by looking at him in the picture I show you to-day. In fact, it is possible that just because he is so small, sprightly, and light of weight, so unlike his famous namesake, he is called Jumbo for the fun of the thing. His master, Mr. Meredith Nugent, drew his portrait on purpose for you, my good St. NICH-OLAS friends. Furthermore, he sends you this true account with his best compliments:

Such a cross little model as Jumbo I had never known. He scolded continually, and all my efforts to soothe him were in vain. Even sugar seemed to sour his disposition. He scolded when eating, and when not eating. If I placed anything near his cage, he would jump to the wires—still scolding—as the placed anything near his cage, he would jump to the wires—fore I bought him he was a free squirrel leading a rollicksome life in the woods. Poor fellow, what wonder he was indignant at finding himself a prisoner!

Well, one afternoon I opened his cage door and offered him the freedom of my studio, of course expecting to have a very lively scene. Visions of upset vases, broken windows, and general disorder stimulated my curiosity. I wanted to see just how much mischief he could do. The cage door open, Jumbo leaped mimbly to the floor, and surprised me by behaving in the gentlest manner possible!

After he had run about for a little while, I reached for a paper bag of hickory-nuts lying near me. Jumbo ran forward immediately, jumped into my lap, took a hickory-nut from my fingers, and hid it under the bookcase. Standing up, I shook the bag quite briskly; in a moment Jumbo was running up my side to my shoulders,

and again fook a 'nut from my fingers. Now he did not scold at all, but was perfectly amiable,—truly a strong contrast to his former self. He kept taking nuts from me until almost every corner of the studio contained one. Finally a rag in the middle of the floor struck him as the best place under which to hide them, and the manner in which he patted the rug down after hiding each nut was very comical. He finally grew tired of this fun, and, jumping into my lap again, looked into the bag, and, I

think, concluded it was too much work to conceal all the rest, for he patted the paper down over the nuts and started on a tour around the room. Unfortunately, I opened the bag to take another nut out for him, and the sharp little fellow, hearing the noise, ran swiftly to me, and, seeing the paper bag open, bit my hand. I jumped up and ran across the studio with the bag, but he was after me. As quickly as I could, I dropped the bag upon the table, and then the angrey little fellow was satisfied.

After this he pattered around the room at his own sweet will, examining chairs and tables, occasionally stopping to give an extra pat to the rug under which most of his nuts were hidden.



JUMBO ON THE GOLD-FISH GLOBE

On one of Jumbo's excursions he climbed up the drapery to the top of the low bookease, and, seeing a globe of goldfish on it, was soon upon the glass rim. Here he made a very pretty picture. First he put his paws into the water and washed them, then he washed his heavit, and, after enjoying him-elf in this way for some time, he took, a long drink and departed. Later, when he visited his cage to see that all was well, I quickly closed the door, and Jumbo's afternoon excursion was over.

A TIRED LITTLE MOTHER.

By Laura E. Richards.

(For Very Little Folk.)

WHEN Nita heard her mother say, "I am really overworked, and all tired out!" she shook her curly head, and sighed, "Me, too, Mama!"

And no wonder! Her mother has only four children, while Nita has sixteen. She looks very young, does she not, to have such a large family? for this is Nita, in the picture. She says she has to work "all—day—long!" There are Nita's six grown-up children, and then come Medora, Selina Polly, Mungo Park (Papa named him), and the twins, Pinky and Winky, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. (The last three are black, and no one could tell one from the other, but it does n't matter.)

Then there are Seraphina, and Jim and Jam, another pair of twins, and Mr. and Mrs. Wobblechin, and the Red Rover, and Bridget, the cook doll, and Gwen, the Welsh dairywoman. There is the baby, too,—I forgot her,—and that makes seventeen. And all these dolls have to be fed and clothed, and put to bed, and taken up again. They are always put to bed; but sometimes they don't get taken up for a good while but then—one can always have them sick, so that does n't count. Jim and Jam have had the fever ten times, and once Jim had it so badly that his legs came off. Yes, that was something like a fever. Papa is a doctor, and he said he never had such a case as that in all his days.

Now, when this picture was taken, Nita had just been having a dreadful time with Selina Polly. Selina had the "ammonia in the back of her head."— Mama thought it was a crack, caused by dropping her on the hearth, but Nita said it was ammonia, and of course it must have been; and her neck began to "get all wobbly." Nita said, and it was perfectly dreadful. Nita had n't had a wink of sleep for three whole nights, and she had n't tasted a morsel of food; for how could she eat when her child was in that state, with her strength all wasting away, hour after hour. So, at last, after walking up and down the nursery for about a week, or it might be a fortnight, Nita just lay down for a minute on the cushion, one afternoon before she was made ready for tea, because she thought the change might be good for Selina Polly. It was a very hot day, but Nita was not sleepy—"not one single tiny bit of a scrap!" she told nurse. So, then—nothing happened for a good while, and then nurse said it was tea-time, and told Nita that she had had a good nap.

This shows how foolish even the best of nurses sometimes are; for how *could* she *really* suppose that a mother would take naps, when her child's head was in danger of falling off?



A TIRED LITTLE MOTHER.



EE our laddie, where he stands
By the boats upon the sands.
See his sunbrowned cheeks and hands.
That the tailor
Well his cunning science knows,
Fred's whole make-up clearly shows—
From his haband to his toes

See the jaunty sky-blue sack,
Open collar, rolling back;
Mark the genuine Sailor Jack
In the pinch
Of his waist so neat and trim;
Note the hat without a brim,
And a tar you'll reckon him
Every inch.

He 's the sailor.

And with what consummate art Doth the youngster play the part! See the mimic roll (dear heart!) In his walk,

And you 'd wonder where he picks (Skipper Fred of four feet six) Up the funny little tricks

Of his talk.

him cry, With a twinkle in his eve.

"Easy now, you girls; stand by!
Now, Mama,

Don't be frightened; here 's a craft Snug and taut, marm, fore and aft— Avast crowding there, abaft!" Cries our tar.

When he grows a man, says he,

A Fleet-captain he will be,
And he 'll navigate each sea
Of old ocean;
Rival Cook and La Pérouse,
Bring back shells and cockatoos,
Spears, and clubs, and bark canoes —
That's his notion.



RUNNING FOR LIFE.

By CAROLINE M. PARKER.

THE pound-wagon is well known to the dwellers in San Francisco and its neighboring city, Oakland. It is a common wagon, with a large slatted cage on it. The drivers and attendants, usually three persons, are Spaniards or Mexicans. It is their business to lasso all unlicensed dogs which they find in the streets, and take them to the pound-house, which is close to the bay. Some of the dogs are redeemed on the payment of five dollars, and a few are sold, but the majority are drowned.

The passage of the wagon is always watched with interest. One cannot but feel sympathy for the poor creatures. It is curious how dogs learn to know the wagon and to express distrust of it. One day, in Oakland, passers-by on Broadway were attracted by the loud and persistent barking of a dog which stood on the seat of a wagon. Many paused to ascertain the cause, and saw the pound-wagon traveling just in front of that on which the dog stood.

One pleasant morning, in San Francisco, not long ago, a lady had made a call on a neighbor, carrying her poodle-dog, Nina, in her arms. As she passed out of the gate on her return, she put Nina on the sidewalk. The poundwagon was near, but the lady did not see it till a man, lasso in hand, ran past her and threw the rope. "Run, Nina! run!" she shriekedi: and Nina obeved.

A household pet, as tenderly cared for as a baby, Nina had never known a danger like this. On ran the little dog, the man in close pursuit. She crossed a street, running under a wagon; he had to go around it, and thus the dog gained on him. They turned a corner, and the lady, who ran breathlessly after, lost sight of them. On they went, and finally Nina's owner met the pound-man on his return, empty-handed. Nina had escaped!

The lady continued her search with many misgivings: the dog had never been alone in the street before. The anxious owner passed several children on their way to school.

"Have you seen a little white poodle-dog in this street?" she asked of one group.

"Oh, yes, and it was running as fast as it could," came the answer.

The search was continued, but no Nina appeared. Then the lady questioned a little girl.

"Yes, indeed," said the child. "It had a blue



ribbon on its neck, and it was running so fast I thought it was mad, and I ran to the other side of the street."

After a long chase, the lady was rewarded by finding Nina at the head of a flight of stone steps, close to a front door, more than a mile from the place from which she had started. She was evidently too much exhausted to go farther. Her owner took her up and carried her home.

The little poodle was sick for several days. When a little better, Nina was let out into the yard one morning. The wise little creature soon came running back, and barked for the door to be opened. A boy had come into the yard, with a long rope in his hand. Ropes meant danger to Nina.

One sunny afternoon, in Oakland, passers-by saw the pound-man in chase of a little terrier. Up Seventh street went the two, and on to Broadway, the "shopping" thoroughfare of the lovely little city. Just as the pursuer swung the rope, sure of his prey, the terrier turned into the entrance of a large store, where lay a huge mastiff, and fell down panting beside the big watch-dog.

The pound-man paused. The big dog looked at him, and put its huge paw gently over the poor little creature that had sought protection

The pound-man was paid a certain sum for each captured dog. But he was afraid of the big dog, and so he left the pair together and returned to his

A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

BY C. F. AMERY.

MORE than forty years ago, in eighteen hundred masters the benefit of them. There was no help Bendigo gold-fields in Australia, where I was cordially welcomed. Among the valued possessions of my friends was an English mastiff which belonged to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between myself and the mastiff appeared to have become so well established during the evening, that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work, to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent, without the least misgiving as to my reception by him.

"Rex," who was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and, so far as I could see, showed no interest in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea. But when I started to leave the tent, with the kettle in my hand, imagine my astonishment when I saw the supposed friend Rex facing me, and showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seated myself on the edge of the camp-bed, and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all. The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle, I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere notion, but, on the contrary, a real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it.

I talked to him again, set down the kettle, and attempted to leave without it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts, and determined to give his

and fifty-one, I visited a party of friends in the for it: I was held prisoner, and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for one of the party to come to my relief. No one came until nearly an hour later. by which time my long absence



friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go, and take whatever I wished.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CARD, signed simply "Reader," calls attention to the fact that in the article, "The Boyhood of Edison," is a statement giving the impression that Port Huron is on Lake Erie, instead of on the St. Clair River. We are glad to correct it, and we thank our correspondent.

Iv addition to the answers already acknowledged by Jack-in-the-Pulpit, he asks us to say that we have received creditable correctoms of the verses called "A Misspelled Tale" from the following young lexicographers: R. Stuart Adams, Verney Leigh Herder, Katharine F. Worcester, Mabel S. Geenen, John Jay Burch, Dora F. Herrford, Sibyl S. Van Pelt, Lizzie A. Schilling, Margaret D. Buckingham, Nellie Gray, Mand E. Banks, Nellie Louise Schilling, Brizamart L. Andres, Daisy B. Allen, Elizabeth C. Grant, Helen C. Erekiel, and Anna L. Oothout.

The last writes that her teachers made the verses a spelling exercise in school.

Readers of the "Selections from Halbuyts' Voyages," recently printed in Sr. NICHOLAS, will be interested in a hort summary of his life. Born in 1553, in Herefordshire, England, he attended Westminster School, and Oxford, becoming a lecture on Geography in the University. He introduced the use of globes and other aids to geographical study into English schools. He were and published several books relating to travel and discovery, and is especially known for his great work, "Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traff fiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation," published in 1598 with the assistance of Six Walter Raleigh.

He was a clergyman, and was appointed Prebend of Westminster Abbey. He died in 1616, and was buried in the Abbey.

GLOUCESTER CO., VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a member of our family for a long time. My sister and I are your devoted readers, and should hate to give you up. Perhaps it would be interesting to you to hear something of Powhatan's Chimney, built by some Dutchmen sent from Jamestown. It has now fallen, but it stood in sight of the old place at which I was born. It was built a good-sized breakfast table could be set to lare that on Werowcoomoco Creek, running by my grandfather's home into York River.

I remain your devoted reader,
ANNE B. J----

ANNE D. J

VAVAU, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

DEAR ST, NICHOLAS: I don't think you have had a letter from the Friendly Islands before. Our old king is dead; he was more than ninety years of age, and used to be a great warrior.

If you come to see me I am afraid I cannot give you the food you are used to; but you can have plenty of pigs, fowls, yams, rumalas (sweet potatoes), breadfruit, bananas, and other things, and in the evening I will "taki" kaya for you.

We have a school for European children, and I have won prizes for mathematics and swimming.

Your loving friend, MARTHA S---

MENTONE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to me for only six months, but I love you very dearly, and I hope I can have you for many years more. I live in the south of France, in a country where the sky is always blue and the sun always bright. The flowers grow all winter; there are many orange and lemon trees, which bear at the same time flowers and green and ripe fruit.

I lived in America three years ago, and I liked New York very much. I wish I could go back to stay. I think my letter has been long enough, and I must not trouble you any longer. I am a French girl by birth, but American by heart.

WARSAW, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a speckled Hamburg rooster that we once had. He had no brothers or sisters, and so we brought him into the house and fed and petted him. When he grew older he became very handsome, and was the most amusing bird I ever saw. We would dress him up in doll's clothes, and wheel him about in a doll's carriage. He would walk about the house, and was very fond of picking flies off the windows that reached down to the floor. One day I was crying on the stairs, and he hopped up beside me and began chuckling away, as though trying to comfort me, and asking what I was crying for. Another time some ladies came to see Mama, and as she was not in the room, "Cockolorum Jinks" (for that was his name) came strutting into the room and sat down on a chair, with his feet stretched out in front of him (the way he always sat on a chair). When Mama came into the room, he jumped off the chair, gave a loud crow, and strutted out of the room as though he had done his duty. At another time a gentleman came to visit us. When he rang the doorbell, Cockolorum Jinks heard him, and came around the corner of the house, and evidently did not like his appearance, and also knew that he was a stranger. He thought the gentleman should not be there, so he began flying at his feet and biting them, the gentleman striking at him with his umbrella, until Mama heard the noise and came to the door, and Cockolorum Jinks, thinking there was no more need of fighting, walked off. He would always

He lived a very solitary life, for none of the other chickens would associate with him; and when he did go near them, they would fight him. I suppose they thought he was too civilized.

MARGERY M. G.—.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been twice in Colorado. Arriving at Colorado Springs, we took a train for Manitou. It is a pretty place, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, with many springs and pretty flowers.

Going a mile further, to Iron Springs, Pike's Peak is plainly in view. Some days we see travelers, who are going up the mountain pass by the hotel, on donkeys or horses. The little burros they have out there are very coming, though rather slow. Going out from the stable, they poke along until their faces are turned home, and then they begin to trot. I have ridden on them several

times, and think it great fun. On these hot summer days

Going back to Denver, we took an observation-car for Georgetown. They are something like open horse-cars. At the stations, little boys and girls have specimens to sell that they have gathered from the silver-mines

I went into a mine at Silver Plume, called the Menadota. We were given lamps, and with a guide entered the long tunnel. It has but one shaft, a little below. On each side of the tunnel little streamlets of water run, while in the middle is a plank walk. The miners gave us some specimens of the silver.

While I' traveled in Colorado, I collected quite a number of wild flowers, which I have now in a book. The prettiest, I think, are the mariposa-lilies

Your interested reader, LOUISE C. P----.

NEW MILFORD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about the nice times we (that means my brother and myself) have in summer. We spend it on a farm in New Jersey called "Meadow Burn Farm." In the having-time we ride on the loads of hay from the meadow to the barns, then we ride back in the empty cart. We also have lots of fun playing in the hay-mow. Last year, while playing there, I fell down through the opening right between the heads of two cows. I remain your faithful reader, HELENA R. E-

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My three brothers and I have had ST. NICHOLAS sent us for the last seven years by an aunt in America, and we are very much interested in the letters we see from all parts of the world. We have not seen one from Paisley yet, so I thought I would write and tell you about a grand open-air concert we had here last week. It was given by a chorus of over six hundred voices, assisted by an instrumental band, in a beautiful glen at the Braes of Gleniffer, about a mile from Paisley, to an audience of twenty thousand. The chorus is called the "Tannahill Choir," after one of Paisley's principal poets, some of whose beautiful songs Scotch people think second only to those of Burns.

This was the seventh concert. The first was held at the Centenary of Tannahill, when the program consisted entirely of his songs; and the proceeds of that and the next three concerts, derived from the sale of the programs, were devoted to a statue of the poet, which is now erected. The last two concerts were for a Burns statue. The proprietor of the grounds has had fine walks made, with rustic seats, stiles, and bridges, for the use of the people, with an amphitheater of seats made of the natural turf, and in the sloping sides of the glen, for the singers; and on the concert day has flags and red bunting all along the roads. What more graceful way can a poet be honored in his own country than by having his songs sung by his own townsmen in the very place where he composed many of them?

Hoping this is not too long, I am your interested TESSIE B.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, GERMANY,

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: My home is in Dinard, France, but this summer we have been traveling in Germany. Aix-la-Chapelle is a very old town; it dates from Charlemagne, who is worshiped here like a saint. In the cathedral is shown his tomb and an old chair in which he used to assist at mass. In this chair many Emperors of Germany have heen crowned. The pulpit is of gilded silver, incrusted with precious stones. The people of the town are so proud of it that they cover it with a wood cover, because they are afraid of its being spoiled.

We are soon starting for Heidelberg, which I think I shall like better than Aix, for here one has to drink hot sulphur water, which I think is very disagreeable.

At home I go to a day-school with my friends. are only twelve and know each other well, so we enjoy our school very much. We do English, French, drawing, music, and German, which I find pretty hard. We have three black French poodles, which I love very much. I wanted to bring them, but Mama would not let me. Ever your constant reader,

YVONNE TUDOR K

WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in Cincinnati in winter and come here in the summer. I like the place very much, as it is on the Atlantic Ocean,

Several days ago Father was out on the gallery and called for me to look out, and to my amazement I saw the torpedo-boat "Cushing" going at about twenty knots an hour.

Day before yesterday I looked out of the window, and what should I see but a strange-looking craft; and, taking our field-glass, I saw it was a ship that had a square mainsail and regular jib. Father found out it was the Viking ship. The next day I took up the New York Herald, and read that it was from Bergen, Norway, and had started April 30. She is a very fast boat, her average speed across the ocean being from eight to nine knots per hour, and in favorable winds eleven.

I am your devoted reader, BUCKNER W. A-----

TRENTON, N. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls twelve years old, and live in Trenton during the winter. We are not sisters, but very dear friends. We like you very

In this city there is a very interesting old church. It was built in the early part of the eighteenth century. During the Revolution it was used as a hospital for the British soldiers. The communion service was presented to the church by Queen Anne; it is very curious. We must say good-by. We remain your faithful readers, ELIZABETH D. B-

MARY HARRISS B-

OLD TOWN, MAINE. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have

written to you. I am a little boy eleven years old. My younger brother Percy and I came from Sioux City, Ia., sixteen months ago, to live with our grandmother. You have come to us for about half a year. I have a great many books, but I enjoy reading your stories best of all. My father sent you to me for my birthday present, and I am very much interested in "The White Cave.

RALPH S. L-Your interested reader.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Herbert M. T., for present fetters received from them: retroited Li, Rate S. M., Jessie S. E. Louise C., Hannah L., Barbara, Drotneh W., Frank K., H. Randolph L., Willie R. F., Coronlin B. F., Ernak E. T., Gay B., Katherine T., Claudia M., Emily M. W. P., Mary I. A., Tonie E., Marion S., M. W. G., Mary M., Loraine J., Edna G. S., Stella L. S., Margaret P., Britamart L. A., Harriet B. H., Walla V., Louise Gwynne B., Helen M. C., Adele R., R. R. N., Jean N. A., Lillian W., Josephine C., Caroline C., and Ted W. C.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

Hour-Glass, Centrals, Krishna, Cross-words: 1. choKing-2. PaRis, 3. flt. 4, 8, 5, aHa, 6, hoNor, 7, carAmel.

QUOTATION PUZZLE. Faraday. 1. Franklin. 2. Addison. 2. Ra-gigh. 4. Akenside. 5. Dryden. 6. Allen (Elizabeth Akers). 'Young (Edward).

Primals, Emerson; finals, Concord. Cross-DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Emerson; finals, Concord. Cross-words: 1. Ethic. 2. Motto. 3. Eaten. 4- Relic. 5. Sambo. 6. Otter. 7. Nomad.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, James Fenimore Cooper. Cross-words: 1. major. 2. fr.Ail. 3. co.Mma. 4. blEak. 5. duSty. 6. loFty. 7. brEam. 8. ca.Mm. 12. luRid. 7. SiMon. 11. gl/dry. 2. luRid. 13. chEap. 14. co.Coa. 15. brOad. 16. qu/Ota. 17. dePot. 18. frEak.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, fable; from 3 to 4, saber. Cross-words: 1, Flute. 2, Marry. 3, Amble. 4, Basle. 5, Shine.

Ziczac. "To the most worthy." Cross-words: 1, Ten. 2, bOw, 3, caT. 4, aHa. 5, Elk. 6, eMu. 7, twO. 8, aSp. 9, Tax. 10, aWe. 11, bO. 12, aRc. 13, Tag, 14, wHy. 15, frY.

e. 11, 16O, 12, 28C, 13, 1ag, 14, wHy. 15. The hush of slumber rest; upon the earth! The clouds are still, as if in silent blessing. And the soft winds that sweep the fading fields Have in their whisper something of caresing. Along the borders of the dusty by drifting. The silvery thisted weep the landscape of e. And changing in cityres on the canvas shifting.

Like magic pictures on the canvas shifting.

ANAGRAM. James Fenimore Cooper

THERE AROSITE. From 1 to 1:1, Wm. Thackeray; from 15 to 22, "Henry Esmond"; from 25 to 33, "The Newcome, "From 5 to 22, "Henry Esmond"; from 25 to 33, "The Newcome, "From 5 to 23, which; 2 to 3, mones; 3 to 1, pages 3 to 10, pages

To our, PUZZEERS: Answer, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to Sr. NICHOLAS* Riddle Box, "care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

be addressed to Nr. Nicholas ""Riddle-Box," care of The CENTURY Co., 35 East Sciencestib St., New York City.

Answers: ro All, The Fizzlas in The July Nicholas were received, before July 18th, from Josephin Schwood — Arthur Gride-Asswers: ro All, The Fizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The Pizzlas in The July Nicholas (S. C. McCleary — "The Pizzlas in The Pizzlas in The

"Wareham"—Paul Reess — Jessie Chapman — Blanche and Fred — Ida and Alice — Nessie and Freddie — N. Name, O'Mhe, Kental Assways to P. Person, in the Juty Number were received, before July 13th, from Edith H. Smith, — Kiny and Sana, 4— Assways to P. Person, to The July 13th, from Edith H. Smith, — Kiny and Sana, 4— Reess E. Haring, 1 — July 14th, — Reess E. Haring, 1 — July 14th, — Reess E. Haring, 1 — July 14th, — Reess E. Haring, 1 — July 14th, and Moretty and Dongs, N. J., 1 — The Dictionaries, 4. Helen Elizabeth, and Mass Wights, 2 — J. S. T. and J. D. R. William, — Dut, 1 — Clara W. 1 — Helen C. Fennetti, 3 Harries, and Pennetti, 1 — Duty 14th, and 14th,

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to instruct thoroughly, and leave a little BEHEAD to instruct inorolliging, and leave a little stream.
 Behead a lively dance of the Highlanders of Scotland, and leave a fish.
 Behead to scream, and leave a measure for cloth.
 Behead marked with spots, and leave a fruit.
 Behead an occurrence, and leave an outlet.
 Behead a knot, and leave a lyric poem.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a celebrated The beheaded letters will specific the seventeenth century.

English poet of the seventeenth century.

"LADY BELL."

COIN PUZZLE. raved in whit am with gold.

INSERT the name of a United States coin wherever a coin is shown in the illustration. How will the sentence then read? ANAGRAM

A MAN of world-wide fame: HELP SUCCOR HIM OR BUST.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty letters, and am a quotation from the writings of Benjamin Franklin.

My 46-24 is an exclamation. My 30-40-60 is that which serves to solve something unknown or difficult. My 15-52-35-1 is temper of mind. My 57-13-21-33 is furnished with shoes. My 18-38-7-5-9 is a joint on

which anything turns. My 49-42-51-44-4-54-23 is an American machine-gun that can be fired at the rate of twelve hundred shots per minute. My 11-58-47-27-17tweive nunured snots per minute. 319 11-50-4]-27-17-10-55 is pompous. My 41-12-25-3-10-56 is dull. My 43-10-39-6-59-32 is to direct and control. My 45-20-53-22-43-2-48-37 is of small value or importance. My 29-31-20-56-8-14-28-50 is the official staff of Mercury. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

I. Change FAST to SLOW in eleven moves. II. Change ICE to DEW in eleven moves. III. Change FEAR to HOPE in eight moves.

AN ARROW.

ACROSS: 1. A hollow place in the earth. 2 (5 letters). An old word meaning alliance. 3 (9 letters). Ancient instruments of war. 4 (5 letters). Nice perception. 5. A

DOWNWARD: I (2 letters). One third of a breakfast beverage. 2 (4 letters). The part sung by the contralto voice. 3. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 4. An old word meaning erst. 5 (3 letters). Obtained. 6 (3 letters). A sheep. A sheep.

HOUR-GLASS.

Cross-words: 1. A maker or seller of chemicals or drugs. 2. The broad part of an oar, 3. To annex, 4. In filter. 5. To request. 6. One who lives on the labors of others. 7. Round, water-worn, and loose gravel and pebbles, such as are common on the sen-shore.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of one who was called "Father of the Constitution."

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a French dramatic poet.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of teters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a fitte popularly given by Major-General John C. Fremont.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The port from which Columbus set sail. 2. A boundle of sticks. 3. A maxim. 4. Limber. 5. Soft, downy feathers. 6. A series of links or rings. 7. One who gives or bestows. 8. To concede as true. 9. To dispossess by law. 10. An agreeable odor. 11. To darken or obscure. 12. Destettij in manual employment. 13. Force or power of any kind. 14. To struggle against. 15. Pertaining to a country very famous in

ancient times. 16. To speak (solishly. 17. Resembling an egg in shape. 18. Bitterly irritating. 19. A begging monk. 20. Supplicates. 21. A masculine name. 22. A vessel similar to a cutter. 23. An unfeeling or coarse person. 24. To make into a law. 25. To express grait-tude for a favor. 26. The scale. 27. To writhe. 28. Low, vulgar language. 29. Small bottles.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

FROM 1 to 2, one of the United States; from 1 to 3, wandering from place to place without any settled habitation; from 2 to 4, to quiver; from 3 to 4, to tread under foot; from 5 to 6, partakers; from 5 to 7, to give a keen edge to; from 6 to 8, to shuffle along; from 7 to 8, to relate the particulars of; from 1 to 5, large covered wagons; from 2 to 6, to throw lightly; from 4 to 8, otherwise; from 3 to 7, gaunt.

B. B.

POETICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS, a hero, good and brave; Finals, the land he fought to save.

 Wee birds that build beneath the eaves, With plumage brown as autumn leaves.

2. A charming poetess, whose verse
Sad and sweet stories doth rehearse.

3. A precious stone we now must find, Costly and handsome of its kind.

4. A peerless knight of Arthur's court,
Who many famous combats fought.

5. A Spanish name for maidens fair, In other countries somewhat rare.6. A beauteous flower the spring discloses,

'T is neither tulips, pinks, nor roses.

 A bloody battle fought between Roundheads and cavaliers, I ween.
 His arrow, shot with aim untrue,

By accident his sovereign slew.

9. A Roman king at eve would rove,
To meet this nymph, in sylvan grove.

10. Something to give a watchman light,

At twilight gray, or darkest night.

11. A savage beast whose tawny spot
The Bible tells us "changes not."

MARY I

WORD-SQUARES.

I. The benevolent spirits of the dead.
 A follower of Arius.
 Saltpeter.
 Receiving by the ear.
 A sshort line of horsehair by which a fish-hook is attached to a longer line.

II. 1. The handle of a scythe. 2. Saltpeter. 3. The top story of a house. 4. An examination. 5. A mountain in Iceland. CHARLES B. D.







